WEEK ENDING JAN. 15, 1927

Liberty

5c

A Weekly for Everybody

Fair and Warmer

In this Issue - Beginning

PORTRAIT *of a* LADY *with* RED HAIR

THE LIFE STORY OF Mrs. LESLIE CARTER

Written by Herself

Also **STORIES** *by* **Capt. ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS, ROBERT W. CHAMBERS, KATHLEEN NORRIS, DANA BURNET**

Naples Blue
Beige Gray
Coral
Magenta
Mauve

First time $6.50 ever bought a really fine Set

Parker Pastels

Selected from 27 Color Creations by Gifted Style Designers

And Made by GEO. S. PARKER, *Originator of the* PARKER DUOFOLD

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$3.50

$3

This price of $6.50 for both the slender Pastel Pen and the Pencil to match is all the more remarkable considering that Parker produces Pens and Pencils of the highest excellence only. A good pen alone usually costs that.

So don't confuse these beautiful writers with cheaply made Pens and Pencils colored to look as much like them as possible. Parker Pastel Pens have polished points of 14K Gold, Iridium tipped, and Ink-tight caps to keep hands and clothes immaculate.

Non-Breakable Permanite are the barrels of both Pens and Pencils. Mounted with either Gold Ring End for Chatelaine, or Gold Clip for pocket or bag. So are the Parker Black-tipped Jade in larger sizes. Pastel Pen alone, $3.50; Pencil, $3. Black-tipped Jade Pens, $5 and $7; Jade Pencils, $3, $3.50 and $4 according to size. Attractive Gift Box included in sets.

Now ready at all smart shops and better pen counters. Look for the imprint "Parker" on the barrel so imitations can't deceive you.

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OFFICES AND SUBSIDIARIES: NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO
CLEVELAND • MILWAUKEE • ATLANTA • DALLAS • SAN FRANCISCO
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$3.50
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Parker Pastel Set Complete, de luxe Gift Box included, $6.50

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$5 and $7

$3, $3.50 and $4

Parker Desk Sets: Tortoise Permanite with Gold Border, White Pearl on Black, Opal Pearl on Shell, Glass—complete with Parker Pastel Pens, $8.50 to $28. With Parker Duofold Pens, $10 to $35.

No. 500
MERCERIZED
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ELASTIC
A. STEIN & COMPANY
CHICAGO NEW YORK
12 Yards Inch

Hickory Elastic by the Yard
comes in all widths, black and white. It's a good plan to always keep a 12 yard reel on hand.

Other helpful Hickory Products are:
Hickory Under Waists
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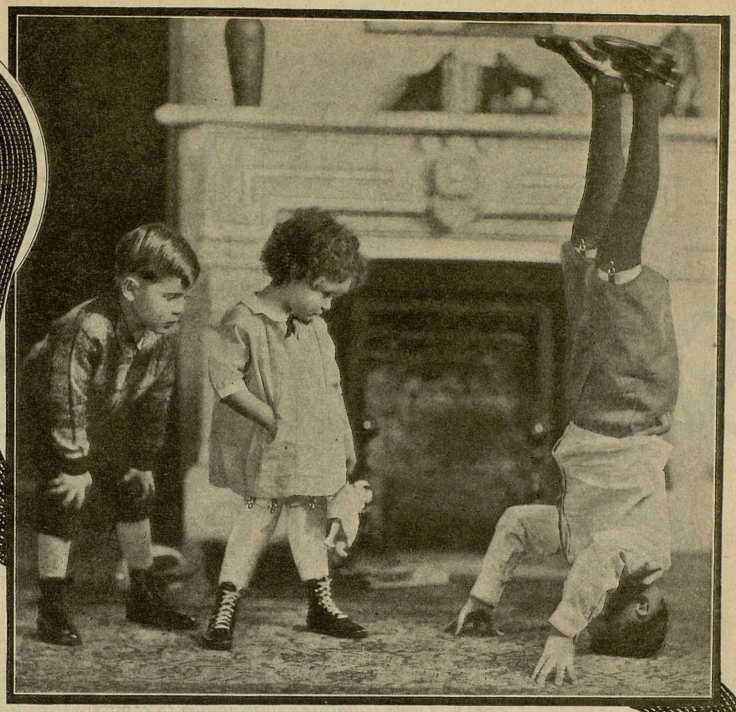

Running · jumping · climbing · tugging · even upside down

HICKORY GARTERS HOLD!

Everything that children do in everyday play, Hickory Garters do right with them. Never pull the other way. Never tug or strain. Yet there's plenty of live, snappy elastic to hold stockings trim and smooth. The cushion clasp prevents tearing, too—lessens the load in the darning basket. It certainly pays to buy Hickory Garters. They last so much longer!

And Hickory Elastic by the yard

For your sewing, get this same extra-strong, long-wearing Hickory Elastic by the yard. The way it wears and washes will amaze you—often outlasting the garments into which it is sewn. In all widths, black or white, by the yard, and in handy 12 yard reels for the sewing room.

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NEW YORK · CHICAGO · LOS ANGELES · TORONTO

HICKORY

25¢ and up

HICKORY
Garters and Elastic

30

New Peaks
of speed, power and safety

Super-Six Principle now released to

For more than four years development has been concentrated on an automobile that now easily tops any accomplishment thus far known.

There is nothing with which to compare it in performance, stamina, safety, and economy of operation. It has comforts that are now absent in even the costliest of cars. It has a beauty in line and appointments comparable with the richest and most exclusive custom-built cars.

The possibilities of the Super-Six principle have long been known to automobile engineers. But patents have kept others from its use, and we were unwilling to release its capacity faster than a car could be developed that in every particular adequately matched the smoothness, power, and stamina of the motor.

Nearly one million cars embodying this principle have been built; and, although the full possibilities have been held in check, they have proved what may be expected of this new car.

Tests of a stock chassis under official observation established the record of 102.53 miles per hour. But speed was not so much sought for as was the ability to maintain any wanted speed for any length of time with complete comfort and safety to driver, passenger and car.

That meant a chassis comparable to such a motor. It meant a body suitable in beauty, finish and comfort to such pre-eminent performance.

To build such a car in sufficient quantities as its

SHOWN FOR THE FIRST TIME AT THE

HUDSON

Custom Built Models: ROADSTER · PHAETON · BROUGHAM · 5-PASS. SEDAN · 7-PASS. SEDAN
Standard Models: COACH · SEDAN

long held in check its full capacity

merit commands, and at a price that will give it widest sale, required the investment of millions of dollars in buildings and equipment That program is now completed. And the car will be exhibited for the first time at the New York Automobile Show beginning January 8, 1927. It will be shown at all subsequent automobile shows, and later by dealers everywhere.

And in Essex Too—

At a Price Within the Reach of Millions

The development of the new Hudson just described led, also, to the creation of a smaller automobile—a counterpart in general appearance, in smoothness, comfort, quality, easy riding, and safety. It is the new Essex.

It, too, has stamina. It is capable of 50 miles an hour all day long if you want that, yet that is far below its maximum speed. It has great flexibility. It is economical and requires the minimum of attention

The bodies are in keeping with its chassis—beautiful in line, finish, upholstery, fittings, and color. To those who require two automobiles, it makes the ideal companion of the larger. Throughout, it matches in material and workmanship the standard set in the larger car.

The smaller model will sell at little more than you pay for any "four". It, too, will be exhibited for the first time at the New York Automobile Show.

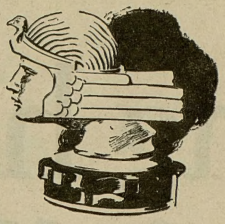
NEW YORK AUTO SHOW JANUARY EIGHTH

ESSEX

2-PASSENGER SPEEDABOUT · 4-PASSENGER SPEEDSTER
COACH · COUPE · SEDAN

Presenting a still further advanced

New SAFETY STUTZ



Bettered Performance, Increased Luxury, Augmented Beauty, Greater Safety

NOW is the time to achieve ownership of a New Safety Stutz.

The car today, because of various refinements, is farther ahead of the field than it was a year ago.

Its basic engineering advancements have received the recognition of close imitation by other fine-car builders.

In this connection an excerpt from a recent bulletin issued by Cram's Automotive Reports, the dealer's trade authority, is significant:

> "While the majority of new models being placed into production will have only minor body refinements, with improved vision, practically all will be entirely changed in appearance as a result of the lowering of the chassis.
>
> "This has been accomplished in some instances by the introduction of the worm drive; in other cases by a modification of the present drive. However, in every instance considerable alteration of the spring suspension and axle construction has been necessary.
>
> "The change in appearance is so pronounced that even cars produced within the past week will find themselves classed as 'ancient' models."

Every motorist should ponder deeply on the foregoing statements. History is being made right now in the automotive industry.

Will *your* car be an "ancient" model next month? Will its resale value be cut in half, perhaps, because of the unmistakable trend towards a car that offers the unprecedented road performance, greater safety and unparalleled riding and driving comfort of the New Safety Stutz.

Those who, a year ago, admired the New Stutz but decided to wait "until the car was tried out" before buying, now have nothing to wait for. The car is today a thoroughly tested, tried and proven automobile.

This is what you will find in the New Safety Stutz for 1927:

Even surer safety and roadability: Increased stability is imparted by precise balancing and skillfully compensated spring-action. Even greater road-adhesiveness is attained, and a degree of all around roadability is reached that is beyond any previous conception.

Even more silent operation: Solely by engineering refinements, the famously quiet New Stutz vertical-eight engine is now made so silent that its sound is reduced beyond detection from the seats.

Even more sensational performance: Perfection of the power plant and the super-double ignition gives even greater power, higher top-speed and quicker acceleration.

Even greater comfort and beauty: Increased luxury in the deeper, softer cushions. Highest-grade upholstery. Hardware of finest quality and distinctive design. Improved automatic body-ventilation.

Even better braking: The improved braking system gives the most positive deceleration possible. With only the lightest pressure on the brake-pedal, these brakes produce a slow, smooth stoppage; or when occasion demands, a vise-like grip on the wheels—without skidding. And they are perfectly equalized.

In all, an automobile years ahead. Every automotive engineer now concedes the advantages of low-to-the-ground design by making his car as low as he possibly can.

The New Safety Stutz, with floor-boards only twenty inches from the road, and with a consequent gain in safety, in ease-of-riding and in ease-of-handling that is epochal, is the pioneer of an advanced engineering that must eventually make obsolete all other existing types.

Wide Choice of Standard and Special Models

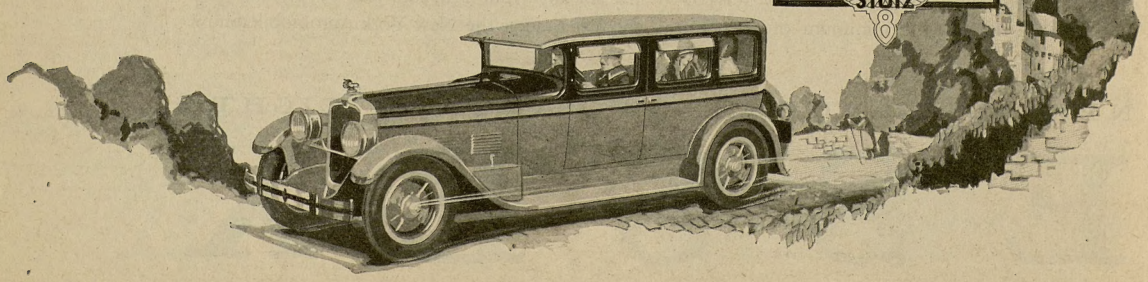
A complete line of standard, de luxe and custom-built body styles, meeting every possible requirement of style, body, appointments and price. The choice of 60 body styles and appointments, with unlimited combinations in many of the models.

STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY
of AMERICA, Inc. *Indianapolis*

See the
New SAFETY STUTZ
at all the
Automobile Shows

NEW YORK
Jan. 8-15, 1927
Grand Central Palace
and Lobby of Hotel
Commodore

CHICAGO
Jan. 29-Feb. 5, 1927
Coliseum



CONSISTENTLY THE CAR OF THE FUTURE

Jan. 15, 1927

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Vol. 3 No. 37

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

IS MR. COOLIDGE A PACIFIST?—*An Editorial*

President Coolidge, in his Armistice Day address at Kansas City, said, while our army is not so large as that of some other countries, it is not outmatched by any other like number of troops. Less than a month later Secretary of War Davis, in his annual report, stated that the National Defense Act remains an unaccomplished plan by reason of only a partial execution of its provisions. On the same day Major General John L. Hines, retired chief of staff, presented a report showing that the army has undergone reductions until it is barely 40 per cent of the strength contemplated in the National Defense Act.

General Hines said that reserve material and equipment have been seriously depleted and that both Regular Army and National Guard have been so skeletonized as to prevent speedy mobilization.

President Coolidge, at Kansas City, said:

"Our entire military and naval forces now represent a strength of about 550,000 men; altogether the largest which we have ever maintained in time of peace."

General Hines says that withdrawals from the regular branches of military service to form new branches have seriously drained the army, even beyond the danger point, and that we have only 16,000 more enlisted men than we had in 1916.

The President said: "We are more prosperous than others. . . . Our interests have come within European circles where distrust and suspicion are altogether too common. . . . We expect to provide ourselves with reasonable protection, but we do not desire to enter into competition with any other country in the maintenance of land and sea forces. . . . Such a course is always the cause of suspicion and distrust."

The difference of opinion between the President and his military chiefs seems to lie in the conception of "reasonable protection." Plainly neither Secretary Davis nor General Hines considers the depleted framework of our army as providing reasonable protection. The President may not be a pacifist, but his words give more comfort to those who desire to see the United States disarmed and helpless than they may derive from the mouthings of the Reds and the slobberings of the sentimentalists.

On one hand we have a great surplus of money, which it is proposed we give back to the rich taxpayers. On the other hand we have an amazingly penurious attitude of the administration toward the army and navy. Both uniformed and bureau chiefs of the army and the uniformed navy testify that their branches of the service are being hamstrung by the withholding of appropriations. The National Defense Act provided the authority to maintain the army and navy to a certain strength, but the money is said to be "not available," even though there is plenty to return to taxpayers.

We have the situation of the richest, the most prosperous, and the most hated country in the world, surrounded by envious rivals, smugly comforting itself that eighty algebra teachers and desk secretaries equal eighty men in the ranks, and refusing to appropriate the money to carry out the provisions of the Defense Act and, piece by piece, removing the vertebrae of our skeleton army.

It may be good politics, but it is not good patriotism. It costs money to pay fire insurance premiums, but no wise business man lets his insurance policies lapse because there probably won't be any more fires.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Sherlock Holmes Once More!

LETTERS are pouring in from our readers, telling us they've found the old thrill of the old *Holmes* in the series of smashing stories now running in LIBERTY. Remember, you can't meet *Holmes* in any other magazine. And now, here comes another one about him from the magic pen of SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE. It's called THE ADVENTURE OF THE VEILED LODGER, and it's the tale of a murder which the celebrated detective preferred to leave alone.

HARVARD VERSUS PRINCETON answers the oft-heard question: "What's the row between these two colleges *really* about, anyway?" This revelation of the reasons why John is Tiger hunting, and the Tiger is stalking John, is by ALAN TABOR.

A story rooted deep in the emotions of a beautiful, high-spirited woman, to whom dancing was the breath of life, is FRINGE ON THE SPANISH SHAWL, by DOROTHY MILLER. It's fine—we recommend it—you'll get a thrill from it!

THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW gives us DON'T TELL MY HUSBAND! It's made up of whispers about the things that women, however "modern," still keep from men—especially the ones they're married to. Don't miss this exposé by a writer who's delightfully indiscreet!

January 15, 1927 LIBERTY Vol. 3, No. 37

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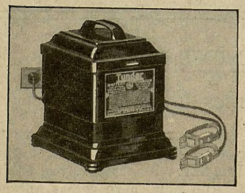
(Allow four weeks for change of address.)

Things *you* should know about Battery Chargers

General Electric presents a complete line of Tungar Battery Chargers having sufficient range to meet the charging requirements of all radio storage batteries—large or small. Tungar is easy to use. It assures fully charged batteries over a long period of years.

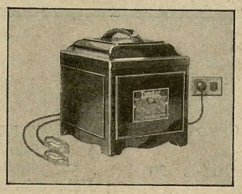
Economical and satisfactory operation of your set depends upon the correct selection of Charger as well as battery. Any good dealer will be glad to recommend the proper Tungar. But these few simple facts may be all the guide you need.

The Two-ampere Tungar



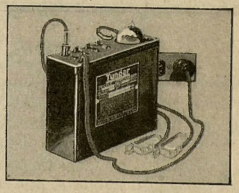
This size Tungar charges all radio "A" and "B" storage batteries and auto batteries. It is particularly suited to sets having power tubes or using considerable current. It can be permanently connected to the battery and an overnight charge once or twice a week should be sufficient.

The Five-ampere Tungar



The Five-ampere Tungar also charges all radio and auto batteries. But it has a high charging rate, charges faster and is best for very large batteries.

The Tungar Trickle Charger



This youngest and already popular member of the family should be used with low capacity 4 or 6-volt radio "A" storage batteries. It is usually permanently connected and charges continuously at a low rate.

Tungar
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BATTERY CHARGER

Tungar—a registered trademark—is found only on the genuine. Look for it on the name plate.

Merchandise Department
General Electric Company
Bridgeport, Connecticut

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Home, Sweet Home

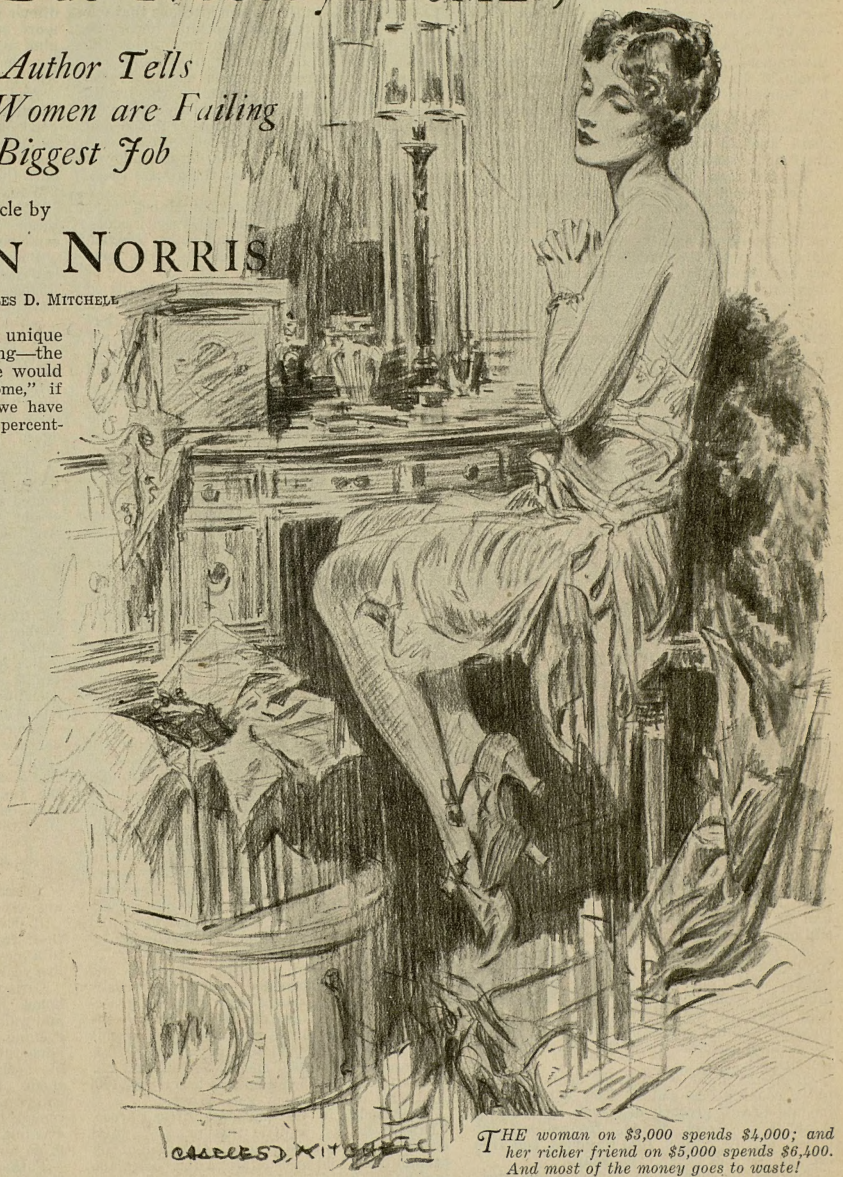
(But Nobody Home!)

A Famous Author Tells Why American Women are Failing in Their Biggest Job

An Article by

KATHLEEN NORRIS

Pictures by CHARLES D. MITCHELL



THE woman on $3,000 spends $4,000; and her richer friend on $5,000 spends $6,400. And most of the money goes to waste!

IT presents some aspects entirely unique in all the annals of human living—the American home of today. One would say "the American middle-class home," if there were any middle class. But we have none. We have only the always small percentage of the extremely rich, the fortunately small percentage of the extremely poor, and the large group between: the persons we think of when we think of the "typical American home."

Five-room bungalows; six-, seven-, eight-room shingled houses, with bay windows in the parlor and a breakfast alcove in the kitchen; apartments that rent from forty dollars to $400; places with flagpoles and one-car garages, some in enormous buildings with colored boys and artificial palms, and some in shabby, weatherbeaten rows, with "Modes" and "Board" modestly announced at every alternate doorway, but all coming under the big generic title, "the American home."

The poorest woman I ever knew in America was a Danish widow with three children, who lived on a tiny Connecticut farm. Her allowance—a seaman's pension—was $600 a year, and she managed well on that. But near the little French town of Moulins I met two Frenchwomen, mother and daughter, both widows, with the latter's two baby boys to raise, and the younger widow's pension was all they had—a little less than seventy-five dollars a year. The last two words are italicized: Seventy-five dollars *a year*. And they lived beautifully.

They had a diminutive farm, three acres or a trifle more, one apple tree, one quince, a few raspberry bushes, a few currants, carrots, lettuce, cabbages, seven hens, and one goat. While I talked to them, a cart loaded with raw, coarse yellow turnips went by, and when it had rumbled into the distance, the older woman, with a significant smile at me, picked up a large turnip that had rolled unnoted into the roadside dust.

"It flavors the soup!" she said cheerfully. Everything went into the soup, naturally: chickens' heads and claws, bruised tomatoes, wild dandelions. This one might expect, but I confess I had never seen thrift go quite so

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HOME, SWEET HOME (BUT NOBODY HOME!) Continued from Page Nine]

far as this superb old peasant carried it when she rinsed the half-eaten pieces of chicken we had left from an impromptu lunch, and put *them* in, put in the odds and ends of bread that littered our places at table, and emptied the remains of the delicious salad into the big black pot.

Well, why not? Lettuce, tomatoes, cucumbers, green onions, oil, garlic, crusts, and vinegar—all excellent flavors in *potage*. Only—did an American housewife ever put what was left of a salad into a soup pot?

The Frenchwoman and her daughter wore the shapeless dull black garments that dot the whole of France; sad raiment dictated both by mourning and economy. The sturdy little boys were dressed in clothes largely composed of finely stitched patches and pieces; shawls were knotted about their small shoulders; their picturesque boots were soled in wood.

The difference between the Danish farm wife in Connecticut and this little family in France was partly this: the first was doing a thing almost unprecedented in this country—living on fifty dollars a month; and the others were doing only what their mothers and grandmothers had done before them and what all their neighbors were doing as a matter of course.

More than that, the Frenchwomen had no fears. And I know American men and women whose incomes run to seventy-five dollars a month instead of a year, men and women whose incomes run to seventy-five dollars *a week* instead of a year, who live in a constant state of ugly worry and apprehension, who never know what true economy is, and how beautiful and how comfortable it can be.

THE windfall of a single turnip, chicken bones, crusts, casual lettuce leaves, and dandelion leaves—these mean absolutely nothing to the American housewife. The river of cans and cardboard boxes pours into her house; the river of waste pours out. And all the time she tells you that she *cannot* cut things down any closer than they are now—it cannot be done!

"Your peasants," said an Italian woman to me wonderingly, "are all as rich as our princes."

And it is almost true. Sixty dollars a week amounts to about 1,000 *lire*, more than 1,000 *francs*, and that is more than officers are paid in their armies or clerks in their banks and custom-houses. Master mechanics in America often get that and more.

And what do they buy with it? They buy things of which the European housewife never even dreams.

If a big, gloomy, stone-floored apartment in southern Europe has no panes in the windows, the woman who rents it and moves in with eight or ten or fourteen children simply closes the shutters. If it has no running water and no sanitary conveniences—and more often than not it hasn't—she uses the public well and the public conveniences down the street. She lights candles or a lamp, she cooks at a little charcoal stove in the doorway in pleasant weather, and stifles the whole family by cooking indoors when the weather turns wet or cold.

Of electric light, wood floors, doors, window glass, cooking gas, canned food, bottled milk, bakers' bread, grocery deliveries, telephones, pavements, street lights, five-and-ten-cent stores, movies, clinics, free libraries, and free schools she has never even heard.

Enough, for her, is to be warm and sheltered and fed—no more. Enough for us—well, what *is* enough for us, in the American average home of today?

Olives, silk stockings, cream, cosmetics—these are mere commonplaces. A motor car, the attentions of a hairdresser, flowers on the table, even in January—who has them not? Our children all wear white socks and patent leathers. Gum and candy and ice-cream cones are no treats to them.

Where are the Americans so poor that they do not calmly take for granted telephones and radios and phonographs and boxed cookies and bicycles and movies and street-car fares and school books and postal cards and bars of chocolate? Even working in the poorest slums of the big cities, I have yet to find them.

INDEED, it is in these slum kitchens that one sees waste in its most shocking form: the kettle boils on madly for an hour after the teapot is filled; the electric light burns on unnoted in a streak of noon sunshine; the uneducated and listless woman of the family slices away a quarter-inch of good potato with each strip of skin, crackers are crumbed and thrown out in paper boxes, cold cereals, cold rice, cold stale ends of loaves, all are allowed to mold and are tumbled into the always ready garbage bucket.

"Run down to the delicatessen, Mabel," says the object of charity, "and get twenty cents' worth of Saratoga chips and some bologna. Get some fresh bread. Get the boys some lollipops for dessert."

A New York baker told me that he had tried for years to establish a market for stale bread—two loaves for the price of one. But they won't have stale bread, nor skirts of last autumn's length, nor lip-red except of the newest shade. Nobody gives "the poor" old clothes any more—they won't wear them.

There are slums in America whose every inhabitant is eating almost incessantly, and eating food in expensively wrapped and papered and labeled forms, too. Eating chocolates and candies of all sorts, ice cream in bricks, cones, and saucers, sodas and sundaes, pears and bananas and slices of watermelon and pineapple, grapes and apples and tomatoes, cookies and doughnuts, orange and lemon drinks, and bottled soft drinks, corn on the cob, fried fish and crabs, crackers and peanuts and popcorn and gum, dates and raisins and dried figs, pine nuts and chestnuts, pastry horns and rolls with sausages, Hamburg sandwiches and waffles.

From early morning until midnight, the traffic in these edibles never ceases in the most squalid and crowded quarters of all our big cities. School children, members of supposedly "poor" families, often eat as many as six five-cent treats daily, between meals—chocolate-nut-cream confections wrapped in heavy silvered paper, cones, and lollipops.

But who are we, who rightly or wrongly consider ourselves superior to these stuffing and swarming thousands? We wear our rue with only a slight difference, after all. For if that shifting and indefinable and impossible-to-generalize thing, "the American home," has one outstanding characteristic, it is that of utter and incessant and undeviating wastefulness.

Our servants, untrained and uninterested, waste vigorously. And where they stop, we gracefully and charmingly take up the good work. The woman on $1,200 a year spends $1,314; the woman on $1,500, only a bare $1,721. The woman on $3,000 spends $4,000, and her richer friend on $5,000 spends exactly $6,400. And most of the money goes to waste!

Everybody, in the harmless little phrase, "runs over just a little this month." And everybody has a good reason. One man of my acquaintance told me ruefully a few years ago that he and his wife had been used, in the early days of their marriage, to explain financial discrepancies with a comforting, "But, then, last month *wasn't* typical!"

"I have discovered now," he added, "that *no* month ever *is* typical."

No month ever is typical, no American home is typical, but waste is typical of them all.

A few weeks ago I met in the market a pretty young wife who is always in money difficulties. When things get too bad she weeps, goes to Daddy, and triumphantly returns to her sixty-dollar-a-month five-room apartment with her father's check for four, five, seven, even twelve hundred dollars.

Then she and Don are *all* straightened out, and mean to avoid, in future, all sorts and forms of debt.

On the day I met her she was planning a dinner party, and her penciled list said, among more practical matters, "Candles, walnuts, pink sugar, place cards, olives, mint jelly, parsley, cheese sticks, bar-le-duc, flowers, cap for Annie, rose caviar for canapes."

And, knowing her situation, the anxious business pressure that chanced to be upon her good old father at the moment, the struggle her husband was making to keep clear of debt and rise in his profession, I read into the list only the single word, repeated and repeated, "Waste, waste, waste."

"Some day I'll have a maid to do these things," she said cheerfully; "but poor people can't be choosers!"

Poor people! I felt like telling her that she had not the faintest idea of poverty, or of wealth, for that matter. She was simply a loose bolt rattling around in the big economic machine, demoralizing it to the utmost of her little power.

And in the end—isn't the very waste a waste? For if the American housewife's ambition is to create a home where her loved ones want to be, a place that will always seem to them the Mecca of the day's long journey, doesn't she most signally fail?

AMERICAN men are not particularly anxious to remain in those rooms that have been decorated at such cost, eating the meals that represent so much worry and money and labor. And the lives of American children and young persons would appear to be one long conspiracy to get away from home.

What is there—or, rather, what *isn't* there—about their home, that it should fail to interest them? They sleep there, they keep their clothes there. Usually they eat breakfast there.

But for the rest—out they swarm, the whole family bent upon finding amusement, and spending its leisure anywhere—everywhere but at home!

Some years ago a woman witness in a murder case testified positively that she had not been at home on a certain evening at 8 o'clock. The occasion was some months in the past, and the Judge was interested to know how she could be so sure. She said, "Because we were all at the movies."

"Yes, but how do you know that you were at the movies that special night?" the Court asked.

"Because we are there *every* night," she answered, surprised.

It developed that she and her husband and their two young daughters actually had gone to a movie every night for something close to five years.

Girls with cars, boys with cars, are never at home. There is nothing at home except rooms and walls. They flee away into the dusk every evening, like young jungle animals, stalking adventure. Their father growls a little over his books, but their mother is apt to defend them. Perhaps she realizes that if the seventeen-year-old and the nineteen-year-old did remain in the family sitting-room for a single evening, she wouldn't in the least know what to do with them!

Father and mother play bridge with the Smiths, or go out to a dinner, theater, or even a casual movie. "I don't know—we'll do something!" they say cheerfully, when their children, smitten with a minute's passing sense of something wrong, ask about their evening plans.

No more community living—brothers and

sisters, father and mother, grandmother, baby, Aunt Eliza, and hired girl. No more interested discussion of family matters, of sewing, cooking, preserving, nursery, books.

All that is gone. Families get smaller every year. Aunts and cousins don't visit as once they did. The one child of the family grows up and goes off to college. Mother goes to Europe, father to the club.

Or mother takes a job — runs for the State Legislature, sells real estate, keeps books. Seven million American women are in jobs today, and of these more than one-seventh are married, widows, or grass widows.

The pretty girl—she looks like a girl!—who sells you gloves will tell you cheerfully that sure, she's married. She has a boy of nine, and she's divorced. She had to kick her husband out—he was the limit.

She had a home, and a hundred years ago she would have had six children instead of one child, by this time—might have been one of the thousands of helpless women who were caught in the mill of a blind and stupid man's selfishness.

"HE pretty girl—she looks like a girl!—who sells you gloves will tell you cheerfully that sure, she's married. She has a boy of nine, and she's divorced.

NOWADAYS she destroys the home rather than herself, and gets out. But one wonders what the nine-year-old boy's idea of the typical American home must be. He spends winters with mother, and goes to school; but in the Christmas holidays dad and dad's new wife usually take him to the theater and dad buys him a new suit and a tie. And in the summer he usually goes to his grandmother, who grieves over him and says he hasn't had a chance.

If his mother remarries, still another odd twist is given to his little fortunes, and still another idea added to his chaotic conception of what the word "home" means.

These observations are made, of course, merely in the way of comment—who would dare to criticize or lament?

No doubt the old ways were often costly and cumbersome, and the women who look so decorous, so hoopskirted and ringleted and dutiful, so wifely and motherly, in the pages of history, were often resentful, rebellious, bitterly dissatisfied creatures, the victims of utter injustice.

Delicate, epileptic, or consumptive mothers went on patiently bearing epileptic and consumptive children; fevers and throat epidemics swept away these children by the thousands; soured old maids raged as they turned gowns and wiped dishes; children were "lashed" for this and "caned" for that.

One man—he had been shut into a home for the insane on two separate occasions, by the way, in the earlier part of his life, but he was of noble birth, and nobody minded that—one man deeded away his unborn child, less than a hundred years ago. The wife had to bear her son, and then hand him over to an uncle, who wanted an heir.

One woman in New England bore twenty-seven children in twenty-two years—twins ran in her family. She lived up in the bleakest of snowy States, and the story is that these babies had to be scattered, from the day of birth almost, with any relative or neighbor who would feed and clothe them. The parents were poor. These things, and thousands of variations on the same themes, went on merrily in the good old days, and if we have abolished some of them, and grown out of others, we are all the happier.

BUT it *does* seem as if, somewhere in the process of woman's political and economic enfranchisement, we might have caught tighter hold of the marvelous subtle and spiritual thing that is a home, and saved it in spite of the changes and the innovations.

Nobody wants tearful and sensitive spinsters about the place, or drained, colorless, tubercular women producing babies, or dear, old-fashioned housewives insisting upon killing their own pigs and chickens in a New York apartment, spinning their own homespun, and roasting Christmas apples in fire and candle light. Nothing can bring back the day of domestic slavery, big Monday washes, "baking day" and "ironing day," and those broiling hot midsummer days when all the women of the family "put up the fruit."

The "trying out" of lard, the picking of ducks, the sponging and remodeling and refitting of heavy cloth dresses remain with me as terrible memories of childhood, as does also the impression that a servant was necessarily an unhappy, dumb, stupid person.

Servants drive away for twice-a-week holidays in bright little motor cars nowadays, and one's hairdresser speaks of hoping for a few

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Girls with cars, boys with cars, are never at home. They flee into the dusk every evening, like young jungle animals, stalking adventure.

[HOME, SWEET HOME (BUT NOBODY HOME!) Continued from Page Eleven]

months abroad with her little girl in the summer. A friend's chauffeur recently consulted him as to an investment in bonds, and a bright, talkative little woman I once met in a train said to me cheerfully, of her husband's position as janitor in a high school: "The salary's low—one hundred and seventy-five dollars; but the educational advantages for the children are enormous!"

The servants one finds in the pages of the old English novels, sniffling little fags and tweenies, the starving *Marchioness* in her big scoop bonnet, the snubbed and suppressed governesses of Miss Bronte and Trollope and Miss Yonge—these are not native to America, and when you hear an American woman boasting of a perfect servant you may be sure that the perfect servant is not American born.

Irish, Danish, German, Swedish women will still wear caps and rise respectfully to their feet when Madam enters the room, although they often bring, with this inborn sense of caste, a certain brooding, age-old protest against subjection.

But the native-born, the colored woman, the neighbor's girl from the Vermont mountains, the breezy Western farm girl tamed for a few months or years, and trying service in a city apartment as a sort of dramatic joke—these know no inferiority complex, and, in their own expressive phrase, they "give as good as they get."

IN New York $900 a year is what they are paid, clear of all living expenses; and as the wave of homes moves westward, the scale moves up, so that on the Pacific Coast a good general servant, if procurable at all, may always claim $1,100 to $1,500 a year—more than bank clerks, with families to raise and rent and food to manage, are paid in many European capitals!

Inferior? Why, in thousands of cases, they know they are far richer than the woman who employs them. The wife and mother has no $100 a month for her own spending money, nor half of it, nor a quarter. More than that, she is helpless, because she knows nothing of cooking and housework, and is dependent upon Lizzie's kindness far, far more than Lizzie is dependent upon hers.

Lizzie never trembles for her job—the world is full of jobs. But the wife and mother trembles over Lizzie. Is Lizzie happy? Is she just noisy this morning, or is she slamming things around because she is mad about something? The mistress worries agonizedly over her bedmaking and shopping. If Lizzie goes, there will be no dinner party tomorrow night. Mother's visit will have to be put off. And the week-end trip—but, good heavens, something must be done! Lizzie simply *can't* go.

"Nobody home tonight for dinner, Lizzie," says the mistress brightly, appearing in the kitchen doorway, "and nobody home tomorrow night. I'd like a lunch tray today, but I can fix it myself if you would like to get off early. Have you seen that picture at the Imperial? Wonderful! You got a very nice shingle cut yesterday, didn't you?"

"Well, thank goodness, she's all right again!" the mistress adds to herself, as she goes upstairs. For her home—that place in which her husband so rarely takes any constructive interest, that place in which her children so rarely voluntarily remain, that place whose management costs from 10 to 50 per cent more than it should cost, that place of waste and worry, wherein the mistress is not a mistress and the servant anything but a servant—is still strangely, pathetically dear to the American woman.

REBELS all—father, children, maids. We are in the midst of a rebellion, and only our forceful and imaginative action can change this state of affairs into the more healthful and enjoyable state of condition known as a revolution.

Men *should* love their homes, children *should* ornament and delight the family circle, servants *should* be glad to render affectionate and respectful aid. To end it all, after five years, eight years, twelve years of unavailing struggle, and to disintegrate into units again—a man alone at his club, a woman alone in a tiny apartment abroad, a boy alone at school, and Lizzie gone back home—is the saddest waste of all.

The cities and schools and clubs are filled with these detached fragments of what once was family life.

And we cannot build a great edifice on scattered bricks, nor a great nation on individual lives, selfishly and separately lived.

This is neither criticism nor lamentation—no. But perhaps when the pendulum swung back, freeing women from the mental, financial, domestic darkness of the last six or seven hundred years, it swung a little too far.

A woman's life must always be estimated by the love and service it renders; nothing else counts, to her. She doesn't want a raise in salary, she doesn't want her name on a directorate or an office door. She wants—and she has always wanted, no less and no more—freedom to serve and smooth and manage the lives about her; to be loved—and perhaps envied a little—for her goodness, her beauty, her children, her home, her flowers, music, apple pies, frocks.

Her income may be as big as the President's income, her success sensational in the business world, but she isn't happy without a man and a child.

And she can lie, weak and weary, in a white hospital bed, hearing the first-born snuffling in the basket beside her, thinking of the microscopic kitchen and the ice box and the three hollyhocks in the garden, yearning to get back to them, seeing Tom's pathetic little fifty cents' worth of violets through happy tears, and hear with serene indifference, almost with boredom, that a certain woman in Philadelphia is to be paid half a million a year by a firm of engineers.

Half a million, or ten million—those are *words*. Babies, violets, ice boxes, and hollyhocks are *things*, real and dear and vital.

And how to keep our homes and our lives

vital; how to keep them up to the pitch of being real, and thrilling, and satisfying—ah, that is the problem this generation of women must ask, study, and, if we are to have great American families again and great American ideals and traditions, must solve.

One dares not answer. But one may dream—Dream that perhaps the answer lies in co-operation, as the answer to business and professional problems, in the last hundred years, has lain in co-operation. The scattered units are useless, but the biggest thing in the world is made of units, too.

Great families need not necessarily be built upon the old base of immoderate child-bearing, after all. One dreams of a home in which there are four children, five children, a grandmother, a grandfather, a visiting aunt with *her* three or four cousins, an uncle leaving still another cousin for schooling, another uncle bringing a motherless baby back to the main home.

YEARS going by—how fast they go! And then new ties, new cottages near the old house, or the big mansard rooms turned into apartments. One dreams of newly married couples who stay near the parent nest; and, instead of making a long and difficult struggle to get on with new neighbors, new associates, one dreams of the ambition in every American family to develop the beauty of those ties that lies within itself, those exquisite associations that are of blood, and so are stronger than any other we ever can find.

Mother, father, cousins, uncles, aunts, all coming and going in one big, loosely held group. Summers together, winters almost together, somebody's home and resources always ready to meet the emergency, a dozen women welcoming the new baby, a dozen educational group influences touching the lives of every child in the circle.

Would this be so hard to accomplish? Is it really impossible for us as a nation—restless, critical, ambitious as we are—to form ourselves into clans, with something of the loyalty and helpfulness the very word suggests in our relationships with each other?

We older women know that the hot-headed girl who escapes from home ties must learn, sooner or later, to live in peace and co-operative activity with her kind or grow to be one of the world's useless and embittered women. We know that the impulsive, undeveloped boy will merely make a second unhappy marriage if he is allowed so casually to dissolve his first.

We know that kindness, friendliness, mutual dependencies and mutual respect, and the all-important secret of making and keeping affectionate human relationships must be learned—that it never will be discovered ready made. And *still* we go on breaking ties as soon as the slightest disillusionment or friction arises, raising our children in the ridiculous delusion that some day, by chance, they will stumble into happiness, find it ready made, with no effort or subjugation or sacrifice on their part.

A home with three boys, two girls, one grown-up daughter, a man, a grandmother, a delicate convalescent cousin, a widowed or divorced daughter considering a job, a baby, a friendly woman kitchenward, a lot of good books and games, sunshine and healthy racket—the woman who is the head and heart and center of *that* house doesn't feel superfluous, or that her time is wasted. And the generations of boys and girls who come after her always will remember that happy community life—the winter kitchen all bustle and promising odors, the spring garden, Aunt Mary coming in with the baby for a long visit, Bob off to school, Ellen's marriage, and grandma's eightieth birthday.

Men build, fast enough, whatever they want to build. They are never at a loss for money to raise bridges and railroads and a new armory or school or factory or immense office block.

Why don't we build, we American women? Why don't we build homes, places where everyone wants to be, centers of discussion, of service, of healthy, interested living? Everyone loves company, talk, events, good food, sound sleep, voices—in a word, everyone loves *life*. And men, although they would be the first to deny it, really loved their homes when they were human composite groups, when other lives were drawn in to touch and mold their own.

"I DON'T know—we'll do something," they say cheerfully, as their children flit away.

Nowadays, men and children and young persons have to go away from home to find life. And it is only the woman of the family who can gather up the snapped threads and knot them together and build them into the strong cable that in the old days was the support of a great nation.

WE shall have to see that ideal home first in our minds, that place which includes all the new ties, instead of merely cuts loose the members who form them. And when we see it we shall have to love what we see—our own boys, Bessie's dear little girls, the Brown boy while poor Mabel is in the sanitarium, and Uncle Tom and his big boy, and Mary and her husband on the top floor, and Kate's little boy with her in the kitchen, too—we can't split Kate's family any more than our own.

And doughnuts and muddy rubbers and Miss Alcott's books scattered about, and the radio squawking at unexpected moments, and grandma seriously discussing her canary with Harry, and little Marjorie pleading for a kitten, and talk of Esther's beau coming on Sunday, and helpless laughter over emergencies, and George wanting to go to sea for his vacation, and now Ed on the telephone saying that Mollie has to have an operation, and may Mary and Bud come here?

HOME. Always to form their ideal of helpfulness and co-operation and affection and companionship. Home, where they made their first mistakes, and learned their first lessons in cooking and hospitality and self-control and respect for each other's property and each other's limitations.

Home. Not an easy thing to build; not an easy thing to struggle toward. Harder than Brooklyn Bridge, dimmer—farther—than the North Pole. But more worth while than either—than hundreds of bridges and geographical points.

The key words are Love and Service and Understanding. Love for anyone who wants mothering; service for every human derelict the family or the neighbors can produce; understanding of mistakes, faults, the runaway marriage, the early divorce; understanding of the simple truth that there is no such thing as a really naughty child and that we are all children.

Armed with love and service and understanding, the old rule holds true:

The Kingdom of Heaven—and of Home—is within you.

THE END

Portrait With The Record in Fire

By MRS.

Photo from Harold Seton

MRS. Leslie Carter as she appeared in The Heart of Maryland in 1895.

PART ONE

MY life has run in strange places. My years have been full of color. Not only have I been a dramatic artist, but I was a naive convent girl, a society woman, a traveler, a wife and mother. I have known the heights of success, but likewise I have known the depths of despair.

Bernard Shaw once said that no autobiography was worth a tinker's dam because no man would tell the whole truth. In the chapters that are to follow I shall endeavor to set down such incidents of my dramatic life—and I use the word dramatic not only in the sense of its application to me as an actress, but in the sense of the thrilling moments that have been mine in private life—as truthfully as possible. It may be that occasionally I may hurt some person who is still living, and for the sake of such a one I may have to veil certain events. But, by indirection, I may be able to express many of the things of which the public today knows nothing.

There are those born into the world whose senses are so tied to their mentalities that to excavate the one is to thrill the other, and their emotions are so near the surface that one may cunningly dominate them like marionettes that perform for one's amusement.

To be an actress, one influences these emotions by words wrought into impulses and events—and this is called a play. An actress is so fashioned as to do this. It is her given way. And to be a human being like this, so finely tempered that words can arouse any desired action, one must be compensated by some cheating of nature in another quality.

That is why Arthur Symons says people whose creative work has lightened the burdens of the world, whose ecstasy of imagination has done some perfect thing, should not be judged by the normal standards of sluggish men and women. Where lie these hidden boundaries of overbalance and underbalance? These things have often perplexed me.

AS a very young child I was lifted above the bedcovers to my father, who lay dying. His was a face of heroic proportions, weary and gaunt, with a red beard clipped straight across. My father was Orson Dudley, an Englishman; my mother was a Maryland woman, and I was born in Lexington, Kentucky. From my father comes my bright red hair, and from some gallant Southern ancestress an extra zest for life. Just before his death he came to Cleveland to live, as he had invested all his money in Standard Oil. He was of that group of men which included such names as A. P. Winslow, Nathan Payne, and John D. Rockefeller.

After my father's death, General Philip Sheridan and General Anson Steger became my guardians, and they decided, with my mother's consent, to send me to the Convent of St. Mary's in West Forty-sixth Street, New York—where four years of my life were spent. Religious observances are full of pageantry—and there comes a time in many a young girl's life when she wishes to become either a nun or an actress.

My family knew nothing of the stage—we had no stage affiliations of any kind—nor were we a theater-going people. Not until long after I left school had I seen more than two performances. One was that of Maggie Mitchell in The Cricket on the Hearth and the other the opera of Martha.

I had no glamour of the stage to enchain me; but I did have all the imagination, the emotionalism, and the youthful flair that are quickened by the superb and vivid ritual of a church service, including the tremendous symbols of the elevation of the Host, the strange, spiritual meaning of the bell, and the reflected glory of the gorgeous vestments.

Extremely sensitive about my red hair, I was continually being taunted with it. "Redhead!" "Carrot Top!" What savages children are! I was always in tears.

Then, one day, Sister Agnes, one of those

of a LADY *with* Red Hair

of a Flaming Life, Written —An Autobiography

LESLIE CARTER

compassionate and tender young nuns, said: "You must never be unhappy again, Caroline. Our Lord had red hair." And, indeed, from that moment I never was.

My mother had gone to Dayton, Ohio, to live, and after leaving school I would spend many holidays with either the Stegers or General Sheridan. Nellie Steger, who was near my own age, is now the Duchess of Ormond; and Anne, who was the elder and who knew my mother before I was born, became Mrs. Ralph Hickox and lived in Paris.

It was during one of these times I was taken by General Sheridan and his wife on a visit to Gettysburg, and a summer or so later I went with them through the Shenandoah Valley, at which time I heard him go over every bit of that memorable fight, place by place, seeing it through his eyes. Young as I was, it was a great dramatic experience; and much that I heard him tell helped me to form *Maryland Calvert* in after years.

Although those events rest far back in history, it has been a disputed fact as to whether General Sheridan's ride was the great poetic

"YOU must never be unhappy again, Caroline. Our Lord had red hair."

Picture by THOMAS WEBB

dash that Thomas Buchanan Read afterward made of it in his famous poem. But it has never been denied that he and Winchester *did* save the day at Cedar Creek. This horse's name was originally Rienzi, and he was so named because he was given to Uncle Phil at a small village called Rienzi in Mississippi. I rode him often as a child. He was of Morgan stock—jet black, excepting three white feet, about sixteen hands high, and powerfully built; and he had the softest, proudest glance.

Animals have always been a passion with me. All of them have what I call unregarding eyes, as though they were contemplating some remote country where man does not enter, and Winchester had the most human eyes I have ever seen in an animal.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[PORTRAIT OF A LADY WITH RED HAIR
Continued from Page Fifteen]

Of all the horses Uncle Phil owned and rode in his campaigns, Winchester had the greatest powers of endurance, and could walk more than five miles an hour steadily. He was therefore cordially hated by the General's staff and escort, because they were all compelled to go at a dogtrot, which they detested.

You may see him any day, with his shy, soft, human eyes looking proudly to the South, over at the Museum of Military Service Institution on Governor's Island, New York.

Many things in life that I look at now are but reflections of what I was in those days. Yet the world apparently cannot reconcile this, my real attitude, with what they call the "color" of Mrs. Leslie Carter's life. They think it a pose.

It is not, but an innate fastidiousness and contempt for many offensive present conditions.

There is great romance, there is great love, there is great passion — all things difficult to guide—and some men and women reserve the right to have these things, regardless of that sharp dividing line which makes it legal. It is when these big human emotions become loose-moraled and migratory affairs that they become petty and corrupt.

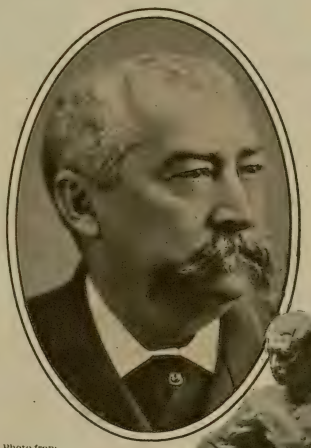


Photo from Albert Davis Collection
General Phil Sheridan, intimate friend of Mrs. Carter's family.

ON my return from a trip to Cuba, where I had gone with General and Mrs. Sheridan, my mother and I went to a hotel at Waukesha, Wisconsin, for the summer.

I was standing on the porch one fall afternoon, talking with Franklin MacVeagh, who was later to become Secretary of the Treasury. Dear Franklin MacVeagh! Whether living or dead, I hope he hears me. Had he not been married, and had he but crooked a finger at me in those girlish days, I should have walked straight to him; for he was one of the gayest and most human of men.

A very smart stanhope pulled up under the porte-cochere, driven, as the French would say, "with style": many chains jangling, champing bits, and immaculate shining patent-leather harness. Out of this elegant equipage stepped a very good looking man of the club type, which spells correct tailoring and everything else that looks as if it really belonged.

This man was Leslie Carter, and, speaking in the stilted language of that day, he was an "eligible parti." He had family, an unassailable social position, and an income that allowed him to maintain it.

Franklin MacVeagh presented him to me. He wore glasses, and his hair, which grew close to his head, was the finest thing about him—it framed a countenance both intelligent and good to look at, but with an utter absence of sensitiveness. Nothing ever happened to Leslie Carter; consequently nothing ever happened to his face.

The features were set in, as it were, meticulously and with an entire disregard of those "throw-the-cap-over-the-mill" lines that hover around a man's mouth and are able to make a face speak. The memory of it reminds me of a remark Haddon Chambers once made to me about a face: "It never sparked."

I was very slight, thin almost to attenuation, but supple and hard—with two heavy braids of bright red hair that hung below my knees. My hair was so heavy I could not wear it up on my head. Indeed, I never wore it up until many years after, in New York, when the red braids singled me out too conspicuously. Just clearing my dark eyebrows was a little straight bang. I speak of these details particularly, for all the things that Leslie Carter first loved in me were all the things that, after marriage, he tried to cut out.

I was a great hoyden. I swam and drove and rode—rode all day long in the hills with any companion that would share my play. The world and all there was in it was a great ball and you bounced it where you would. Youth is like that.

Once, in the early days of my training with David Belasco, he stopped me with a "Who taught you to do that?"

"Life," I answered bitterly. But its acrid taste had not touched me then.

MY mother was interrelated with a great many families, among them the Shermans. Lizzie Sherman, who afterward married Senator Don Cameron, and Lida, who became Mrs. Colgate Hoyt, arrived the next week-end, and with them Leslie with his horses and stanhope. In the days that followed we did all those things that one with an accepted background does: we drove, we danced, we dined.

And when the summer was over my mother and I returned to Dayton.

Brown Bros. photo
Model of Gutzon Borglum's statue of General Sheridan on Winchester, a horse often ridden by Mrs. Carter.

When Leslie began sending his high-stepping horses and trap down from Chicago, and we drove out through the spangled autumn woods, I accepted with perfect candor all his nice, self-contained attentions. I was then in my teens and Leslie Carter fourteen years older.

The only time that he ever approached any show of demonstration was one day when he took both my long braids, wrapped them around my neck, looped them in front, and, with great dignity and self-possession, kissed me. With great dignity and self-possession, I let him.

The homes of General Steger and General Sheridan were near each other on Michigan Avenue in Chicago. That winter saw me staying with Nellie and Annie Steger, and saw Leslie at the house continually with his *amour propre* and his reticent attentions.

It was during that winter I met Helen, Leslie's sister—I think, through Mary Sherman, who later married General Nelson Miles. Of the narrow, vehement Scotch aunt I caught no glimpse.

My mother became bedridden at that time, and she was frightened for me. I was terribly young, with the wildest spirits. She and Franklin MacVeagh made the match. As for me, one accepted marriage because it was the natural thing to do in the milieu in which I was placed.

There were certain events that arrived in due course in life. One came when one's dresses were lengthened; another when one was old enough to put up one's hair; still another when one became engaged; and then the great event came with marriage.

And so, the following spring, when Leslie Carter asked me to become his wife, I did only what my caste expected of me—the practical, the sensible, the expected thing.

I cannot lift those days from the inert mass of shadowy forms and give them an independent picture of their own.

If there is no picture for you now, it is because there was no picture for me then. I am recording my exact feelings at the time and what it all meant.

Marriage meant all sorts of magnificent presents from my father's old friends, great boxes of silver from the Cleveland branch of the family, a large ruby bracelet from some of my mother's connections who lived in England, exquisite fabrics made into lovely frocks, fragile, hand-embroidered underwear from the convent. It meant stir and excitement and nothing else but a great curiosity as to the adventure of living. Nine months after my meeting with him, in Dayton, before a great assembly of relations and friends, many of his who had journeyed from Chicago for it, Leslie Carter and I were married. Frank Whitehouse, son of Bishop Whitehouse of Illinois, who afterward married Mary Armour, was one of the groomsmen.

The home I was taken to was composed of my husband's brother, his aunt, and his sister, both spinsters — not bachelor girls or old maids, but spinsters. Added to that was a stern, rigid Scotch ancestry on both sides. No introduction of alien blood, no hidden strain of foreign alloy, to temper this grim and austere attitude toward life. Here was this somber house filled to the brim with prejudices, conventionalities, and prohibitions. Here were Helen, the sister; Margaret, the aunt; and the brother, Ernest Carter—a little bit of human queerness, misplaced as a lawyer.

Leslie Carter was a man of purely disinterested emotions. He was acute, shrewd, clever, and had all those qualities that made him, in his later years, president of the Chicago Elevated Railways. He looked upon life with a bland comprehension, little stirred by any of its experience.

Away from his tightly governed narrow Scotch home and its mausoleum-like atmos-

phere, there would have been a middle ground of well balanced companionship for us, because, taken in some aspects, his mind was brilliant, we belonged to the same set, and we both loved the outdoors.

But the decision came that I was to live with his family. In after years I met Elisabeth Marbury, who knew them well, and all she said to me was: "For you! That household for you, of all women!"

Oh, these celibate women! Reams might be written of them! They are savage and brutal and they walk through life with an air of subtle truculence.

Women in small villages usually belong to this sad army, and unintentionally they debase and distort what they should most worship. I am reminded of what Ludwig Lewisohn once said:

"They are like someone to whom is offered the freedom of a great library, but who had been deliberately mistaught the meaning of the symbols in which the books are written."

FROM the day I set my foot in that house, I was then and forever after a stranger in it. They tried to huddle out of sight all the things that had gone to make up Caroline Dudley. They swept the little bang from my brow, and in place of my sailor hats I was bought a bonnet to wear. It is the truth—a bonnet tied with long streamers under the chin, if you please. Within this atmosphere of chill hostility I tried to establish some neutral ground on which I could live. But I was continually affronting and offending them, not knowing how or why.

Having spent many months with my mother's relatives in Lexington, Kentucky, my young cousins and I listened unblushing to every sort of talk that seethes around a stock farm. I remember Pierre Lorillard coming down to buy brood mares for his racing stable. While we were all at table, he raised his eyebrows and then looked at us questioningly after something connected with breeding had been said.

To this look my kinsman replied in these words: "No young mind can be defiled at life unfolding before them."

He viewed it only from a standpoint that was at once primal, elemental, and clean. The masked, impure, and subtle innuendo of the average young mind held no meaning for me.

One night at a dinner party I had just been remarking on the handsome bitch over at Jimmy Logan's that had just thrown some beautiful puppies. I can no better illustrate the fearful stillness of Leslie's dinner table than by saying that all the guests looked as though they had inhaled poison gas. Intuition had a perfect instrument in me. Somehow, someone was offended at something—but what?

I glanced down the length of the table until my eyes rested on Leslie's face. He looked like Savonarola at the stake.

Blindly angered by the small, petty cruelties to which I was subjected, even now my mind had surrendered the right to judge those days with clearness.

Kate Medill and Nellie Medill were then among my friends. Their father owned the Chicago *Tribune*. Kate married Robert McCormick, becoming the mother of Medill McCormick. Nellie Medill, who was closer to me, being nearer my own age, married Robert Patterson, later editor of the *Tribune*.

Mr. Medill was always entertaining celebrities, men and women from all parts of the world; and there arises in my mind an unforgettable scene that really added more fuel to an already particularly well lighted fire.

AT the second large ball of the season, I was presented to the Medill dinner guests. They were composed of many distinguished people. To this day I cannot tell you the name of the man with whom I sat out eight dances that night, but I *can* tell you that his mind was a museum of many things I wanted to know. I

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Photo from Albert Davis Collection

A rare picture of Mrs. Carter at sixteen years of age, showing her wealth of hair piled on her head.

P. & A. photo

Leslie Carter, divorced husband of the actress.

[PORTRAIT OF A LADY WITH RED HAIR
Continued from Page Seventeen]

think he was some famous war correspondent.

While the orchestra welled and trembled and swept on, I was walking in a magnificent world of infinite variety and splendor.

Through the bazaars of Tunis and Algiers; through the Kremlin, counting the jewels in the crown of Ivan the Terrible; on the Galatea Bridge, looking at Turk, Greek, and Levantine, and all scrofulous Europe; in the Sultan's palace on the Bosporus, where the guarding eunuchs are.

Never have I forgotten his words in reference to these tragic and undesirable beings: "Some historic barbarism has cut for them their path in life, and in it they must walk."

Manchuria! South Africa!

The last two dances, I believe, I walked with Cecil Rhodes, watching him manipulate flesh and blood like pawns in a game.

The next morning, coming into the dining-room late, I was met by two faces as impassive as the great Chinese Wall—those of Leslie's aunt and sister.

OH, those grim, defeated, frustrated women! How they hated me! I deal with them more tenderly than they dealt with me. They hated, not Caroline Carter, but the symbol she stood for—consummation and wifehood. That gloomy and solemn room! What a capacity it had for strangling every youthful impulse!

Miss Margaret Carter having been born in Scotland, her speech was filled to the brim with great guttural burrs:

"We have been a long time," she began, "taking counsel with ourselves before speaking to you about certain things. I hope, before I begin, you will do us the kindness to absolve us from all interference."

"Interference of what?"

"Of the mode of life you have evidently mapped out for yourself. As long as you are a member of my"—she quickly changed it to "this"—"this household, there must be a line of conduct adopted in accordance with the name you have taken. It is an unpleasant thing to have my nephew's wife discussed at every breakfast table in Chicago this morning for irregular behavior."

Four decades have passed since then—I have never forgotten those two words.

"It is not customary to sit out eight dances with one man."

"But why not? His mind was filled with many delectable things I wanted to know."

"Well!" she gave back icily. "We don't go searching in men's minds for things."

"Listen!" I said. I remember getting up and putting my hands on the back of a chair to steady their trembling. "What is it about me you all so actively dislike? My youth? You knew that when Leslie married me. My spirits? I ride out into the hills along the lake front anywhere where there is beauty. I heard you tell Leslie I refused to wear corsets. Certainly I refuse to dress my body in anything that hampers my freedom. Is it for these things you penalize and crucify me every day?"

"You are verra, verra wild," said Miss Margaret.

"I am wild. Leslie knew I was wild before he married me. It was for my wildness he loved me."

"It would be best did ye stay home and care for your house."

Then I laughed.

"*My* house! *My* house! Why, I am an intruder here. I dare not have the horses or the carriages without your permission, and the stables are full of them; nor do your servants ever take an order from me. Last week I was informed by Elizabeth that my allowances for my bed would be but two sheets a week, and I bought more. You say my laundry bill is excessive—you won't even allow me to be clean."

Then, turning on my heel, I left them.

To do Margaret Carter justice, I think this an ineradicable, inherent trait in both the Scotch and the English, this niggardliness in regard to household linen: because, years later, during my London season in Zaza, I took an enormous furnished house near Hyde Park, numbering forty rooms. I had with me eighteen servants. And there were only fifteen sheets!

Photo from Albert Davis Collection

Charles Tyson Yerkes (above) and Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Field (left), of whom Mrs. Carter writes.

Radiant health and a boundless sense of exhilaration, surrounded by many friends, the wildness complained of in me, the wildness and daring of young womanhood when the wheels turn easily from too much oiling, brought in their train erroneous judgments.

I struck back with the only weapons in the armory of resentful youth: a downright disregard for the standard of the Carter conventions, sometimes deliberately planned, sometimes plowing through their silly prohibitions by the mere passionate happiness of being alive.

I HAD always lived among warm, tender human beings. These were but the wrappings and the hulls. Their inferences and insinuations gave me a *malaise* of the soul.

One could not remain in their atmosphere and retain one's self-respect. They distorted everything—a look, a smile, an impulse; what I ate, what I did, what I wore, how I wore it, what I thought, what I didn't think.

One of the very grave errors of action—another bit of so-called "irregular behavior"—grew out of our summer's stay at Cooperstown, New York. Here in this birthplace of Fenimore Cooper we had our country house. There were repairs to be made, which necessitated our living temporarily at the old Cooper House.

A group of Columbia students taking a summer course in surveying was likewise staying there. One day, planning a large picnic, I discovered a greater abundance of women than males. Walking through the corridor, I observed a very shy and fragile looking young man standing at the desk. He is just as plain to my eye now as he was then. He wore a sailor hat with a pale blue corduroy band on it. Quite frankly, I told him we needed him and all his friends.

Their names meant nothing to me, but their very charming manners and high spirits meant a great deal; and for the length of their stay my picnics, my dances, my house parties, were a great success.

Some years later, during the run of Zaza at the old Garrick Theater, Mr. Belasco brought to my dressing-room a delicate but most correctly attired and elegant young gentleman with a slight black mustache, and introduced him with these words: "This is Clyde Fitch. He soon will have four plays on Broadway running at once."

Recognition suddenly dawned on me. "Why—why, it's my boy from Cooperstown!" I said.

He smiled that gentle, shy, well-bred Clyde Fitch smile.

"I always knew *you* were *the* Mrs. Carter."

There are half a dozen great London hostesses I know today who pick indiscriminately their dancing partners from a Ritz-Carlton lounge. They do not come to them half so well recommended as did my summer Columbia boys. But *autre temps, autre moeurs!*

THEN, one day, back in the gloomy, portentous house, in the shadows of an enormous bed, at 12 o'clock, my baby came.

And at 6 o'clock that evening, after he had painstakingly attended to his afternoon's law business, Leslie Carter came home to see his first-born.

What a home-coming! One would have thought some small animal had fulfilled its biennial or triennial destiny, for all the birth of a son meant in that house.

Now the days became filled with a very tyranny of compulsory household laws for my baby and me. The reins were pulled in tighter and tighter at the curves, and I was going down in utter helplessness before it.

One day I returned home to find they had dressed my baby in delaine! All the exquisite handmade things laid away, and his soft, petal-like little body incased in delaine. Delaine! Delaine! It almost seems a prehistoric word! But that is what Scotch babies wore, and, moreover, all the hand-embroidered things made by the nuns were too extravagant—were causing the household bills to mount.

"Feckless things," Miss Carter called them.

Mrs. Arthur Caton, who is now Mrs. Marshall Field, Sr.; her sister, Mrs. Augustus Eddy; Josephine Houghteling, who married Cass Canfield, all then friends of mine, were patronesses of the winter Cotillion Club.

On the night of the ball, the horses and brougham would call for me during the dance, take me home to nurse my baby, and bring me back. It was a time of nursing mothers—all the young matrons with babies did this.

When the day of the cotillion approached, I used to ask for the carriage and horses as a favor, with fear and trembling—never being quite sure of its being granted.

It takes courage to write about either the dead or the living with absolute veracity. There will be many of the old standard bearers who will attribute rancor and bitterness to what I have said. But what I have said I have said.

One day a wedge was put in my hands that pried open the barricaded doors of the Carter home.

There came to take care of the baby a fresh-faced Swedish-American girl. I dressed her

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

What is the most important thing in your life?

A GREAT ocean liner approaches New York. On board is a celebrity. Perhaps a great military leader of world-wide renown. Or a girl who has swum the English channel. Or a golf champion who has won the British "open". Or an ex-President of the United States, back from a triumphal tour of the world. Fame, beauty, talent, remarkable achievement have lifted them to a dizzy prominence.

For days the arrival of the distinguished personage has been heralded by cable and by radio. The newspapers are full of it. The mayor of New York and his official reception committee are all primed to extend a public welcome.

The streets are lined with people. The bands play. The ticker-tape flies from the skyscrapers. With tumult and rejoicing the people acclaim their hero or their heroine. And through the stirring picture—buoyant and happy—moves the recipient of all this acclamation.

And what is it all but a tribute to Health? The crowd sees but the climax and the reward. But the celebrity passing through the lanes of spectators, knows the real secret. Talents have been cultivated. Ambitions have been nursed. Hard, grinding effort has gone into the battle. But always, everywhere has been the necessity for good, sound condition—abundant energy, steady nerves, sleep, exercise, the right food.

Don't you want to get more out of daily living? More accomplishment and more downright fun? Some one has said that a good, healthy, normal envy should be felt by everybody. Why should other women—the gifted authors and artists and dancers and social leaders—enjoy themselves so much while you just go along the same old way? Take a leaf out of their book. Observe how careful they are to keep themselves fit for their activities. Do the same yourself, and then go after the things you want and ought to have. Your home will be all the better for the new sparkle you put into your life.

Eat soup and keep well. They go hand in hand. There is this great advantage about soup: it is a delicious food you always like to eat and it refreshes and benefits you in its own special way. Eating soup every day is one of the best rules you can follow when you make up your mind that you'll do the things necessary to make you feel better, look better and enjoy yourself more.

If every woman realized the reason soup is so healthful, she would never think of omitting it from her daily menus. Soup is a liquid food. It is eaten hot. It arouses the appetite by causing the digestive juices to flow more freely. The many different ingredients blended in soup offer a variety and a deliciousness of flavors you cannot get in other foods. This daily invitation and invigoration to your appetite are splendid things for it. The appetite and the digestion, like every other function, act on habit. They will remain sluggish if not regularly encouraged. They will be brisk and active and healthy if stimulated each day by the proper food. They respond instantly to good soup.

Since ease and convenience are combined with such trusted quality in Campbell's, "soup every day" is a rule without any burden upon you. For today's luncheon or dinner, select Campbell's Ox Tail Soup. It is justly popular as one of the heartier and more substantial soups, blended with all the skill and perfection of flavor for which Campbell's French chefs are so famous.

Meaty, marrowy ox tail joints are specially selected for this soup, in accordance with Campbell's strict standard of quality. The sliced joints, ox tail broth and a rich, invigorating beef broth are combined with luscious tomatoes, celery, carrots, turnips and a generous quantity of choice barley. Fresh herbs and seasoning make the flavor "just so". Campbell's Ox Tail Soup is certain to make its regular appearance on your table, once you serve it. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

Cudahy's Puritan Bacon

Famous for Its Finer Flavor

The finer flavor of Cudahy's Puritan Bacon has made it famous. This distinguishing quality is a revelation—the result of the Cudahy special method of curing.

This special method slowly and naturally diffuses the rich juices of the choice young meats and gives to Puritan a superior mild, sweet, delicate flavor.

Any way you serve Cudahy's Puritan Bacon, broiled, fried or boiled it is good for you—wholesome, nutritious and easily digested. The very aroma whets the appetite. A fine food for growing children.

At your dealer's by the piece or in sanitary cartons, sliced. *"The Taste Tells."*

The Cudahy Packing Co. U.S.A. makers of **Puritan Hams · Bacon · Lard**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

in voluminous white, with plaited starched cap and wide plaid ribbons. How I had to fight for every inch of it! She looked like a painting by Gari Melchers. She was the gentlest creature that ever lived, and I loved her.

In dressing the baby once or twice, the girl fainted. I thought nothing of it—until, at 2 o'clock one morning, she fell down the whole flight of backstairs on a visit to the coachman's quarters.

When I called my physician, I never dreamed that he would tell Leslie and his aunt the cruel, futile truth.

When, the next day, Leslie wheeled upon me and told me to remove the girl from the house, dying or not, I think in that moment the division came. Each event of that morning is emblazoned on my memory. The women crowded in back of him, as though his will were powerless to do this thing alone.

"I'll have no harlots in my house!" said Aunt Margaret.

"Listen," I answered, with deadly precision. "You've thought for me. You've eaten for me. You've dressed for me. You've had my boy for me. But in *this* instance you shall not act for me. If you send that unfortunate, helpless girl away, you'll send me with her."

What a mad world! They had her carried from their house; but the man, the cause of the trouble, who had served them for a long time, they kept.

It is not absence or death, but often life together, that separates.

I kept my word. That night found my baby and me, with a few necessary belongings, installed at my mother's. No amount of persuasion, no amount of pleading, would make me go back and bruise myself daily against their vicious minds. From then on I had my own establishment, my own horses and carriage, and for a while absolute freedom from constant supervision.

NO longer would that frightening, suffocating feeling arise in my throat, almost stifling me. No longer would some unpardonable but innocent offense be charged to me. No longer would I sit opposite those masklike, expressionless faces that reminded me of sleepwalkers in a dream, negative and restrained.

After a time, though by slow degrees, I once again felt some subtle encroachments — a curtailment of certain privileges at the shops where I had been given credit, an unreasoning narrow reserve when it came to the choosing of my dinner guests.

However, youth has a way of bearing burdens lightly and bravely. The world was still filled with magical things—the beauty of a lush spring morning on the lake front; the radiance of sunsets; the promises of the unguessed days, when friends were crowding them with dances, dinners, rides and drives, and life for all of us was lived on a note loud and sustained.

I have been told, and I suppose it was true, that one could not walk through life with eyes the color of green tourmalines, with two enormous bright red braids of hair down to one's knees, a la John Sargent's picture of Ellen Terry as *Portia*, and not look arresting and exotic.

Wherever I went, I immediately was singled out by men, not because I was beautiful, but because I looked bizarre and because I was so happy.

People were beginning to mean something more to me than just skeletons draped with the garments of time-honored customs. I loved that sense of accomplishment which clung to them when they "arrived."

One of these was Charles Yerkes. He was then in the midst of a tremendous civic war, and was often at our table. His face was gripping, with a balanced jaw and an air of extreme fearlessness. I have always remembered his eyes—they were ice-gray.

No one who knew him intimately could ever have been his enemy unless he were also an enemy of whatever in human nature was magnanimous and fine. I could write much about him, but I could not write it half so well as has Theodore Dreiser in his great novel, The Titan, a clear and perfect etching. With all his courage and his indomitable air, because she had been the pivot of his divorce, he never was able to bring Mrs. Yerkes with him into that sacrosanct set known as Chicago society.

Oscar Wilde, who was so impressed with Mrs. Carter's hair that he called her "the woman from yonder."

Photo from Albert Davis Collection

Reginald de Koven, society man and composer, mentioned by the author.

She was a symbol of beauty made radiant in the flesh, and she had that same fearless, lovely, straightforward look that Charlie Yerkes had. Did you ever see Rodin's head of Minerva? Look at it and you will see the head of Mrs. Yerkes as she looked in those days.

Marshall Field, with his small, delicate face like an intaglio, but always reserved and still, was another friend. Always painfully polite, you never guessed what he was thinking. I felt while with him that he was always appraising, cataloguing, and indexing me as though I were an exhibit.

It was that same winter that Franklin and Mrs. MacVeagh gave a dinner for Oscar Wilde, who was lecturing in the United States.

So much has been written about this great celebrity that my vignette can add but little, except as seen through eyes that were absolutely free from intellectual judgment. He sat on Mrs. MacVeagh's right, and I next to him.

He came to a world, this man—I mean the social world of America—utterly unprepared for anything so astonishing, so rare, and so *brilliant*. Knowing this, I think, he played the mime with that extraordinary, impertinent grace all his own.

Clyde Fitch, noted playwright and friend of Mrs. Carter.

He wore as evening clothes pale gray velvet knee breeches and gray velvet coat, with a brilliant pomegranate-red silk tie. What impressed me most were his extremely beautiful hands, which he continually ran through his long dark hair, bushing it out around his face. I should have liked it washed. It looked oily. When the olives were passed, he dove into the dish—I have no other word to express it—and grasped a handful of them, throwing the pits under the table.

I wore a sapphire-blue velvet gown. It was the fashion then to cut them *en princesse*, unadorned, but with lines sharply defined; and, like everyone else, I waited for him to say something at once original and ironical.

After a moment's pause he turned to me and said:

"Only from some secret, strange place do women come that have your hair. I shall call you the woman from yonder."

That is the only remark of his that stayed with me. Being a woman, it is natural that it should.

It was at one of my dinners that Anna Farwell met Reginald de Koven, who was a sort of *rara avis*. He was of the purple, yet he wrote music. He had been brought up abroad, and on the night of this dinner his neck was imprisoned as in a vise by the biggest white collar I had ever seen. He could barely move his head because of it. To me it was curious and funny, but not to Anna. It mesmerized her then, and this mesmerism continued as long as he lived.

FOR a minute I'm going to digress. How one's consciousness may become scorched by some intolerable flame of recollection! A month or so after my divorce, I came face to face with Anna, and held out my two hands. Whereupon she turned to me a countenance as devoid of expression as the egg you crack at your morning breakfast. The offense itself I have forgiven, but the unpardonable offense against our friendship, which had been long and close, is hard to forget. The force that rules us is the most honorable of paymasters. It always gives you the opportunity to pay your debts.

During the run of Du Barry, Mr. Belasco brought to me a party of people whom I had casually glanced at in a lower box. I was just crossing the stage to my dressing-room when the woman walking with Mr. Belasco held out her hand with a joyous "Why, Caroline!"

It was Mrs. Reginald de Koven. I stood quite still. Even time cannot erase the cold composure of that moment.

"Is Mrs. Carter the actress any more acceptable than Mrs. Leslie Carter the divorced wife?"

With which I turned, went into my dressing-room, and closed the door. Gauche! Ill bred, perhaps. But I felt that I had canceled that old humiliating score. I am like that.

The story of Mrs. Carter's stage preparation by David Belasco and the heart-rending experiences preceding her debut are recounted in the second installment of her memoirs in next week's LIBERTY.

Health you stop to look at!

They have conquered constipation, skin and stomach disorders, found glorious health—*by means of one simple food*

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active, daily releasing new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day, one before each meal: on crackers, in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, in small pieces. *For constipation dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. Dangerous habit-forming cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.* All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. G-38, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"FOR YEARS I SUFFERED FROM CONSTIPATION—the result of a life spent in traveling, prospecting, trading. At last a friend advised Fleischmann's Yeast. Those cakes kept me in the very pink of condition for my arduous life. My constipation has absolutely vanished."
THOMAS STAPLETON, San Francisco, Calif.

"I HAD BEEN TROUBLED WITH BOILS for some time. I tried numerous remedies, but none of them seemed to bring me any relief. At last I was advised by a friend to try eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I decided to take this advice. After I had eaten Fleischmann's Yeast for two months I was completely rid of my affliction." MABEL C. MACKENZIE, St. Peters, Nova Scotia

"I BECAME BADLY RUN DOWN. I am a ballet dancer and the demands on my energy were too great. After a performance I would be so tired I could hardly walk. Tonics gave little relief. Finally I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. I soon noticed a remarkable improvement. My energy is now completely restored. I feel entirely well." HARRIETTE G. BENDLE, Chicago, Ill.

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion — clears the skin — banishes constipation.

"WHILE IN TRAINING I SUDDENLY BROKE OUT WITH BOILS. My wife, who had been advised by a physician to eat Fleischmann's Yeast for constipation, insisted that I try it too. I took two cakes every day. The results were amazing. In a month the boils had completely disappeared." AL. BIETSCH, New York City

"FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS I HAD BEEN A VICTIM OF INDIGESTION. Every time I ate rich food, such as pastry, it would seem as though my entire alimentary tract was poisoned. Then I began eating three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day. In a short time I began to see an improvement. Today I can indulge myself with *anything* I wish to eat." J. A. RITCHEY, Baltimore, Md.

Caveat Emptor

Pictures by
ADDISON BURBANK

SHE was a pretty, flaxen-haired girl and she looked up at her partner as only a child can.

A Short Story of a War Bird, a Gold-Digger, and a Ghost

By ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

One of the Heroes of War Birds

GEORGE TILLY and I were sitting in a night club, formerly known as a cabaret, getting a bite to eat after a belated party. The hour was late, but we were not ready for bed; for we had been thoroughly bored all evening and were just now waking up. I was watching the whirling dancers idly, and suddenly caught a glimpse of something that excited my interest.

Perhaps it was her face, perhaps it was her expression, but I found my eyes following one girl around the floor. She was a pretty, flaxen-haired girl, and as she danced she tilted her head back and looked up at her partner as only a child can. Her partner was a callow youth, probably a junior up for the week-end from some academic country club near by; and every time she would smile up at him and snuggle a little closer, he would get his feet tangled up. But she was a beautiful dancer, and his worst tripping failed to dislodge her from his shirt front or dim her little smile.

Never have I seen such a beautiful dancer. As I watched them I thought of going over and advising the young man to take her out of such a place; but then I thought I would like to dance with her myself. I called George's attention to her. He scowled in her direction for a few minutes.

"What about her?" he asked.

"Got no business in a place like this," I said. "That boy ought not to have brought her. Wonder where her mother thinks she is at this hour?"

"Don't fool yourself," George remarked. "I'll bet he's the one that needs his mother. You never can tell about that kind. That baby stare is nothing but a union card."

"You think she may not be what she seems?"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

COMPARISON LEADS YOU TO CHRYSLER "50"

With only four other cars of large production in the four-cylinder field, it is exceedingly easy to recognize the outstanding values of the Chrysler "50" and decide which car to buy.

Lining up the five cars side by side in your own mind, you will be startled by the contrast between them—and especially by the contrast between the Chrysler "50" and all the others.

In point of full-size, seating-room, beauty of design, beauty of finish, and power, the Chrysler "50" stands out so unmistakably that you recognize the price at once as far and away the greatest offering ever made in four-cylinder cars.

Chrysler "50" is one of the four great Chrysler cars all engineered and manufactured by the same expert group—all built according to the same rigid quality standard.

It will continue to yield a sustained speed of 50 miles and more per hour, 5 to 25 miles in 8 seconds, and 25 miles to the gallon—for months and years, when the ordinary six or four would wrack itself to pieces.

At last it is possible for you to make a convincing and conclusive comparison of values and satisfy yourself almost at a glance in which car you should invest your money.

All Chrysler models—"50", "60", "70" and Imperial "80"—will be exhibited at the National Automobile Shows; at the annual special model display at the Commodore Hotel, during the New York Show, Jan. 8-15, and at the Balloon Room of the Congress Hotel during the Chicago Show, Jan. 29-Feb. 5.

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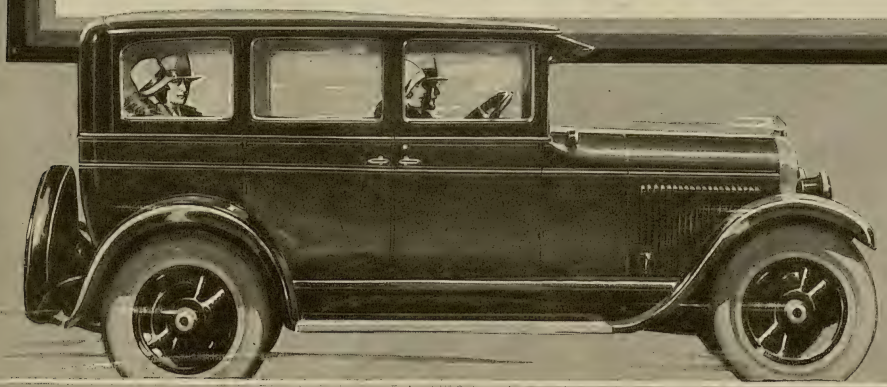
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

$750 COUPE ROADSTER *(Rumble Seat Extra)*

$780 COACH

F.O.B. DETROIT. *(Subject to current Federal excise tax)*

$830 SEDAN



CHRYSLER "50"

BUILT AS ONLY CHRYSLER BUILDS

Chrysler Model Numbers Mean Miles per Hour

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

"It's more than likely. You can't always sometimes tell. Better men than you have been fooled. I remember a dead ringer for that girl in London. My eyes aren't what they used to be or I'd say it was the same one. Used to be able to tell the color of a Hun's eyes at a hundred yards—now I can hardly read the street signs. She was much prettier than that girl, though. And oh, boy, how she knew her gold-digging! Tim White looked into her big blue eyes just once and was ready for the fool-killer. He was overripe, anyway."

"What happened?" I inquired.

"It's a long story. When I get to talking about London I can ramble on all night. London is the Suwanee River to me."

"Well, I'd just as soon listen. I don't feel like going to bed for hours. Come on; tell me about it."

And this is the story as George told it to me:

IN the first place, we had a house. That was enough to get us all into trouble. We came down to London in March of '18—Tim White, Ham Hampton, and myself. We had just finished our training with the Royal Flying Corps and were on our way out to the front.

We were in the American Army, but had come over in September and had been attached to the Royal Flying Corps for the full course of training. There were a hundred and fifty in that outfit, and we went to the ground school at Oxford, the machine-gun school at Grantham, and several flying squadrons. The school of Aerial Fighting at Ayr, up in Scotland, was the last step and we had just got our commissions.

We'd been with the R. F. C. so long that we were a part of it, and no one could tell us from Colonials unless they looked at our uniforms, and sometimes we even wore regular British tunics. We still got our pay from the American Army, but that was all. Our orders all came from the British.

We'd been together for so long we hated to split up. We thought we had it arranged to go out to the front together, but that plan fell through. We had an Australian captain for an instructor at London Colney, about twenty miles from town, and we had played around the fleshpots with him in January and February. He had been out at the front the summer before with a major who was the greatest pilot the British had. The latter now was back organizing a picked squadron to take out to the front.

They let the Major pick his own men, and he took this Captain as a flight commander. That was in February, and we had just finished our five hours on service machines. The Captain apprised the Major of our prowess and wanted us in his flight. The Major went to the American Headquarters and asked for us, but the proposition was turned down. G. H. Q. hadn't quite decided at that time what to do with us, and was planning to send us out to the front, according to the plan devised by some erudite colonel in Texas.

So the Captain went down to Hounslow and we went on up to Scotland to complete the regular course.

ABOUT that time the Hun pushed for Amiens and the R. F. C. was well shot up. The reserve pilots were quickly exhausted and then they asked for us. You see, the British, in training a hundred and fifty of us, had sort of got behind with their own training. That was about the time that Pershing agreed to turn over our men to the Allies, and it was decided that we were to go on over as regular British pilots and fight with R. F. C. squadrons.

We saw the Captain and the Major as soon as we got to London. They were ready to go out, but had lost some of their pilots. Three of them had been killed on the airdrome flying Dolphins, including a full-blooded Sioux chief and an East Indian prince; and five had been taken away and sent on over to plug the holes made by the assaulting Hun. Again Headquarters said nothing doing. So we reported to the Yard the next morning.

A captain was assigning pilots to various services. Some were to go on out to the Pool in France and some were to ferry over machines.

When he came to our names, he looked up a special note and told us that he was sorry, but we were not sufficiently skilled in the art of aerial maneuver to go out and do battle with the Hun and we'd have to have further training.

We protested violently and swore by our wings and the forty holy majors that we could shoot down Huns with the best they had. I explained my Spad crash at Ayr, and Tim had a good alibi for the Avro he crashed at Northolt. I pointed out that he had just sent a man to France that I had taught to fly.

But it didn't get us anything, and we were sent over to the Training Brigade for reassignment.

We still protested, but were given orders to report to Hounslow. That seemed funny, but we didn't get the straight of it until we got out there. The Major had simply had a friend in the office mark our reports unsatisfactory and arranged for us to be sent to his squadron for further training. The rest was easy.

We were never passed as qualified pilots again, and we had been out at the front for five months before Headquarters inquired for us. By that time one was dead—killed in an aerial duel high above Armentieres; one was in a hospital, nearly blinded; and the other was leading a flight of his own.

The Major told us to keep out of sight until the squadron was mobilized again. That suited us very well, so we went back to town. The subway ran right to the gates of the airdrome.

Rumor around the Savoy bar had it that we were chosen for this signal honor because of our outstanding ability as pilots; but modesty compels me to admit that such was not the case. The Captain had the greatest mistrust of our flying, mine in particular. I hung him upside down in a loop one day when neither one of us had on safety belts, and he never forgave me.

There we were, hanging by our toes and finger nails, with him cussing a blue streak at me through the speaking-tube. His cushion slipped forward and jammed the stick, and we did a regular falling leaf upside down. After that I was solo.

"STEER Tim away from that brainless wonder. She's not your kind. She cheats."

NO, it wasn't our gentle touch on the controls that got us into that select company of ruffians: it was something more important than that to the flying corps.

Tim was one of the greatest extemporaneous gymnasts that ever insulted the ivory keys outside of a freak museum; he could play anything or nothing with a rhythm that would bring tears to the eyes of its original composer.

I had learned from that greatest of all teachers, Mother Necessity, to concoct our favorite and most vital beverages from scanty ingredients, and the fruits of my efforts had fallen neither upon barren ground nor upon dry palates. I could make an excellent julep from a little spearmint, some fresh fruit, and cognac. With condensed milk, saccharine tablets, eggs, and rum, I could mix an eggnog that would have taken a prize at the Likker Valley Club.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

LEE *of* Conshohocken

YOU may not know or care what or where Conshohocken is; but if you own a car you ought to know and care who Lee is.

Conshohocken is a town; the Lee Tire & Rubber Company is one of its principal industries. A genius named Lee started it; he had the quality idea; a true craftsman.

Fifteen years ago Lee made the only real Puncture Proof tire; still making it. We make also the Shoulderbilt balloon; the DeLuxe high pressure cord for passenger cars, trucks and buses; we're making them better all the time.

The one idea, always, has been to make as good a tire as the best materials and the most scientific methods can produce; to make your tire-money go farthest.

If you believe in this sort of spirit in your own product or service, you must believe in Lee Tires; and if you believe in them, you'll buy them.

LEE
TIRE & RUBBER
COMPANY

LEE *of*
CONSHOHOCKEN
PENN.

SMILE AT MILES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

Ham was a born entertainer—the kind you meet once in a lifetime. He could entertain without organizing, and he had the knack of getting together the queerest assortments of people and making them all have a good time. He was a regular Pied Piper when it came to gathering a crowd, and he was the greatest smasher of dignity outside of Russia. He kept everybody laughing and he was a catalytic agent to any gathering he honored or collected. The women ate out of his hand and he never denied them an opportunity.

That was why the Major and the Captain wanted us to go out with them.

Tim and I had a suite at the Savoy Court and Ham had a temporary apartment just off Piccadilly Circus.

The first night there were a dozen people, more or less, up in our suite after dinner, and we were wondering what we had better do to kill a little time without jeopardizing the family fortune.

Someone suggested that we take a furnished house and give a house party, as there was no reason for pouring gold into the coffers of the Savoy when we could have a house for less than the price of a suite.

We thought the idea was fine and asked where such a house might be procured. A girl named Cora said that Lord Aluminum was going out to his country place and we could get his house reasonably. She offered to arrange it for us, and did so the next day.

Thus we moved into a four-story house in Berkeley Square, the most fashionable district in London, and found ourselves in possession of an establishment complete with two servants and a telephone. The tidings spread like wildfire, and the crowd moved in with us.

TO appreciate that crowd you'd have to know London in 1918. London was the capital of the world then. Paris was all war—a military headquarters and a military side show. New York was all business, hysteria, and righteousness. But London—London was its old self, with its pulse quickened by the youth of the Allied world that poured into it and through it.

You could stand on the corner at Trafalgar Square in those days and see everyone you ever knew. It was still a city, though, and not a camp. There were uniforms and martial accents, but there was no hostile army at its gates.

There was a war on—yes; but London had seen wars before, and expected to see more, and refused to be stampeded by it, though it was forced to bow its head in sorrow and live in misery. Food was scarce; sugar and meat were possible only in small quantities with ration cards; the wise virgins were denounced for hoarding and their oil was confiscated.

Gasoline was forbidden; the busses ran on coal gas, which they carried in huge balloons on their tops; a few taxis existed on a slender allowance of petrol by picking their fares carefully, and private cars were abandoned or commandeered by the army. Air raids were frequent and annoying and kept the city in gloomy darkness.

The whole country was organized for war, but the individuals were still free. They were all in the military service, but the military service was not in them. An Englishman, after four years in the trenches, was not so seriously military as an American trying on his first uniform.

London was a huge melting pot for the troops of all the Allies who sojourned for a few days within its hospitable portals before tackling their final grim task. The town was always full of officers—some back on leave, some on the way over, and some going home, broken in body but gay in spirit.

BUT to understand war-time London you must understand its women. They flitted in and out of our house, sometimes without our even meeting them—friends of friends, or, simply and frankly, strangers looking for a bright light in a foggy town whose hospitality ceased by law at ten o'clock sharp. I doubt whether such women ever gathered in any other town in the history of the world.

I SAW what Tim had been talking about. And she was a beauty, too.

For the most part they were easy of approach, but they were ladies nevertheless. They didn't mind dining with an officer, as long as he was introduced as a gentleman and behaved as such. They had various and sundry means of support. Some of them were in London doing war work; some were on the stage; some had money from their families or from men at the front; and some had no visible means of support.

I know of two who were in the Secret Service, and one was so prosperous that she reckoned her pearls by the yard. I presume that most of them had had affairs; some had been married or were married at the time; but I am quite sure that none of them could have been bought.

If some dashing young officer took their fancy and wanted their company in his suite at the Ritz—perhaps yes; but it was nobody's business but their own, and nobody need presume on his knowledge to suggest likewise.

Oh, no; I don't believe in Santa Claus, but I had many opportunities to observe these girls, and, with a few exceptions, they behaved themselves as ladies should—and better than many do.

Of course there were the inevitable women of the streets. London was full of them. But they didn't have the entree into this exclusive society I'm talking about. And, believe me, this crowd was exclusive.

They wouldn't be seen on the same side of the street with any of the women that Mr. Bok met on his trip abroad. They may have had different standards from the debutantes of Newport, but they were just as particular about them. These were the women you met at the best hotels and the night clubs and at the dances at the Grafton Galleries, the Elysee Garden, and the Albert Rooms. Perhaps the whole crowd numbered fewer than a hundred.

They were the girls that the American officers met and liked—some even loved them. We had been in England long enough to know our way around even better than the Colonials, and we chose these girls in preference to all others.

We were full of life then, of the life that we were leaving every day, and we wanted the companionship and love of women—not necessarily our own kind of women, preferably not—but ladies if possible. We had been raised as gentlemen, and street women didn't interest us.

Twenty of our crowd had been killed and more were going west every day at the front. Also, remember that this was in the day before the great emancipation, and we were fascinated by women who could meet us on an even footing and send back as good as they received. We were all the flotsam and jetsam of a mighty struggle that had uprooted us and faced us with eternity.

DEATH laughs at all conventions, and we really preferred these women, for we were adventurers, flirting with death by day and vaguely restless for adventure by night. Small wonder the aviators wanted women with spirit!

So, when the rest of the boys came down to London and heard about our house, they all came around after the public places closed, and brought their girls with them. Sometimes the girls brought them, after they learned the way.

And the women liked the Americans, too. It's a notorious fact that we treat our women better than any other race. They all are known to be spoiled. That's one more reason why the American officers were so infatuated with the women abroad: They were so appreciative. And then, too, we had no home ties near by, no axes to grind, and asked little in return for our hospitality. It was a bargain easily struck.

Well, that was the crowd that gathered at the house every night, and a good time was had by all. We were pilots by day and went out to Hounslow conscientiously every good day and took up a Dolphin to keep our hands in. By night we were Caliphs and entertained royally. Then there came a change.

Tim came in one night, just as Ham and I were getting into bed. He was all lit up, but it wasn't from likker. He had been out all evening and he wanted to talk, so we had to let him.

"Let me tell you birds something," he said, perching on the bed. "I just met a girl tonight that knocked me all the way home and back. She's a beauty! I never laid eyes on anything like her before. She was with a crowd down at the Savoy. Allen, who had charge of Christ Church at Oxford, was at the table, and he invited me over. So I left Nigger and Mac and joined them. Then we went up to some Canadian colonel's suite after dinner. By that time I was in a flat spin.

"She looks like a combination of Marguerite Clark and Mary Pickford, but better than both of them, and she acts like Madge

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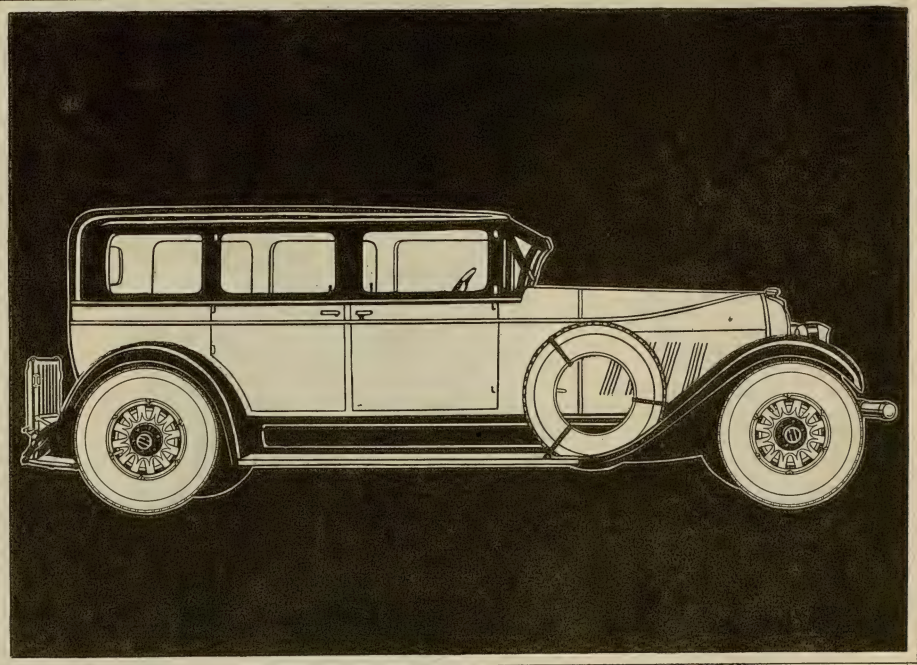
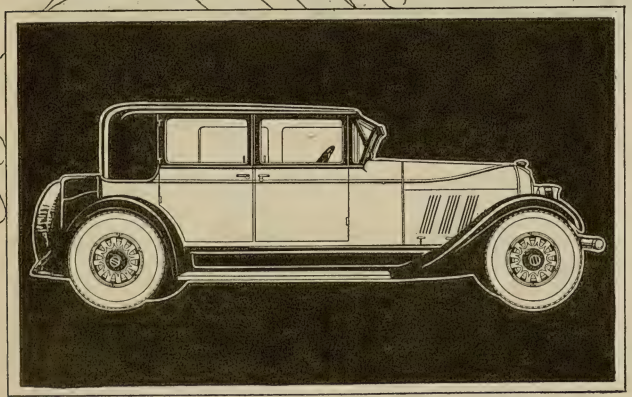


8-88 Sedan, 130 inch wheelbase, 80 miles per hour • $2195



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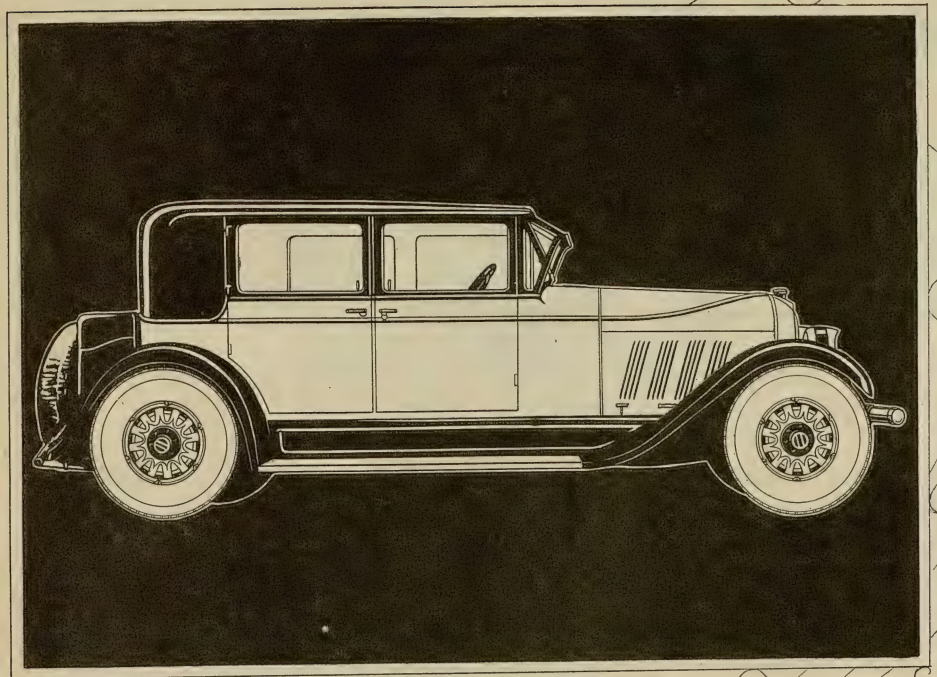

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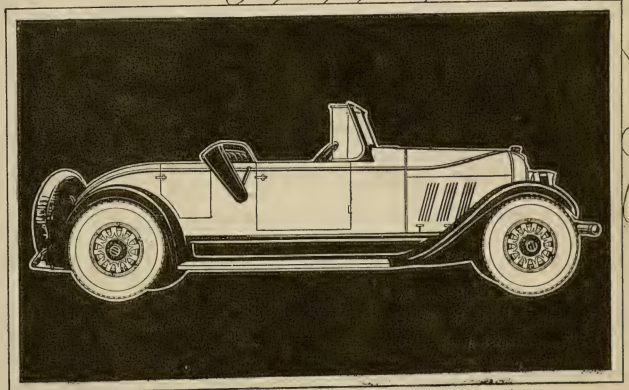

6-66 Roadster, 120 inch wheelbase, 60 miles per hour - $1095

U R N

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Even four times around the world does not exhaust a Studebaker's mileage

NEARLY one thousand Studebaker owners have testified that their cars have been driven over a hundred thousand miles—an equivalent of four times around the world—and are still giving satisfactory service, day in and day out.

Yet reports from Studebaker dealers show that the average owner trades in his car for another Studebaker before it has traveled 20,000 miles.

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You can buy a certified Studebaker on the same liberal budget plan that applies to a new Studebaker

Pledge to the Public
on Used Car Sales

1 All used cars offered to the public shall be honestly represented.

If a car is suitable only for a mechanic who can rebuild it, or for some one who expects only a few months' rough usage on a camping trip, it must be sold on that basis. Each car must be sold for just what it is.

2 All Studebaker automobiles which are sold as CERTIFIED CARS have been properly reconditioned, and carry a 30-day guarantee for replacement of defective parts and free service on adjustments.

This is possible because tremendous reserve mileage has been built into every Studebaker, which it is impossible to exhaust in years.

3 Every used car is conspicuously marked with its price in plain figures, and that price, just as the price of our new cars, is rigidly maintained.

The public can deal in confidence and safety only with the dealer whose policy is "one price only—the same price to all." For, to sell cars on this basis, every one of them must be honestly priced to begin with.

4 Every purchaser of a used car may drive it for five days, and then, if not satisfied for any reason, turn it back and apply the money paid as a credit on the purchase of any other car in stock—new or used.

It is assumed, of course, that the car has not been smashed up by collision or other accident in the meantime.

Not only to the public, but also to The Studebaker Corporation of America, whose cars we sell, we pledge adherence to the above policy in selling used cars.

Your Studebaker Dealer

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S T U D E B A K E R

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

Kennedy—so cute that you want to pick her up and put her in your pocket and take her home with you. She ought to live in a doll house. She's been on the stage and is waiting now for 'Very Good, Eddie,' to open up. I've got a date with her tomorrow."

"Has she a friend?" asked Ham, as was the custom, adding:, "They always hunt in pairs."

"Say, she isn't that sort. Anyway, she was alone tonight."

"All right," I said; "you can find out tomorrow. We want some sleep. Get out of here. Did you get her glove to put under your pillow?"

He made a pass at me and left us to our slumbers.

The next night Ham and I dined with a couple of officers of the Canadian staff, and came in early, and were sitting around the fire drinking port when Tim came in with a crowd. There was an R. F. C. instructor from Ayr and three Americans —Tommy Herbert, Paul Winslow, and Bob Kelly —and three girls.

I saw right away what Tim had been talking about the night before. And she was a beauty, too. Never have I seen such a perfect type of clinging vine, nor as pretty a one; not even that girl out there tonight—though my eyes are not keen like they were then. She was very young and very sweet.

She used no make-up and her pretty blonde bobbed hair seemed scarcely to have been cut, so evenly did her curls cling around her temples.

TIM brought her up to the living-room and I could see that he was down out of control. He waited on her as tenderly as if she were an invalid as she sat by the fire and daintily sipped her port. Wherever she went, he carried her—and she was a very fetching little armful. Ham and I paid our respects to her, but we weren't received any too cordially. Her eyes were all for Tim.

Tim showed a marked change in the next few days. His flying was very erratic and he turned an S. E. over on its back for no reason at all except that he didn't have his mind on his flying. It was back in London with the girl.

He was at her feet constantly. He cabled home for two hundred pounds, and spent it on her at once. He bought her orchids and strawberries and a fur coat and paid the rent and the installments on her furniture. Then he cabled for five hundred more. He took her to dinner every night, and wherever there was music for dancing there they could be found until the last note.

One night Cora came around to the house with some friends. I was over in one corner with a bottle of port, but otherwise alone. She joined me and began to discuss the other visitors. She and I had a habit of retiring to the sidelines and swapping nasty cracks about the rest of the gathering.

"Your blue-eyed boy friend seems to be in a bad way," she remarked, after a few references to the ancestors of some of the newcomers. She always considered all our other friends blackmailers, dope fiends, gold-diggers, and octogenarians, but was seldom specific in her charges. "Can't you pry him loose from that brainless wonder? Most of you Americans come to London and meet a lady with a formal declaration of love in one hand and the keys to the room in the other."

"I've noticed you girls shy away from her," I said.

"Did it occur to you that possibly there might be a reason?"

We were full of life then, and wanted the companionship and love of women.

"Professional jealousy! She looks just like all you old hags want to appear, and she's got Tim where all of you would like to have some poor devil. I don't see what business it is of mine to pry him loose. He's enjoying it and I don't see any harm done. He's free, white, and twenty-one."

"All right," said Cora; "but don't ever say I didn't warn you."

"Warn me about what?"

"About getting Tim loose."

"Well, what about her? I'm suffocated with smoke; show me the fire. I've been hearing rumblings about her. Tim swears she's straight."

"That's what every man says about a girl that holds him off. How old did she tell him she was?"

"Eighteen. Why?"

"My Gawd!" says Cora. "The nerve of it! I'm going to claim I'm Gaby from now on. Well, listen to me, but keep it to yourself. In 1915, when the Duke of —— was killed, she was thrown out in the street. I felt sorry for her and took her in with me until she could get off her back and on to her feet again. And how does she repay me? Well, I won't tell you —you think I'm such a cat. But you saw that dirty look she gave me when I came in, didn't you? She had reason to, for she knows what I've got on her.

"Oh, yes; I was Lady Bountiful once. Yes, indeed! I used to rescue the perishing. I could afford to then. I didn't always have to wear the same furs all season. In 1914 I lived at the Plaza and had a box at the Metropolitan. But times have changed. Heigh-ho! Not one pigeon-blood have I left and I scarcely know where my next string of pearls is coming from!"

"Santa Claus will bring you one."

"Well, don't choke the neck off that port bottle, you pin-whiskered piccolo-player, and go get me a glass."

I brought the glass and shared the port with her.

"Take a tip from me," she went on, "and steer Tim away from that brainless wonder. She's not your kind. She cheats."

"Tim swears she's a good girl; says he's convinced of her essential purity, whatever that is. I've been kidding him about it. Look at them dancing together now. She certainly is a beautiful dancer. Bet they dance together twelve hours a day. If they didn't like to dance so much, I wouldn't believe Tim's story about their innocent parties. We don't see him often now."

"All right. Call me a cat if you want to, but remember what I said. I know it won't make any of you cry, but if you have her around much you are going to lose the companionship of us girls, in spite of the fact that we love your likker and you feed us well. But we have our reputations to consider."

"Do you mean to tell me that that sweet little thing over there can affect the reputations of this unholy crew that you flay nightly with that flaming tongue of yours?"

"*Caveat emptor*," murmured Cora. "Go get another bottle of port, like a good boy; it'll make me fat, but what's a figure between friends anyway?"

I KNEW Cora would never slander anyone without reason, so I sounded out Tim the next morning, going out to Hounslow on the tube.

"You're getting quite daft about your brainless wonder, aren't you?" I began.

"I suppose so," he said noncommittally. "But she's not so brainless as you think. She's at least got sense enough to keep her mouth shut when she's got nothing to say. She's a sweet child, isn't she?"

"Aren't you going it a bit strong?"

"Oh, perhaps so. I've never known a girl like her before and she appeals to me. She's so helpless. I don't know what's going to happen to her when I go off and leave her. And she's relying on me to take care of her. Poor kid—she's had a hard time. I don't know what to do. She just burns me up sometimes! I wonder if she knows how she inflames me? I hope not!"

"But are you sure that all that glitters is pure gold?"

"You mean the dirty cracks the rest of the crowd take at her? What do I care. My mind is at ease on the subject. Besides, what difference does that make? As long as she loves me—or, rather, as long as I love her—what's the

[CONT'D ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

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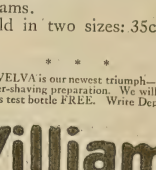

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An Eight of Kissel quality—not a miniature makeshift, not a toy eight. A worthy companion to the magnificent Kissel DeLuxe Straight Eight.

Wheelbase—125 inches for maximum riding comfort. Body perfectly proportioned and extremely low cradled. Built as a complete unit with chassis... *not overhanging the rear axle as is common with cars of improper wheelbase.*

Engine—2⅞″ bore x 4¾″ stroke (247 cubic inch displacement). Power in abundance—75 mile an hour speed—lightning-like acceleration—surprisingly smooth and vibrationless—economical with fuel.

Chassis, springs and motor completely *Cushioned-In-Rubber*, a new feature announced by Kissel a few months ago. No shackle bolts to wear out, no places for squeaks and rattles to develop. Form fitting seats—Chase Velmo upholstery—genuine Marshall springs.

In five closed body styles—original and artistic color combinations.

THE KISSEL MOTOR CAR COMPANY, HARTFORD, WISCONSIN

Also Announcing

All-Year Brougham

A NEW KISSEL INNOVATION

Two cars in one—a snug fitting five-passenger Brougham for winter driving, an open touring car for summer. Change from one to the other in 15 seconds. On display at National Shows.

Also Announcing

New Seven-Passenger Sedan

Extra large and roomy, possessing every refinement at an unusually attractive price. A smart looking car for those who don't want a seven-passenger car as large as the DeLuxe Eight.

KISSEL

CUSTOM BUILT

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

odds? You can't expect to raise any lilies from the kind of seed we've been sowing! But don't get excited. I don't think I'll marry her. None of us will last long after we get out to the front—you know that—and nobody can kid me about the kindness of leaving a widow behind."

"But you aren't really considering marrying her, are you?" I gasped.

"Well, I never saw a girl I really wanted to marry before."

"But what would your family say?"

"My family aren't going to hell with me, are they? So what can they say? I'm an only child, and when I'm bumped off there'll be nothing to do with what little money I've got except to give it to some institution. I'd just as soon somebody I loved would enjoy it. I hate the thought of a lot of bloodsucking parasites getting my money to live on in the holy name of charity. I know how much of it would ever get to charity."

"Well, I'm not trying to discourage you on account of money—but, for heaven's sake, look before you leap."

"I will. I've cabled home for five hundred pounds. When it comes, I'm going to take her down to Brighton. If she will go with me and stay with me until we go out to the front, she can have what's left of it. If she won't go, I'll marry her and bring her around to the house to live. That's fair enough, isn't it? Those that don't like it can go to hell, with my compliments. Here we are. What are you going to fly today?"

THERE was no use arguing with him, though I tried it again several times in the next few days. There was some hitch about the cable and we were all broke for a couple of days, while Ham and I cabled too. I tried to cultivate the girl and get a line on her, but she studiously avoided me.

One night there was a big party at the Savoy and we all went down to join it. Eight of our original crowd were going out to the front the next morning and were having a farewell party.

Tim, who had overestimated his capacity a little, was very drunk at dinner, as he had been drinking port all afternoon, and he insisted on leaving immediately afterward. I knew where he was going, but I couldn't stop him. I knew he could take care of himself, so I didn't try to follow him. Besides, I was in no shape to look after anybody else.

We collected a crowd later and went back to the house after everything else was closed. I was downstairs, arguing with some stray colonel over the proper way to approach a redhead, when the front door opened and in came Tim. His face was as white as chalk and his eyes were bloodshot.

He'd lost his cap and his hair was disheveled; but he was sober—very sober. He nodded to us and asked who was upstairs. I told him.

While we were talking, he picked up a bottle of cognac, about a quarter full, and, to my amazement, drank it down without taking his mouth from the bottle. That wasn't like Tim. He didn't usually drink like that. Then, without a word more, he slowly climbed the stairs and went to bed.

The next day he refused to answer any questions, and was gloomy and morose for three or four days.

About three nights later the Brainless Wonder came around to the house with some other people. She asked where Tim was and what was the matter with him. I told her he was upstairs and he

was fed up about something. She asked me to tell him she wanted to see him.

I went upstairs and told Tim what she said.

"Thanks," he said.

Then he took a five-pound note from his pocket and wrote something on it.

"Give her this for me, will you please, old man, and tell her good night."

I took the note down to her and told her there was a message for her. She opened it and read it without changing her expression.

"So sweet of him," she murmured, lisping prettily. "I wish he wouldn't drink so." And she put the note in her bag.

A few minutes later she left with one of the officers who had brought her.

I went upstairs, looking for Tim. I found him in his room on the top floor. He was sitting on the bed, staring ahead and looking miserable. Not a word could I get from him about her and I left him when he refused to talk to me. In two or three days he was back to normal, and of the Brainless Wonder we saw nothing more.

A WEEK later we went out to the front.

We stopped at Lympne for lunch, had tea at Marquis, near Boulogne, and fifteen of the nineteen of us landed at our airdrome at Dunkirk. The other four had trouble and came straggling in two or three days later. We had dinner with the 211th Squadron on the other side of the airdrome, and they put us up for the night.

It was a great relief to feel that we had achieved our ambition and were now going to earn our salt, for many had fallen by the wayside. We were now at the front! On our shoulders rested some of the brunt of battle!

The greatest sport in the world—man hunting—would now be our daily occupation. In a plane with two machine guns we would soar above the clouds, stalking our prey! At least, that was the way we felt about it at the time.

It turned out very differently, but by the time we learned better we had learned many other things also, and were old, old men. You age quickly at the front.

Ham and I each borrowed a motorcycle from the 211th and went foraging. We returned with a huge dairy bucket, five gallons of cream and milk, twelve dozen eggs or so, and a case of cognac. We got some wire from the supply-room to make a beater, and swapped a bottle of cognac to the sergeant's mess for sufficient sugar. In two hours the 211th, the 48th, and the 88th were playing leapfrog with us and someone had pushed the Major into the canal.

The mechanics arrived with the baggage several days later, and everybody blossomed forth in a unique uniform of his own design. The machines were put in order, guns were tested, and we were given ten days to practice patrols and learn the terrain and the position of the lines.

With the able assistance of Ham and me, the Major went out alone and brought down a Hun two-seater over Ypres. The dairy bucket was overworked again, and the rest of us began making plans to do likewise.

WE had a number of dog fights and lost several more men, and started doing regular patrols from the coast to Ypres, and escorting the daylight bombers over to Zeebrugge and back.

Then we moved on south to St. Omer when the Huns showed signs of starting a push in front of Hazebrouck. We had been at St. Omer about two weeks when Intelligence reported that an attack was expected at Bailleul. That night after dinner we received some curious orders.

Six machines were to go out at dawn with a protecting flight above them, to reconnoiter the Bailleul-Armentieres road at 100 feet. The idea was that one machine would get back with definite information about what sort of an attack was to be made. As a matter of history, this attack was a feint on the part of the Hun to draw troops up from the south, where they did attack later.

Our flight was chosen to do this low reconnaissance. Instead of being pleased with this honor, we felt that under the circumstances we were being picked on. Just because the other two flights had lost men, and we hadn't, was no reason to deliberately knock a few of us down. And it was sure death for somebody.

After dinner, Ham, Tim, and I were over in our hut, sewing maps and compasses into the lining of our flying suits, so that if we got down alive and were taken pris-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CAVEAT EMPTOR
Continued from Page Thirty-three]

oner, we might have some chance of escaping later.

"Hell," said Ham, "I can't kick. I've been worrying myself for a year for fear I was going to die in bed or get bumped off in some little accident. Now I can die for dear old Rutgers, just like I've wanted to. Still, I'd rather be shot down in a fight than hit from the ground like a poor jay bird. I would like to last a little while longer; I'd like to live until the last week of the war, so as not to miss anything. After that there won't be anything to miss. There'll never be another war like this again."

"It doesn't make much difference," remarked Tim, "how you get hit, as long as you get hit hard the first time. I don't want to go through life on crutches."

"I'LL send you candy every week if you're a prisoner," I told him.

"Thanks; and what can I do for you if you become the model for the marble statue in the home-town square?"

"Look up my girl, if you get back and I don't," I told him. "Lie about me to her. Tell her I wore all the luck charms she sent me. Tell her the socks she sent fitted fine. Tell her that there are no lips in all the world like hers. Tell her I sent you back to her."

"Shall I kiss you or crown you?" asked Ham in disgust. "What do you think you are—the Queen of May? Put down that daisy chain ere I swoon. If you two bums are fortunate enough to live through this fracas and get back to the dear old hog and hominy, drop around and call on my folks. Don't tell them what a great hero I was and how I died 'for God, for country, and for Yale.' Tell them the truth—that I died happy, probably cussing as I went down.

"If they ask you to tell them about some glorious stunts I pulled off, tell them about the time the General brought his girl around to the house. Tell them how she was the toast of the town—a fine lady, who had a Rolls even in wartime. Tell them who the General was, with medals all over his chest and handles in front and in back of his name. Tell them how crazy he was about her. Then tell them how I was a newly commissioned shavetail on the way to the front, and then tell them how the General went home alone, and why.

"You might omit the fight—make a good story of it while you're about it. By the way, Tim, you'll probably be made into fertilizer tomorrow. Before you go I wish you'd tell me what happened to you that night you left us at the Savoy and came back acting funny and wrote the note on the five pounds. Come on—nobody gives a damn now, but I'm curious."

"I didn't think I'd ever tell anybody about that," said Tim, "but I guess I might as well. I was pretty nutty over that girl. I was the one that was the brainless wonder in that case. I was awfully drunk down at the Savoy, as I had a good foundation of port, and I had no business drinking that mixture that Bim and Alex concocted. After dinner I got the idea that I wanted to see the Wonder and tell her just how sweet she really was. So I went around to her flat. She wasn't in.

"I'VE got a young officer upstairs I picked up and all he's got is travelers' checks."

"I decided I'd come on back, but the street was sort of circling by me and I lost my way. A girl came by and took my arm.

"She asked me if I would go up to her flat with her and do her a favor. I said all right. She steered me up to her flat, and got me to telephone some squadron and ask for the commanding officer, and say I was somebody's cousin, and that his father was sick, and would he please send him in to town the next day.

"I got away with it all right, but after that I couldn't get up. I just drew a complete blank.

"I guess I was out for an hour. When I came to, she was putting cold towels on my head and holding ammonia to my nose. My pulse was all wrong and she was worried about me.

"ABOUT that time there was a knock on the door. She put a screen around me and opened it. I heard the conversation. It was a girl with a lisp, and she said:

"'I've got a young officer with me upstairs that I picked up. He's on his way out to the front and all he's got is travelers' checks. Do you know anything about them? I never saw one of them before. He gave me one of them for five pounds. Look at it and tell me if you think it's any good.'

"'Take the check, you little fool,' the other girl told her. 'If it's no good, what's the odds? He's in the army, isn't he? Better him than the bloody Germans, and if it wasn't for the likes of him, that's what you'd have, and not be getting no five quid for it, neither. Good-by.'

"Even in my drunken stupor I had recognized that lisp.

"'Who was that?' I asked.

"'A little girl that lives upstairs,' she told me. 'Damn little gold-digger, and that isn't the half of it! By the way, she's got her claws on one of your Americans. She told me that she was going to pull something big this time. You Americans must have soft heads. She's hocked everything he's got that don't grow on him.'

"That's all; I didn't need to hear any more. I had recognized the Wonder's lisp.

"'And I learned about women from her!' So I called all bets off, and bought some Liberty bonds with the money. What would you have done?"

"WELL," says Ham, "maybe you got your five pounds' worth doing it the way you did. And again maybe you're just a plain liar. As for me, I think I would have emulated the example set by the late Major General Hannafield."

Then we sang a couple of verses of:

She has gone—let 'er go, God bless her!
I'll be lonesome wherever I be.
For the only girl I ever loved
Has just gone back on me.

We sang the chorus over a few times and turned in.

That's the story of one pretty little doll. Don't let this one fool you.

"Whatever happened to the girl?" I asked after George had finished his story.

"I don't know. I never inquired. Let's get the check and get out of here. I'm ready to turn in. If we sit around here, I'll talk your arm off."

We paid our check, and as we were getting out we had to pass the table where the little girl had been sitting. She was out on the floor dancing, and the table was unoccupied. As we passed the table, Jim stopped suddenly and bent over to look at something on the table. Then he hurried out. As we stood outside at the elevator, I noticed that his face was deadly white.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"The ghosts are walking," he said shakily. "Let's get out of here quick. I just saw Tim's cigarette case on that girl's table. My eyes seem to be going fast these last few months."

Captain Elliott White Springs has written another thrilling story dealing with the adventures of American army flyers overseas. It will appear in an early issue of LIBERTY.

Over $10,000 a year

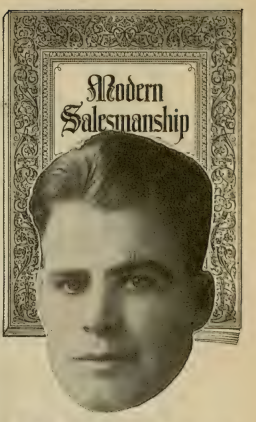
C. V. Champion of Illinois counts it a "red letter day" when he first read this remarkable book—"Modern Salesmanship." He says "It enabled me to learn more, *earn* more, and BE MORE!" Today he is president of his company and his earnings exceed $10,000 a year!

$1,000 in 30 Days

W. Hartle spent ten lean years in the railway mail service before "Modern Salesmanship" put him on the road to big pay. He has earned more in a week than he formerly earned in a month—averaged over $1,000 for thirty days!

$7,286 Last Year

F. G. Walsh was a clerk earning $1,000 a year, and trying to support a wife and three children. He had to do something. N.S.T.A. training built up his income last year to $7,286—an increase of over 700 per cent.



$13,500 First Year

A. H. Ward was formerly a Chicago clerk, earning $25 a week. Within one year he increased his earnings over $1,000 a month—or to $13,500 a year! The book—"Modern Salesmanship"—proved the first rung in his ladder to success!

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A BOOK! Just seven ounces of paper and printer's ink—but it contains the most vivid and inspiring message any ambitious man can ever read! It reveals the facts and secrets that have led hundreds of ambitious men to the success beyond their fondest expectations! So powerful and far reaching has been the influence of this little volume, that it is no wonder a famous business genius has called it "The Most Amazing Book Ever Printed."

This vital book—"Modern Salesmanship"—contains hundreds of surprising and little-known facts about the highest-paid profession in the world. It reveals the real *truth* about the art of selling. It blasts dozens of old theories, explains the science of selling in simple terms, and tells exactly how the great sales records of nationally-known star salesmen are achieved. And not only that—it outlines a simple plan that will enable almost any man to master scientific salesmanship without spending years on the road—without losing a day or dollar from his present position.

What This Astonishing Book Has Done!

The achievements of this remarkable book have already won world-wide recognition. The men who have increased their earning capacities as a direct result of reading "Modern Salesmanship" are numbered in the thousands. For example, there is E. E. Williams of California who was struggling along in a minor position at a small salary. "Modern Salesmanship" opened his eyes to things he had never dreamed of—and he cast his lot with the National Salesmen's Training Association. Within a few short months of simple preparation he was earning $10,000 a year! Today he receives as much in 30 days as he used to receive in 365!

And then there's J. H. Cash of Atlanta. He, too, read "Modern Salesmanship" and found the answer within its pages. He quickly raised his salary from $75 to $500 a month and has every reason to hope for an even more brilliant future. And still they come! W. D. Clenny of Kansas City commenced making as high as $850 a month. F. M. Harris, a former telegrapher, became sales manager at $6000 a year. O. H. Malfroot of Massachusetts became sales manager of his firm at a yearly income of $10,000!

A Few Weeks—Then Bigger Pay

There was nothing "different" about these men when they started. Any man of average intelligence can duplicate the success they have achieved—for their experience *proves* that salesmen are *made*—not born, as some people have foolishly believed.

Salesmanship is just like any other profession. It has certain fundamental rules and laws—laws that you can master as easily as you learned the alphabet. And through the *National Demonstration Method*—an exclusive feature of the N. S. T. A. system of SALESMANSHIP training—you can acquire the equivalent of actual experience while studying. Hundreds of men who never sold goods in their lives credit a large portion of their success to this remarkable training.

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"A few years ago I was working in a shop for $15 a week. When my factory 'friends' heard of my intention to become a salesman they laughed at me. Today these fellows are still working in a shop and I am making $7,500 per year. I can only speak *words* of praise for N. S. T. A. for it offered me a position which I took and raised me from a $15 a week job in the shop to $7,500 a year as a salesman."
C. W. Birmingham, Ohio.

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"When I took up the National Salesmen's Training Association Course, I was selling shoes at $35 a week. Now I am earning an average of $135 a week. I attribute this remarkable progress to N. S. T. A. training."
James Jacobsen, Kentucky

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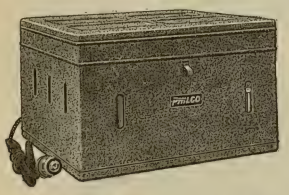

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A strong, steady flow of power from your electric current through the Philco Socket Power. Positively improves reception.

No more fuss. No more bother. Even the installation is done by experts FREE. And from then on the snap of one switch controls everything.

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Radio reception without the least hum; without the least distortion. That is another reason for the tremendous popularity of the Philco Socket Power.

Remember, the Philco Socket Power supplies perfect radio power for *any make or any kind* of radio, whether home-built or manufactured.

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No matter where you live there is almost sure to be an authorized PHILCO dealer near you, who will deliver a brand-new Philco Socket Power to your home on the day and hour you desire. He will connect it to your radio set *at no additional cost to you.*

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Yes, any one of the many thousands of Philco dealers will make you a very liberal trade-in allowance for your old "A" storage battery on the purchase of a brand-new Philco AB Socket Power.

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Yours on Easy Terms

You can buy PHILCO AB Socket Powers on *Easy Payment Terms* from any Philco dealer in your town. You merely make a small first payment—balance monthly.

Go to your Electrical Dealer, Department Store, Electric Light Company, Music Dealer or Battery Service Station; tell them you read this advertisement and you want the PHILCO RADIO SOCKET POWER.

Mail This Coupon Now

Visit the Philco dealer, or if you prefer, mail the coupon below to us and we will give you full details direct from the factory. We will send you full information on our national offer of Easy Payments and Trade-In Allowance for your old storage battery.

This coupon is not an order. It does not place you under the slightest obligation. It is merely a request for the full details and free descriptive literature. *Mail the coupon today.*

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Made by the makers of the famous *super-powered* Philco Diamond Grid Battery for your automobile.

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What to do with Your Old Razor Blades

Man's Most Baffling Problem Is Discussed by the One Who Created It—

King C. Gillette

(Interpolations by Franklin Fargo, who can skin himself daily with any safety razor ever made)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: King C. Gillette possesses the best known face in the world. His portrait is printed almost 1,000,000,000 times a year. It is seen in every inhabited place of the known globe. Not even Lydia Pinkham's picture is so well known as his. Compared with him, the Smith Brothers are unknown. The man himself is little known outside of his organization. He is modest. The fact that Arabs in a Sahara oasis recognized him on sight and went through the motion of shaving terrorized rather than pleased him. Mr. Fargo tried to extract this article from him. The only way he could do it was to prompt him and to interpolate, because Mr. Gillette usually avoids telling the most interesting things, due to his desire to credit everyone else with something. Mr. Fargo went to Boston to find out what we should do with our old razor blades, and discovered that, instead of being a joke, this is a problem the best of minds of the organization have struggled with, and that it is so big that anyone finding the proper solution for re-using blades can have a fortune almost as great as that of the inventor.]

WHAT to do with your used razor blades is not entirely a jesting subject. Considering the fact the Gillette Company will turn out almost 700,000,000 blades this year, which, if laid side by side and end to end, would cover a space 1,600 miles long by 900 miles wide, it is a real problem.

Disposing of one thin bit of bright steel may seem simple, but when you consider that we are turning out about 2,600,000 of these blades each day, and using about 800 tons of the finest steel a year to make them, the problem becomes more complicated.

In fact, it is one of the most interesting of the problems connected with the making of safety-razor blades, and nothing I know of so well shows the ingenuity of the American people.

We have had literally hundreds of suggestions of how to re-use old blades, many of them valuable, and it is probable no American product is used in so many different ways. The person fortunate enough to hit upon a practical idea for re-using blades might have a fortune at his command.

Seriously, one of the best ways of solving the blade problem in the household is to keep a jar of strong salt solution at hand and drop the blades into it until they corrode and may be thrown out without danger to anyone. Another suggestion is that each blade-user shall replace the blades in the original package, take them to be resharpened, and then never call for them.

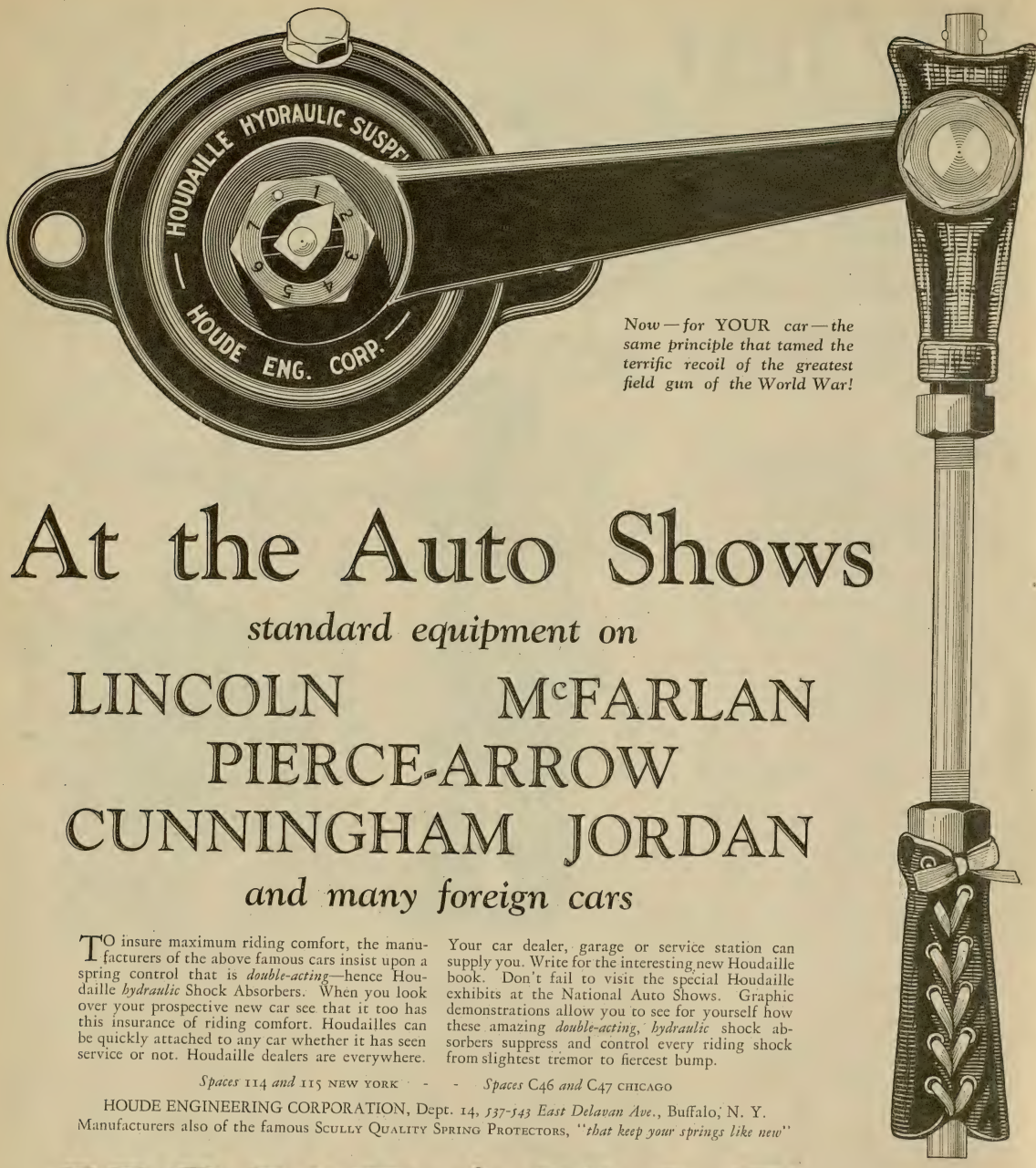
We have had suggestions, models of scores of different handles and other devices for holding blades. The commonest use of old blades is by the women for ripping cloth, although it is probable that almost as many are used for cutting corns and calluses. They are used largely by typists for erasing. One genius produced a shield inclosing one old blade which he used as a cigar-cutter. Many women who have gardens solve the problem by burying blades at the roots of shrubs or rose bushes to supply the iron.

The really simple method of disposing of blades is to replace them in the container provided, and, when it is full, to place it with refuse, to be carted away or burned. The furnace disposes of millions of blades.

THE problem of disposal has become so pressing that the Pullman Company has a special slot in washrooms into which they may be dropped, and many hotels provide special containers.

A Cleveland newspaper conducted a contest, last year, offering prizes to readers who furnished the best ideas. It received thousands of replies, and the prize went to a woman whose idea was to drop them into a

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-NINE]



Now—for YOUR *car—the same principle that tamed the terrific recoil of the greatest field gun of the World War!*

At the Auto Shows

standard equipment on

LINCOLN McFARLAN
PIERCE-ARROW
CUNNINGHAM JORDAN

and many foreign cars

TO insure maximum riding comfort, the manufacturers of the above famous cars insist upon a spring control that is *double-acting*—hence Houdaille *hydraulic* Shock Absorbers. When you look over your prospective new car see that it too has this insurance of riding comfort. Houdailles can be quickly attached to any car whether it has seen service or not. Houdaille dealers are everywhere.

Your car dealer, garage or service station can supply you. Write for the interesting new Houdaille book. Don't fail to visit the special Houdaille exhibits at the National Auto Shows. Graphic demonstrations allow you to see for yourself how these amazing *double-acting, hydraulic* shock absorbers suppress and control every riding shock from slightest tremor to fiercest bump.

Spaces 114 *and* 115 NEW YORK - - *Spaces* C46 *and* C47 CHICAGO

HOUDE ENGINEERING CORPORATION, Dept. 14, *537-543 East Delavan Ave.*, Buffalo, N. Y.
Manufacturers also of the famous SCULLY QUALITY SPRING PROTECTORS, "*that keep your springs like new*"

HOUDAILLE
(*pronounced* Hoo-Dye)
hydraulic SHOCK ABSORBERS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

glass of strong salt water. Some of the suggestions were laughable. One contestant in Oberlin, Ohio, wrote:

"Take one pound of young, tender blades, wash and rinse. Dry them, peel, and slice very thin. Prepare one pint of water that has been thoroughly sifted and mixed, by boiling for two hours and carefully straining. Add blades and parboil for forty minutes. Drain and mash. Season with salt, vinegar, mustard, and pepper. Form into patties and fry in coal oil."

With all the thousands of ingenious suggestions received, and with dozens of our best minds in the organization mulling over the idea of re-using blades, no one has developed one commercially. The special handles and holders that enable people to use blades for a hundred different uses—for scraping windows, erasing ink spots, ripping, cutting paper, sharpening pencils, etc.—are mostly homemade. Some day, perhaps, an idea will pop into someone's head, as the idea of the safety razor did into mine.

Inventions seem to come that way. I was always interested in inventions—and had a mechanical bent of mind without being a real mechanic. I was born in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, in 1855, moved to Chicago when five years old, and lived there until we were burned out in the fire of 1871.

I GOT a job as a traveling salesman when I was twenty-one, and sold goods until 1904 throughout the United States and England. But I was always tinkering with or thinking of some invention, and invented several small devices. My father and brothers were the same way, always looking for some way to improve some article.

In 1891 I joined the sales force of the Baltimore Seal Company. Shortly afterward Mr. William Painter, the head of the concern, invented the crown cork now universally used on bottles. Mr. Painter always urged me to stick to it, and maybe some day I would hit on an idea like the crown cork—something that could be used and thrown away.

In 1895 I was living in Brookline, Massachusetts, and one morning, when I started to shave, the razor was dull. While I was groaning over the prospect of shaving with a dull razor, the idea of the Gillette popped into my head.

It came like an inspiration. I stood there, looking at the dull razor and thinking: "Why not a thin blade, with two sharp edges, that can be made so cheaply as to be thrown away when dull?" I had no idea what the holder would be like—the whole idea was the blade that could be thrown away, doing away with all honing and sharpening. In half an hour

MANY women who have gardens solve the problem by burying blades at the roots of shrubs.

the idea took form, and I visualized a razor much like the one we now make.

My wife was visiting in Ohio, and that night I was so confident I wrote her:

"I've got it—our fortune is made."

It wasn't exactly made and there were several years when I was the only person who believed in it. I went down to Wilkinson's hardware store on Washington Street, Boston, and bought some brass, some steel ribbon made for clock springs, some files, and a vise, and went to work. My lack of mechanical skill was a handicap, but I made a model that worked. I stuck to the razor idea for five years, and suffered more from the gibes of friends than from shaving with it.

EARLY in 1900 I converted two men to the idea, but we did not progress far. One of them, however, interested Mr. William E. Nickerson, who agreed to consider the invention. After long study, he reported on September 9, 1901, that he considered the idea practical, could make machinery to do the work, and—which was better in our condition of finances—would take stock instead of salary to prove his faith.

Mr. Nickerson is a mechanical genius. He is a graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was an instructor there, and is a man who can visualize machinery; create almost any machine. With the exception of the stamping machine that cuts the blades out of the sheet steel, he invented and built every machine in the place. He's past seventy now, and still inventing machines and improvements on them so fast that every time I come back to the Boston plant I have to study the machinery and try to catch up with Nickerson and the boys who help him.

The idea was slow taking hold. We didn't sell a razor or a blade in 1901 or '02, and in 1903 we sold fifty-one razors and fourteen dozen blades. The next year we sold more than 90,000 razors and more than 10,000 dozen blades, then jumped to more than a quarter million razors and nearly 100,000 dozen blades.

We passed the million sales mark in 1917, and then the business ran away with us, growing faster almost than we could build machines. Last year we sold 14,862,098 razors and 52,983,533 dozen blades, and it has grown so that this year we shall turn out a million more razors and more than 10,000,000 dozen more blades than last year.

When you come around asking what to do with the old blades you may be asking a big question. Ask Major McCarthy how big.

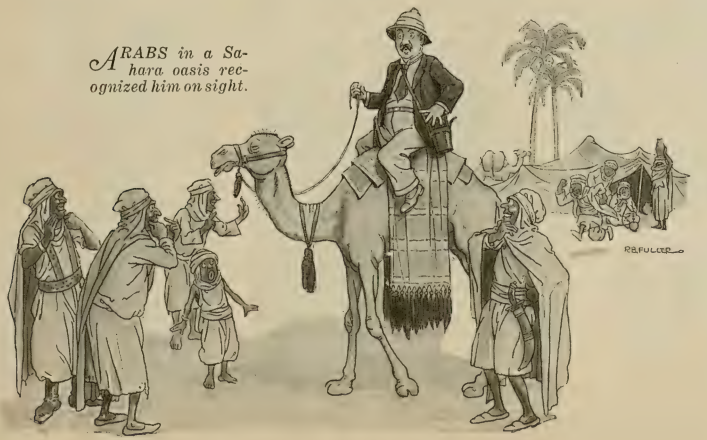
MAJOR McCARTHY is William J. McCarthy, who, after getting shot up and heroized in France leading the fighting Irish of the old Ninth Massachusetts, returned to his job as purchasing agent in the plant.

"Well," laughed the Major, "I got on the phone and spent $400,000 for material this morning.

"I can give you an idea of how big Mr. Gillette's idea has grown. We are turning out razors at the rate of about 75,000 to 80,000 a day and using from twelve to fifteen tons of brass. At the rate we are operating—making around 2,600,000 blades a day—we use nearly three tons of Swedish ribbon steel. We use nearly 3,000,000 envelopes and the same number of tucks for blades a day, counting spoilage, and it requires about 1,200 pounds of waxed paper and the same amount of cellophane, a wood-fiber product, to seal and wrap blades.

"We use about 600 barrels of oil a year, tons of polishing materials, and hundreds of tons of sand and sawdust.

"You speak of a blade that is six one-thousandths of an inch thick as a small thing. It requires 127 different processes and seven major operations to finish a blade, and it is three weeks from the time a blade is stamped out of the ribbon of steel before it is finally packed ready for sale."



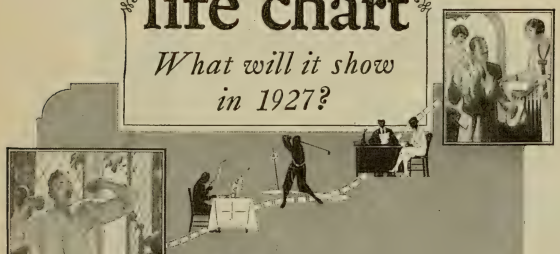
ARABS in a Sahara oasis recognized him on sight.

"YOU speak of it as a small thing," chuckled E. D. Copeland, the advertising manager. "See this carton? It contains ten packets of ten blades each. Do you know why it is put up in this form? We have discovered that every man who uses a safety razor forgets to buy new blades occasionally. Then he

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Your personal life chart

What will it show in 1927?



In many successful businesses, the management keeps a chart showing the course of sales. At the end of the year they have a graphic picture—a line whose ups and downs are a record of the past, and a guide for the future. Thus is the health of business enterprises maintained.

How reasonable that we should apply some such constructive thinking to our physical health and welfare. How much more important, *to us*, than the welfare of any business.

IMAGINE a chart based on your health and efficiency, day by day. The ups and downs. Picture the path of your health line during a whole year—during 1927.

A disregard of the causes of day-by-day slumps will almost certainly result in the line moving generally downward. What *are* the causes, in your case? Have you experimented, to find out?

One of the most widespread habits is the use of caffein at mealtime. Caffein temporarily deadens the sense of fatigue—*seems* to give new energy. The "new" energy is actually withdrawn from the body's reserve store.

Hundreds of thousands of men have found in Postum a way to avoid caffein, thus safeguarding their reserve energy. It is a satisfying, full-bodied drink made of whole wheat and bran. It doesn't excite the nerves, or interfere with sleep. It adds much to the enjoyment of the meal, with none of the penalties of caffein.

As one way toward removing the cause of slumps in your health line, we want you to make a 30-day test of Postum. Note the results—*then* decide. This test has helped many a man's record. Try it!

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"Let me send you one week's supply of Postum, free, and my personal directions for preparing it, as a start in the thirty-day test.

"Or if you would rather begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs less than most other mealtime drinks.

"Please indicate on the coupon whether you prefer Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

© 1927, P. C. Co.

Postum is one of the Postum Cereal Company products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes, Post's Bran Chocolate, Jell-O and Swans Down Cake Flour. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

P.—L. 1-15-27

Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of
Instant Postum . . . . . ☐ *Check*
(prepared instantly in the cup) *which you*
Postum Cereal . . . . . ☐ *prefer*
(prepared by boiling)

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

In Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Co. Ltd. 45 Front St. East, Toronto 2, Ontario

[WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR OLD RAZOR BLADES Continued from Page Thirty-nine]

has to go to a barber shop or let his whiskers go for a day.

"We found that we lose 60,000,000 shaving days a year because you fellows forget to buy blades about once a month. Therefore we are putting them out in cartons, so you cannot forget more than once in six months."

"Wait a minute," Mr. Fargo protested. "This article was to be by Mr. Gillette, and all you guys are writing it for him."

"They know more about it," Mr. Gillette asserted smilingly. "They've outgrown me—grown too fast for anyone who isn't on the job every minute. That is the way this organization grew, everyone helping and working together. Most of us have stuck together. We have 3,000 employees in the Boston plant, and one in every ten—men and women—has been here from twenty to twenty-five years.

"Get hold of Jack Kelly and have him take us through blades. I want to see how much you fellows and Nickerson have improved the machinery."

© Falk

The face everybody knows.

SO Kelly, who started work in the plant when they used to grind and hone blades by hand, showed us how the blades we puzzle about throwing away are made.

Practically everything is done by automatic machinery invented by Mr. Nickerson, and some of those machines can do everything but talk. They handle the thin, delicate blades of steel with a speed and precision that seem uncanny, tossing them, placing them on thin steel spindles, grinding, honing, wrapping, and slipping them into envelopes; in fact, doing almost everything except to inspect them.

When Gillette started, he simply took watch-spring steel and ground and honed it down to the required sharpness by hand. The original idea was, roughly, to hammer out the blades some way. So they built a punch press with a six-inch stroke that chopped out fourteen or fifteen thousand more or less good bits of steel in a day and thought it wonderful.

They discovered, however, that the great secret of making perfect blades is to have the holes exactly in the right places—that is, within one five-thousandth of an inch. If the punches failed to make them accurately the entire process of making went wrong. So they had another press made, and another, until now they have a battery of presses, each with a quarter-inch stroke. These presses chop two blades at a time at the rate of 1,400 a minute. The rough blades are poured, 40,000 at a time, into big revolving metal containers, to be polished. Then into another revolving drum for further polishing.

The polished blades are placed on two thin steel spindles and moved to the lettering machines.

Under the old system of hand-stenciling, hundreds of girls were required to print a small number of blades. Now one girl handles machines that print 75,000 a day.

From the endless carrier belt girls take the printed blades and restack them on spindles—each girl stacking, sorting, and inspecting about 75,000 a day. From there the blades move to another room, where they are sharpened.

Then the blades are treated to another process with revolving wooden cylinders and smoothed. From there they go to a third machine, which uses cylinders covered with the finest leather, and the blades are given a final stropping.

By that time the blades have been through three inspections, and before the final one they pass the simplest but cleverest of all the automatic machines, which wipes the oil from them.

The blade is then finished, ready for use, except for the final test and the packing. Scores of women, examined for keenness of eyesight, inspect the blades, shuffling them in the hands, watching for imperfections or roughness, and every twentieth blade is given the hair test, each girl having a handful of human hair, and the blade is required to cut a single hair cleanly.

"Now," said the Big Boss, seeing Fargo was going to ask a question, "don't ask me where the hair comes from. I don't know, but from the number of bobbed-haired girls in the room, they might supply their own."

"In this department," remarked Miss Sullivan, in charge of the inspection girls, "we don't prefer blondes. Dark hair is better for tests. Our hair supply is better and finer since the bobbed craze."

"Say," Fargo demanded, "I can't pick one blade out of the envelope and wrapper without cutting myself; how do you girls handle thousands without getting cut?"

One girl laughed as she held up a pair of unscathed hands.

"I haven't nicked a finger in a year," she retorted, rapping wood. "I suppose it is practice."

THE blade is finished with that inspection. A machine folds the blade into an envelope, and seals it with vaseline, which prevents rust. The blades are placed in the lithographed envelopes by hand. One girl in one day can put 18,000 into the envelopes. But Mr. Nickerson has invented a new machine that will do this work at the rate of 400,000 a day.

Girls count the blades into packages of five and ten while a machine places the bundles in cardboard and makes a small "tuck" to hold them—and the tucks move through the plant to go into larger cartons.

Three weeks after the blade is chopped out of the ribbon of steel, it emerges from the one hundred and twenty-seventh process, ready for the market.

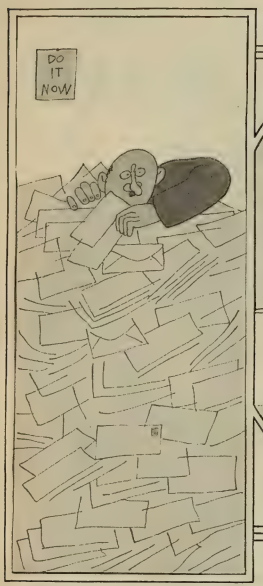
Getting rid of the old blades is simple compared to making them.

THE END

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

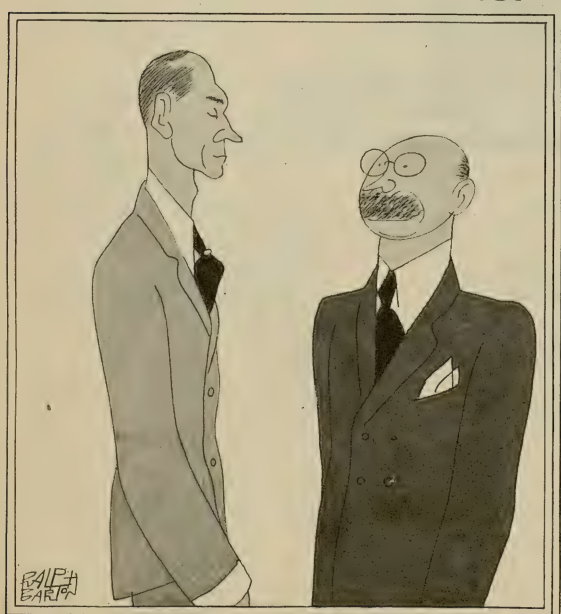
By RALPH BARTON



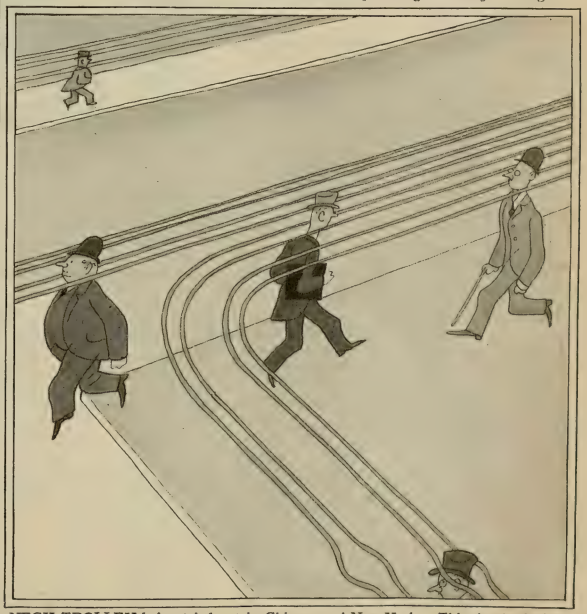
JANUARY 15 NOMINATED AS "FATHERS' DAY"—when first father of the season emerges from Christmas bills on that day.

MEMBER OF THE SUNDAY BRIGADE of the Graphic Section's own Knights and Ladies of the Right in quandary. Great difficulties of the Reform Work brought out in photo of our agent, having caught girl illegally selling flowers on Sunday, wondering whether or not he should cause the policeman also to break the Sabbath by calling him to make the arrest.

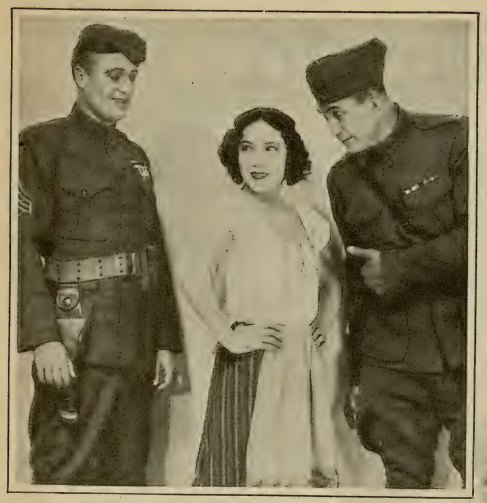
RIVETER with loud-speaker attachment, designed for early morning work in New York, where hardened residents have learned to sleep through ordinary riveting.



SECRETARY OF THE AUTHORS' LEAGUE presents Wayne B. Wheeler with Author's Diligence Prize for greatest number of words written in 1926. Mr. Wheeler averaged 15,498 words per day explaining away opposition to Prohibition, as against Harold Bell Wright's 4,956.



NECK TROLLEY being tried out in Chicago and New York. This simple device, equipped with frequent entrance bulges, is expected to reduce the growing number of accidents to pedestrians who enjoy stepping in front of motor cars and getting killed.



Edmund Lowe, Dolores del Rio, and Victor McLaglen in a scene from What Price Glory.

There's Still Dough in DOUGHBOYS

What Price Glory Marches Across the Screen in the Wake of The Big Parade

A Movie Review by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

MORE war films are moving into the Broadway sector.

The most important newcomer is the celluloid version of What Price Glory, the highly profane footlight drama of Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson.

What Price Glory brought The Big Parade into being, for Metro-Goldwyn immediately commissioned Stallings to write a war film. Then William Fox bought What Price Glory for the screen. However, The Big Parade beat its ancestor to Broadway by slightly more than a year.

The film What Price Glory does not seem to me to possess the sweeping force of The Big Parade. It lacks the dramatic rhythm. And yet, it possesses several superb scenes.

In its shadow form, What Price Glory remains the feud between two hard-boiled marines of the stage version. The feud leads to the World War, to Belleau Wood, and to a little peasant girl. The producers have gone to odd extremes in telling their story. They have sugared the many original shafts aimed at the futility of war. They even indulge in some flag-waving of their own. On the other hand, the clashes between the two militant marines are always marked by a great deal of pantomimic profanity, plainly visible but not noted in the subtitles. And some of their amorous pantomime with the little French *Charmaine* and other ladies of the moment is pretty rough.

The big scene of the footlight What Price Glory remains the big scene of the film version. This is the interlude in the dressing station when men, torn between exhaustion and hysteria, sob at the hopelessness of it all.

The chief honor of What Price Glory goes to Victor McLaglen, a six-foot-three soldier of fortune who has been adventuring in Hollywood for two years. McLaglen gives a great performance of *Captain Flagg*, perennial buyer of garters for girls the world over. Edmund Lowe's rival marine is just a little less effective.

Charmaine is played by Dolores del Rio, a young Mexican making her first appearance in a big role. The part is imitative, but Miss del Rio has real possibilities nevertheless. She is a second cousin of Ramon Novarro, and in real life is Mrs. Dolores Martinez del Rio, the twenty-one-year-old wife of an exceedingly wealthy Mexican.

* * *

F. Scott Fitzgerald's The Great Gatsby presented numerous difficulties. The mad Princetonian wrote of a soldier who, given wings by the magic uniform of war, wins the love of a rich Southern girl. She marries another, while he comes out of the war to fight his way to the top unscrupulously and relentlessly. In the end the Great Gatsby topples and the woman is left to work out a measure of happiness with her philandering husband.

Getting this story through the censor sieve will be no mean task. The film version holds fairly true to the original ironic story of unrestrained ambitions and untrammeled passions.

Lois Wilson as the Southern beauty in The Great Gatsby.

Eddie Phillips and Dorothy Gulliver in the new series, The Collegians.

The Great Gatsby is interest-holding — but its chief sensation is provided by Lois Wilson. You have seen Miss Wilson play many a goody-goody heroine—the girl usually beloved by the honest cowboy of North of 36, The Thundering Herd, and a host of other films.

She has been threatening a revolution. For months she has said that she wanted to play the sort of girl the boys in front of the screen remember. She gets her wish as *Daisy Buchanan* in The Great Gatsby. Lois flashes silken hose to the knees, gets potted on cocktails, and wanders through the story with a contemplative eye upon matrimonial indiscretions. You are in for a shock.

* * *

With college stories awakening a real fondness among our film producers for anybody's Alma Mater, it was inevitable that a college series would be launched. The result is Universal's weekly two-reel releases, The Collegians, a sort of *Frank Merriwell* in films. The students of Carl Lacmmle's university look a bit Hollywooden, but Ed Benson, the 1926 *Merriwell*, simply can't be stopped anywhere.

Do you know that—

Lillian Gish is to do a film version of Channing Pollock's war drama, The Enemy? . . . These are some of the war films under way: Tell It to the Marines, Men of the Dawn, The Big Gun, Red Pants, Barbed Wire, Wings? . . . Wallace Beery is to do Fireman, Save My Child? . . . In Long Pants, now being finished, Harry Langdon has five leading women?

The Instrument that Astounded the Critics

Now for the first time music *electrically* reproduced—
Joint achievement of Radio Corporation of America, General Electric Company,
Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company and
The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company

From the stage of a New York concert hall the Panatrope reproduced the pianist Godowsky's rendering of Liszt's Liebestraum; a noted violinist's playing of Schubert's *Ave Maria;* a selection by the Metropolitan Opera House Orchestra; an aria by the noted soprano, Florence Easton. In each instance, so realistic was the rendition, so completely lifelike in both richness of tone and volume, that the audience marveled. They had never before heard music reproduced *electrically!*

MUSIC *electrically* reproduced is so real it startles . . . fascinates one! Other reproduced music suffers by comparison.

When the Brunswick Panatrope was first demonstrated in New York City a little more than a year ago, critics were frankly amazed. The newspapers reported the event in front-page space. Its electrical principle, all agreed, was the one to which all future reproducing musical instruments must come.

Compare any reproducing musical instrument you have ever heard, no matter how impressive that instrument may seem, and the Panatrope will excel it in every way.

This invention puts not only all recorded music, but radio, at your command. The Panatrope serves as loud speaker for your present radio with astonishing results. Other models combine in one beautiful cabinet the Panatrope and Radiola Super-heterodyne. These instruments operate entirely from the light socket. Certainly no musical instrument offers greater possibilities for home entertainment than the Panatrope.

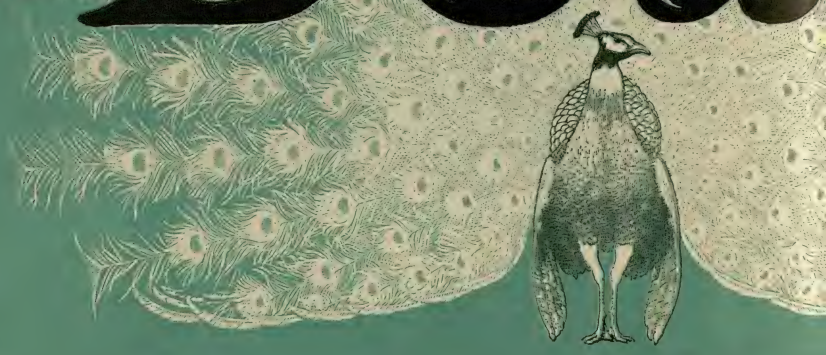
Hear the Brunswick Panatrope at any Brunswick dealer's. Buy no musical instrument or radio until you do.

"Light-Ray" electrical recording (musical photography)—exclusively Brunswick—is a remarkable development whereby the entire range of musical sound is recorded *naturally;* Brunswick records by this new method make your phonograph sound like a different instrument. And on the Panatrope the results surpass belief. New records out every Thursday.

The Brunswick PANATROPE

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., General Offices: 623-633 S. WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO

and now — The Most Beautiful



AS a climax to the most outstanding automotive success in recent years, Chevrolet today announces the greatest triumph of its history—

—a complete line of cars, mechanically finer, entirely new in line, contour and color, and offering elements of style, distinction and elegance hitherto undreamed-of in the low-priced field!

Only the tremendous growth of Chevrolet popularity—only the economies of the tremendous volume production make it possible to make so fine a car to sell at Chevrolet prices.

Two years ago, Chevrolet swept to worldwide leadership with a new model which introduced many new mechanical features such as the super-rugged Chevrolet rear axle and the smooth-action Chevrolet disc clutch.

In 1926, still more spectacular success was won when there was developed the smoothest Chevrolet in Chevrolet history, with its thrilling performance and marvelous ease of operation.

And now, again anticipating the desires of the public—Chevrolet presents The Most Beautiful Chevrolet in Chevrolet history.

So decisively does The Most Beautiful Chevrolet differ in appearance even from its immensely popular predecessors, that its arrival on the market cannot help but change all existing ideas as to what the buyer of a low-priced car has the right to expect for his money.

Here are new bodies of beautiful lines—brilliant in their modish new Duco colors—irresistible in their distinguished smartness—and outstanding in that individuality and perfection of silhouette regularly associated with the costliest of custom-built creations.

Here are score after score of advancements in design—a new and massive radiator shell—new one-piece full-crown fenders—bullet-type head-lamps and cowl lamps—new and heavier running boards—new tire carrier assembly—new gasoline tank equipped with a new gasoline gauge—new and luxurious upholsteries—new instrument panel complete even to co-incidental ignition and steering lock, new textile leather-covered sun visor—new large 17-inch steering wheel, and many others actually too numerous to mention.

QUALITY AT LOW COST

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

utiful CHEVROLET *in Chevrolet History*

Here is definite assurance of longer life, better operation and greater economy—for all models are equipped with a new oil filter and an improved air cleaner.

Look for these quality features on other cars and you will be surprised to find many of them only on cars costing thousands of dollars more. They are the marks of distinction of the world's finest automobiles.

To further broaden the appeal of the Chevrolet line there has been added an entirely new model—a youthful, rakish, colorful Sport Cabriolet, finished in royal oak green Duco with tan whipcord top, upholstered in genuine tan grain leather, with a spacious rumble seat in the rear.

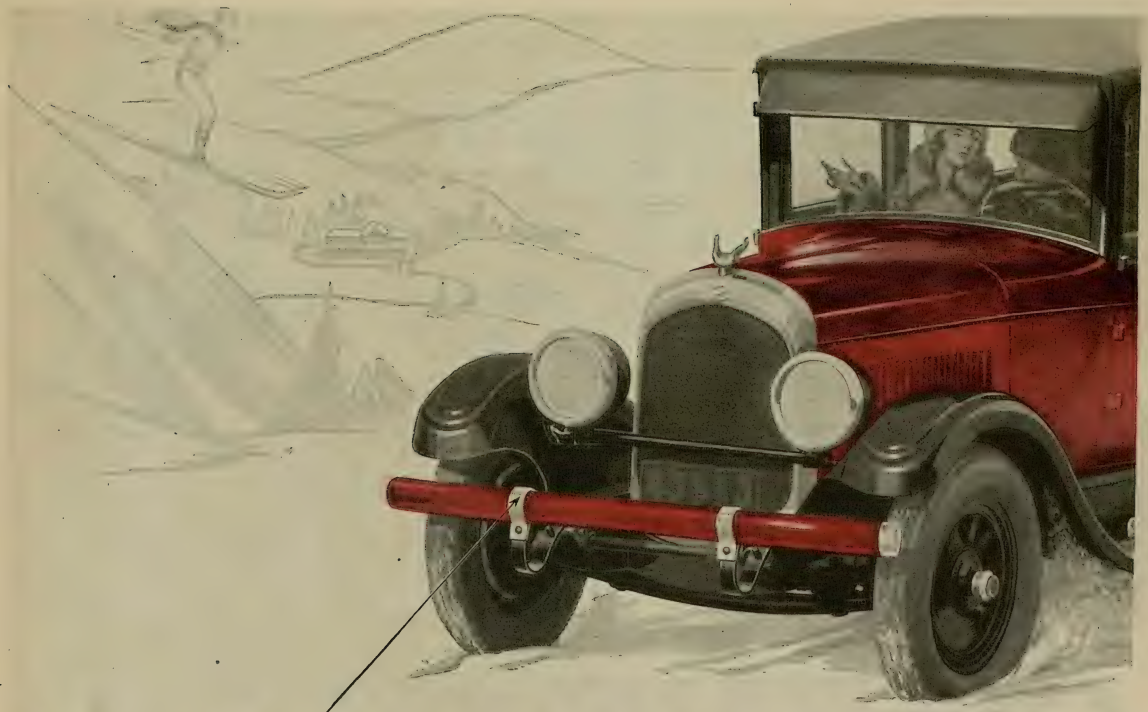
However complete, however enthusiastic, no mere description of The Most Beautiful Chevrolet in Chevrolet History can adequately portray the new measure of individuality and style it introduces into the field of low-priced automobiles. This can only be gained by inspection of the cars themselves.

So we urge you to visit the nearest Chevrolet dealer. And we ask you to go, not in the customary casual mood, but anticipating the revelation you would expect when the world's largest builder of gearshift automobiles announces a new and more complete line of cars whose truly great value is based on irresistible beauty—

—and a host of improvements including:

New AC Oil Filter
New Coincidental Lock
Combination Ignition and Steering Lock
New Gasoline Gauge
New AC Air Cleaner
New Radiator
New Remote Control Door Handles
New Tire Carrier
New Duco Colors
New Bullet-Type Head-Lamps
New Bodies by Fisher
New Running Boards
New Windshield on Open Models
New large 17-inch Steering Wheel
New Heavy One-piece Full-crown Fenders

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN *Division of General Motors Corporation*



Only with Balcrank *"Collision Absorbers"* do car springs take up excess shock

Look for the name "Balcrank" on the eye.

A BLOW received on a Balcrank passes thru two stages of absorption—first, the tempered springs supporting the bar, and second, the scientific method of attachment that presses down on top of the frame, bringing the car springs into action.

This **downward** motion is an exclusive feature of Balcranks that relieves the car of collision strains, and minimizes the jolt to the occupants.

Balcranks have more than ordinary bumper strength, with the car springs always in reserve for more severe collisions. There are other features that are also well worth considering.

Fending Area

The Balcrank front presents a ten-inch fending area that protects the car against bumpers that are higher or lower. Often a bumper without this feature is useless.

The beauty lasts—they never rust

A bumper that loses its luster in a few months causes a "used car" appearance. Balcranks retain their beauty. The eyes and caps are made of special "balloy" metal, cannot rust, and are always bright. Balcrank color finishes are applied by a special process, perfected in our own laboratories. **They will not chip and peel like ordinary finishes.**

Highest Strength Rating

Balcranks carry the highest rating given by the Underwriters, and are the **only** passenger car protection approved as strong enough for one-ton trucks.

No Rattling

Balcrank fittings are specially designed for each make of car. This insures that the discomfiture of a noisy, rattling bumper is practically unknown to Balcrank owners.

Up-to-date car dealers are installing them—bumpers are seldom furnished by the car manufacturer. Insist on Balcrank "Collision Absorber" for your new car. THE CINCINNATI BALL CRANK CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

BALCRANK

TRADE MARK.REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The style that makes 'em look at your car.

© 1926, C. B. C. Co.

THE light pouredinat her window, revealing the outlines of her young body.

The Man Who Got Hungry

A Love Story of a Chap Who Couldn't Forget What He Couldn't Remember

By DANA BURNET

Pictures by LESTER RALPH

WALKING up Broadway after the theater, Wallace Graydon thought: "I'll not make a fool of myself tonight. It's absurd! I'm not hungry. I'll go home and go to bed. Maybe I'd better take a taxi—there's one that's empty. Well, then, the next one. No, I'll walk. It's a fine night, and I need the exercise. Besides, why, in heaven's name, shouldn't I walk?"

His mind was made up.

He would go home: turn here at Forty-eighth Street, walk over to Park Avenue, then north to his apartment at Sixty-seventh Street.

Yet, even as he turned, forcing his way out of the white-faced mob that shuffled in a kind of lock step through the bleaching glare of Broadway, Graydon experienced that familiar sense of cheapness and betrayal which so often, lately, had tortured him.

He knew very well that he would not go home till he had visited the restaurant, as usual; and, in his present state of mind, that seemed an appalling thing to do. Appalling because it meant that he was no longer a man in command of his own will.

When he found himself walking up Fifth Avenue instead of Park, he laughed.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"You, too, can enjoy

Instant Sleep

when you go to bed"

Try this delightful, new food-drink from Switzerland that brings all-night sleep—all-day energy

When you go to bed do your nerves stay up? Leaving you dragged out on the morrow—your mornings logy, your energies drained by afternoon? Modern science has found a natural way (a way without drugs) to overcome this—a way to sound, restful sleep that quickly restores your tired mind and body.

Morning finds you a new man. Fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening.

That is the experience of most Ovaltine users.

A 3-day test will show you. We urge you to make this test. It is well worth while.

Sound sleep—Active days

Taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine brings sound, restful sleep and all-day energy quickly and naturally. This is why:

FIRST—it digests very quickly. Even in cases of impaired digestion. It combines certain vitalizing and building-up food essentials in which your daily fare is often lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

SECOND—Ovaltine has the power actually to digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods which you eat. Thus, soon after drinking, Ovaltine is turning itself and other foods into rich red blood.

This quick assimilation of nourishment is restoring to the entire body. Frayed nerves are soothed. Digestion goes on efficiently. Restful sleep comes, and as you sleep you gather strength and energy.

Hospitals and doctors recommend it

Ovaltine is a delightful pure food-drink. In use in Switzerland for 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was included as a standard ration for invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only as a quick "pick-up" beverage, but because of its special dietetic properties, they also recommend it for restless sleep, nerve-strain, malnutrition, backward children and the aged.

Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities. It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of day.

A 3-day test

All druggists sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or they can mix it for you at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in coupon with 10 cents.

OVALTINE

Builds Body, Brain and Nerves

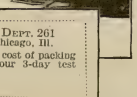
©1926T.W.C.

Before taking Ovaltine faulty digestion kept me awake at night. After taking Ovaltine two nights I found that I could get more sleep and that sleep came quicker and easier than before.

William Hogle,
Wheeling, W. Va.

I had not been able to sleep well. After taking Ovaltine for one week I could sleep the whole night and fall asleep as soon as I lay down. Ovaltine is the best thing for sleeplessness.

Sol Elman,
Chicago



THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. 261
37 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

One package to a person

Send for 3-day test

[THE MAN WHO GOT HUNGRY
Continued from Page Forty-seven]

A cop standing under a street light turned to stare at him. Graydon returned the stare with a conscious summoning of his spiritual resources. The cop looked away.

Wallace reflected: "Outwardly, then, I'm all right. I can still trust myself to create an impression. But why should I be so touchy? It was an effort to look that cop in the eye. Yet I'm not on my way to commit a crime, and there's absolutely nothing wrong with me."

NEVERTHELESS he knew himself to be possessed of a mania that was, probably, the queerest and most ironic that could well beset a soundly functioning human mechanism such as his own. He had not been ill. He merely had been, for the past month or so, preposterously hungry.

For years he had breakfasted in his apartment; lunched at the Bankers Club; dined, when he was not dining out, either at his club uptown or at some restaurant of grace and standing.

But several times in the past few weeks he had left his office at odd hours to forage—actually to forage—for food. And at night, instead of Sherry's or the Ambassador or the Union League Club, he had gone into dives and speakeasies; into French, Italian, Spanish, German, Russian, Arabian, Negro, and Yiddish restaurants, from the Bowery to Harlem. He had tried them all, and some he had found surprisingly good. But he had not been able to appease that insistent gnawing at his vitals.

And then, toward midnight, he would enter Childs', at Fifty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue, for a nightly orgy of wheat cakes with maple syrup. Wherever else he went, he always ended at this particular Childs' restaurant; and that, as he now told himself calmly, was an obsession so absurd as to eliminate the possibility—already considered—that he might be mildly insane.

He could see the humor of his obsession. Therefore he was not insane. Yet, question himself about it as he would, philosophize as he would, he could discover no reason for this mania, which was all the more disturbing because it presented itself in the guise of a natural appetite.

What more normal than that a man should crave food? But Wallace Graydon never had lacked the means to gratify that craving. His experience of life did not include unsatisfied hunger.

WALLACE GRAYDON was thirty-three years old that June, independently wealthy, and of sufficient prominence socially to be untroubled by social ambition. He had an unassuming but sincere love of, and respect for, the arts. As a young man in college he had studied architecture, in which he might have achieved some distinction. But his father had urged him to continue the family tradition by entering Wall Street. A desk had been prepared for him in the offices of Graydon & Co., Stocks and Bonds; and Wallace, with only a passing pang of regret, had

succumbed to his father's wishes.

After the latter's death he had conducted the business alone, and so successfully as to justify, even to himself, the elder Graydon's insistence upon a financial career. In fact, except for his unfortunate marriage and the hectic two years that followed it, Wallace's life had been uniformly successful. During those two years with Lydia he had committed, through sheer despair, his only excesses. He had got to drinking, had neglected his business, and generally had let things slide. But after his divorce—which had been quietly and discreetly managed—he had recovered his poise completely; had taken himself in hand and had proceeded to make a great deal of money.

Childs' restaurant. The large, clear, rectangular plate-glass window. The pale young man in the white coat. The polite entrance. The fashionable people drifting in (for it was fashionable, at the moment, to be seen here after the theater).

Wallace sat down at his usual table. The little blonde waitress who always served him trotted up smiling.

"GOOD evenin', sir. The same order?"

"Good evening. Yes, thank you."

Well, after all, there was no harm in eating a plate of wheat cakes before going home to bed—especially when so many other people, of his own kind, were doing precisely the same thing.

The waitress brought his order. As she put down in front of him the plate of wheat cakes he suddenly stared up at her.

"I say! Look here."

"Yes, sir?"

"Have I ever seen you before?"

"Why," returned the girl, with a puzzled laugh, "you been here 'most every night for—it must be a month, now—and I've always waited on you."

"Yes, I know. But before that! Before I ever came here?"

"No, sir; I don't think so. I mean, I don't ever remember——"

"I've a notion that I've seen you somewhere before—perhaps a good while ago."

The girl remained standing at the table, fascinated by the queer anxiety of his gaze.

"The idea has just occurred to me," said Wallace slowly; then: "I should like to talk to you."

The waitress didn't know how to take this.

"I'm awful busy right now," she said, with a smile that ventured a certain archness.

Her smile excited Graydon's interest still further. He noticed that she had a charming mouth, with a short upper lip that at all times revealed a gleam of white teeth.

Yes, he could have sworn that he'd met this girl before! And somehow that possibility seemed vaguely to connect itself with the cause of his irrational hunger. He did not think this; it was all too remote and confusing. But he sensed it. And immediately he felt exhilarated, inordinately stimulated by the workings of his own intuition.

"I must see you and talk to you!" he blurted out. "Can't we arrange it? How late are you working tonight?"

"Till midnight. I'm off in about ten minutes."

"In half an hour," said Graydon rapidly, "I'll get my car and be waiting at the Fifty-ninth Street entrance of the Park, just opposite the Plaza—if you feel that you can trust me sufficiently?"

"Gee! I gotta go now. I'm busy! Opposite the Plaza, did you say? But I don't know as I ought to meet you——"

LYDIA was a gay and charming person; but as she herself had said at the end of their two years of exquisite misery: "I just can't be married. I don't know how."

She hurried away. Wallace rose, paid his check, and went out.

Half an hour later he was driving his roadster through Central Park with the little blonde waitress beside him.

She still didn't know as she ought to be doing this. She was usually awful careful about her social engagements, because her mother had brought her up awful strict, and anyway she didn't approve of girls going out at night with strange gentlemen. But this was sort of different, now, wasn't it? Because she'd waited on him so often at the rest'rant. And then, his thinking he'd met her before——

"BUT that's awful old stuff," she commented, laughing.

"But I was serious about it."

Was he, she asked, honestly? Well, she hadda admit he seemed serious. But then, you never could tell. Where were they going now? To a dance place up the Hudson? Oh, but she wasn't

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

MORE MEN AND WOMEN ARE USING COLGATE'S THAN ANY OTHER DENTIFRICE

Her social weapon — a

CLEAN

and dazzling smile

Dazzling teeth, an unfailing personal asset, are more a matter of intimate care than a gift of nature. A few minutes of your toilet devoted to the use of this dual-action dentifrice will bring new beauty to your teeth, greater charm to your smile!

Dual Cleansing Action

Modern mouth hygiene demands a dentifrice with a dual cleansing action. Colgate's formula is based on this principle. As you brush, Colgate's expands into a plentiful, bubbling foam. First, this foam loosens imbedded food particles and polishes all tooth surfaces.

Then it thoroughly washes the entire mouth—teeth, gums, tongue—sweeping away all impurities. Thus the dual action of Colgate's brings unequaled cleanness; removes the causes of decay.

Normal, healthy mouths need no drug-filled dentifrice. Just visit your dentist at least twice a year. Brush your teeth with Colgate's at least twice a day. And don't worry over mental dental ills!

Colgate
Est. 1806
NEW YORK

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Colgate & Co., Dept. 213A, 581 Fifth Ave., New York
Send me a sample of this modern dual-action Dental Cream that most Americans use.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Now—

You can tell tire pressure at a glance—
correct reading always in sight with

VISOMETER

THE SIGN OF TIRE PROTECTION

FREE TO DEALERS
This handsome electric, metal sign with your name on both sides. See coupon below.

Stop Paying the Penalty of Guesswork

A gauge in every tire valve — always visible — that is what VISOMETER offers to you. And VISOMETER offers more. It offers you hundreds, yes thousands of additional miles from your tires, because it does away with guesswork.

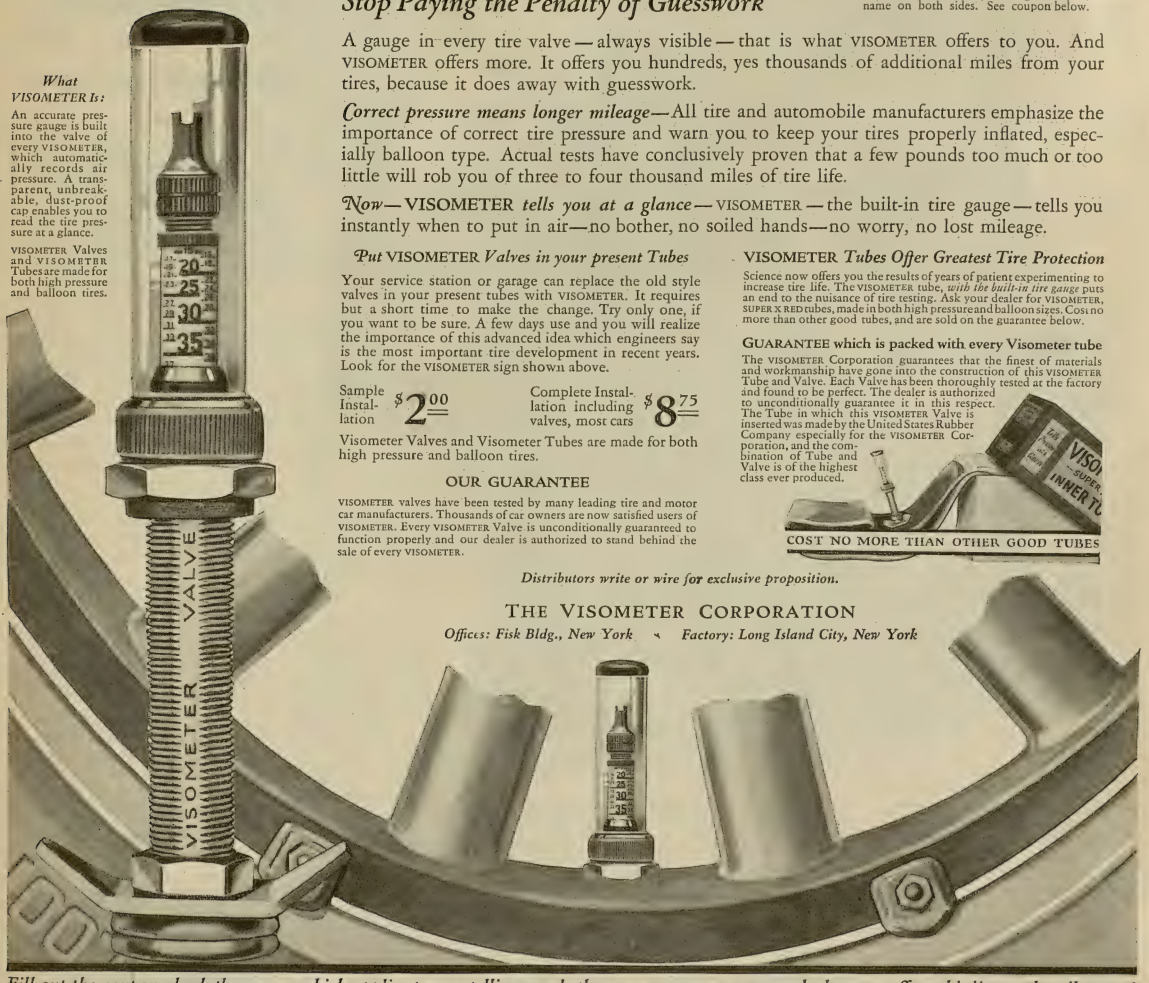
Correct pressure means longer mileage—All tire and automobile manufacturers emphasize the importance of correct tire pressure and warn you to keep your tires properly inflated, especially balloon type. Actual tests have conclusively proven that a few pounds too much or too little will rob you of three to four thousand miles of tire life.

Now*—VISOMETER *tells you at a glance—VISOMETER—the built-in tire gauge—tells you instantly when to put in air—no bother, no soiled hands—no worry, no lost mileage.

What VISOMETER Is:

An accurate pressure gauge is built into the valve of every VISOMETER, which automatically records air pressure. A transparent, unbreakable, dust-proof cap enables you to read the tire pressure at a glance.

VISOMETER Valves and VISOMETER Tubes are made for both high pressure and balloon tires.



Put VISOMETER *Valves in your present Tubes*

Your service station or garage can replace the old style valves in your present tubes with VISOMETER. It requires but a short time to make the change. Try only one, if you want to be sure. A few days use and you will realize the importance of this advanced idea which engineers say is the most important tire development in recent years. Look for the VISOMETER sign shown above.

Sample Installation $2.00

Complete Installation including valves, most cars $8.75

Visometer Valves and Visometer Tubes are made for both high pressure and balloon tires.

OUR GUARANTEE

VISOMETER valves have been tested by many leading tire and motor car manufacturers. Thousands of car owners are now satisfied users of VISOMETER. Every VISOMETER Valve is unconditionally guaranteed to function properly and our dealer is authorized to stand behind the sale of every VISOMETER.

VISOMETER *Tubes Offer Greatest Tire Protection*

Science now offers you the results of years of patient experimenting to increase tire life. The VISOMETER tube, *with the built-in tire gauge* puts an end to the nuisance of tire testing. Ask your dealer for VISOMETER, SUPER X RED tubes, made in both high pressure and balloon sizes. Cost no more than other good tubes, and are sold on the guarantee below.

GUARANTEE which is packed with every Visometer tube

The VISOMETER Corporation guarantees that the finest of materials and workmanship have gone into the construction of this VISOMETER Tube and Valve. Each Valve has been thoroughly tested at the factory and found to be perfect. The dealer is authorized to unconditionally guarantee it in this respect. The Tube in which this VISOMETER Valve is inserted was made by the United States Rubber Company especially for the VISOMETER Corporation, and the combination of Tube and Valve is of the highest class ever produced.

COST NO MORE THAN OTHER GOOD TUBES

Distributors write or wire for exclusive proposition.

THE VISOMETER CORPORATION

Offices: Fisk Bldg., New York *Factory: Long Island City, New York*

Fill out the coupon, check the square which applies to you, telling us whether you are a car owner or dealer, tear off on this line, and mail today!

[MAIL THIS COUPON]

THE VISOMETER CORPORATION, Fisk Bldg., New York

Please send me complete information about VISOMETER, as indicated at right.

Name.....
Please print

Street..... City..... State.....

If you are a car owner, please give us your Dealer's name.....

☐ CAR OWNERS

If your dealer can't supply you with VISOMETER valves and tubes, fill in the coupon, and give us his name. We will also send complete information direct to you.

☐ DEALERS

VISOMETER tubes and VISOMETER valves are in big demand. Some valuable protective franchises are available. FREE Electric Sign; national advertising, and dealer helps are building business and profits for Dealers. Your territory may still be open. Write for full particulars.

USE THE COUPON!

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

dressed for dancing, or for any swell place!

Never mind, Wallace said reassuringly. They could sit out on the porch and listen to the music.

"Oh, well!" sighed the girl. "It certainly is nice to go for a little buggy ride! Gee! This is a swell car, ain't it? And I certainly love music. I don't care even if it's classical."

Wallace felt guilty. He also felt curiously tricked and cheated. But, at any rate, he'd go through with the thing.

"Take me home! I wanna go home."

Eventually they reached the place he had in mind. It was a roadhouse built on a high bluff overlooking the Hudson. They sat at a small table lighted by a lamp with a pink shade and looked out over the moonlit river. Within, an orchestra played excellent jazz.

Jenny (her name was Jenny) sipped a drink that purported to be claret lemonade, and, at Wallace's suggestion, cheerfully recited her life history. Wallace, as he listened, unutterably bored, picked up the pencil with which he had written his order and began aimlessly to sketch a design on the back of a menu card. The girl chattered on, revealing with naive sophistication the incredible barrenness of her existence.

HE knew now what he had suspected from the moment she stepped into his car—that all this was a mistake of some peculiarly ironic kind. He couldn't possibly have known this girl except as the waitress who had served him, night after night, at Childs'. Yet also he suspected that his habit of going regularly to the restaurant was due, partly at least, to a desire to have her wait on him.

"Well," finally concluded the girl, "I guess that's all."

"Thank you very much, Jenny," he said, still absent-mindedly sketching on the menu card. "We've had a nice evening together, haven't we?"

"Oh, sure. What's that you're drawring?"

"Why—nothing."

"It's a house," said Jenny. "Gee! That's cute. And there's the river!"

"No, not the river," he said slowly. "The sea."

"OH, I thought it was the river. I thought you was just drawring the view from the porch here."

"The sea—the sea!"

"Why, what's the matter!" she cried, staring at him with such round, frightened eyes that he almost laughed outright.

"Take me home! I wanna go home."

He looked at the little blonde waitress, and suddenly he smiled at the absurdity of this adventure.

Putting the menu card carefully in his coat pocket, he called the waiter and paid his check. The girl was already walking up the porch, moving quickly among the little pink pools of light. As he started after her, he saw her hand bag lying on the table. In her haste, in her childish panic at his strangeness, she had forgotten it.

He picked it up, took a hundred-dollar bill out of his wallet, and stuffed it into the bag. Then, feeling more guilty than ever, he followed her to the place where he had parked his car.

That night he dreamed that he had given Jenny the waitress a charming little house built on a high bluff overlooking a broad and shining expanse of water. The light on the water was pink, and somewhere people were laughing. Then Jenny appeared at his side with an enormous plate of wheat cakes, and his dream turned into a nightmare.

He woke up, sweating; got out of bed, switched on the light, and took from the pocket of his coat the menu card.

"Where, in heaven's name, have I seen that house, or a house anything like that, before? And how do I know it stands facing the sea?"

But that much he was sure of: this house, be it dream or reality, stood—must somehow inevitably stand—on a high point overlooking the sea.

He lighted a cigarette, sat down on the edge of his bed, and, with the sketch in his hands, began to reason with himself.

"The sensible thing to do, I suppose, would be to consult a good doctor, a specialist—even a psychoanalyst, perhaps."

Wallace was convinced, by this time, that his abnormal hunger was the manifestation of a mental rather than a physical craving. This was important; and possibly one of those psychoanalysts might be helpful?

"NO! I'm darned if I will! I'll work this thing out myself."

And he added, staring at the drawing on the menu card:

"It all links up, somehow—I know it does—my food jag, that poor little waitress, this sketch——"

The sea! The sea!

Finally he evolved a plan of action. He would go back as far as was humanly and physically possible, into his past life. Especially he would go back to the one spot most vividly recalled as the background of his youth. Perhaps some environmental suggestion, some hint or flavor of his return, would serve to unravel the mystery that plagued his mind.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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. . . the reasons why the child of the past objected to the castor oil of the past have been removed for the child of the present and future.

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the original
tasteless Castor Oil
There is NO substitute

CAUTION: KELLOGG'S *TASTELESS* CASTOR OIL, untouched from refinery to you, is never sold in bulk, nor in any form other than the original 3 oz. and 7 oz. bottles. Unpleasant experience with old-fashioned castor oil may have made you believe that all castor oil is the same. We want to prove to you that KELLOGG'S is really tasteless. A convincing trial bottle will be sent you free. Write for it today. Walter Janvier, Inc., 417 Canal Street, New York, N.Y.

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Held back by—what?

—perhaps it's *comedones**

For five years he had watched men come and go—up to better jobs. He knew he was not stupid. Something kept him back. Something made them promote other men—younger men. What could it be?

* * *

It is unfortunate that many men suffer from *comedones*—the scientific name for blackheads. These disfiguring blemishes keep you from being clean-cut and attractive.

They are often responsible for lack of business success. For while you yourself may not be conscious of them, others notice them. You may have wondered why others are promoted instead of you—why success never comes. Perhaps it's *comedones*.

Pompeian Massage Cream helps you overcome *comedones*. It gets in where comedones form, rolls out all dirt and oily secretions. It stimulates a healthy circulation, keeps the pores open, and gives you a clean, ruddy complexion.

Try this treatment

After you shave, spread Pompeian Massage Cream generously over your face—and *rub*. Continue to rub until the cream rolls out. Note how dark the cream looks. That's the dirt that was in your pores.

Don't let comedones form. Use Pompeian Massage Cream every day—especially when social or business engagements demand that you look your best. It means a healthy, wholesome skin. It means more joy in living.

Use at Home after Shaving

To get full pleasure and benefit, use Pompeian Massage Cream regularly at home after shaving. Your face will feel and look like a million dollars. 60c jars at all drug stores.

*WHAT ARE COMEDONES?
(*pronounced cŏm'ĕ-dōnes*)
Dictionary definition A small plug or mass occluding the excretory duct of a sebaceous gland, occurring frequently upon the face, especially the nose. It is often called blackhead.

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10-DAY TRIAL TUBE

For Men!

If you are skeptical, fill in and mail the coupon. You'll get a trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream free of charge. It will show you such results in increased face value that you, like millions of other men, will use this gentle, pleasant massage cream after every shave.

NOW! TEAR OFF, SIGN AND MAIL

The Pompeian Laboratories,
Dept. 60, Cleveland, Ohio.

Gentlemen: Send your FREE ten-day trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream to

Name.....

Street
Address.....

City.....State.....

[THE MAN WHO GOT HUNGRY
Continued from Page Fifty-one]

At 4 o'clock that morning he was eating a prodigious—and utterly tasteless—breakfast in a dreary all-night restaurant on Third Avenue. And at 6 o'clock he was driving his car at more than the legal rate of speed along the Post Road toward Boston and the coast of Maine.

THE return to Manasquot, the seaside village where he had spent the golden summers of his youth, yielded precisely nothing of interest to his search. Yet for a week he stayed on—it was now the first of July—conscientiously revisiting the scenes of his boyhood, his young manhood, prowling around with a brooding discouragement in his eyes.

But nothing happened except that his appetite increased. He decided to go back to New York and consult a specialist, after all.

And then, suddenly, he thought of Lydia. She, his ex-wife, was at Lord's Harbor, some thirty miles up the coast.

He knew this; he had known it all along. And yet, so rigorously had he schooled himself not to think of her that for years no image or memory of Lydia had arisen to trouble his mind.

Could it be possible that he still had some unsuspected emotional yearning for Lydia? He laughed at the idea. His feeling for her never had been anything more than an extravagant infatuation. He had married her on impulse—the only uncensored and unconsidered impulse of his mature life—and almost immediately had realized his mistake.

Lydia was a gay and charming person; but, as she herself had said at the end of their two years of exquisite misery: "I just can't be married. I don't know how. I haven't the gift for it."

He had drunk like a fish to keep from hating her; and finally, in a moment of dull and aching sobriety, they had agreed to call it off. He was then twenty-six years old. They had spent that summer—their second—at Lord's Harbor, in that riotous house of hers. And in the autumn they had separated.

No; he was not, could not be even remotely, in love with Lydia. But there was this notion, this sudden hankering to travel in her direction.

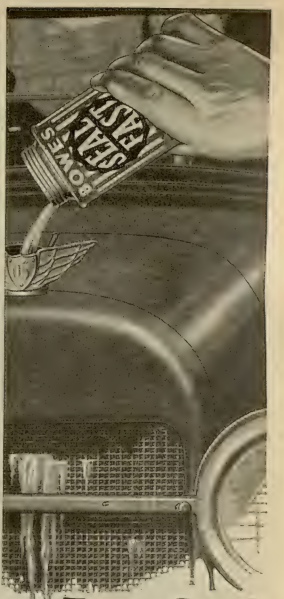
LIKE a gambler who abandons a carefully planned system for superstitious hunches, he packed and left Manasquot about 5 o'clock one blistering afternoon.

An hour later he was presenting himself to Lydia in that long, sun-scarred room which he remembered as being too well lighted both by day and by night.

That room! And Lydia coming down the length of it—a thin, dark woman with red lips and a flaming orange scarf drawn over her shoulders. She too burned much too bright.

Wallace said: "You can tell me to beat it if you like. I'll go peaceably. But I was driving up this way, and thought I'd stop in to see you."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Every Leak is a Risk!

STOP IT!

Don't delay when you discover that little leak in your radiator. Stop it at once with Seal-Fast! It's a simple matter if you carry a can of this wonderful compound in your car. You just pour it in—Seal-Fast mends all leaks instantly and permanently by forming a tough, hard film at points of leakage, wherever it occurs. It stops all risk of harm to your motor, due to lack of cooling fluid. Seal-Fast is harmless to leather, rubber or metal and works equally well with alcohol or glycerin. It improves the efficiency of radiators, since its mending action depends largely upon its power to dissolve the ever-present rust-scale deposits in your radiator. Be sure you get the genuine Seal-Fast, and then carry it always in a handy car-pocket. It may save your motor tomorrow.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

"Anything special?" she asked, with a vivid and oddly impudent smile.

"Oh, no. Nothing—nothing at all."

"Then stay to dinner. I was afraid you might have come to do me out of my hard-earned alimony."

He laughed.

"No danger, Lydia. The money's yours—till you marry again."

"Which will be never," said Lydia; and added abruptly: "You're getting fat, Wallace darling!"

"Yes, I—I know. Disgusting, isn't it? But I'll take it off this summer. I swear I will!"

"How am I looking?"

"As brilliant as ever, Lydia."

"I'M not feeling particularly brilliant. In fact, I'm frightfully depressed. One of my most constant admirers, Tom Fernly—you used to know him—has gone and fallen in love with a girl. She's beautiful, and years younger than I am, and altogether it couldn't be worse. I'm furious. And, to make it all the more intolerable, the girl-creature doesn't know whether or not she wants him. She says she isn't sure. I say damn!"

Again Wallace laughed.

"Who's the girl-creature?" he asked, without interest.

"Her name," replied Lydia viciously, "is Mary. Can you imagine anything more infuriating?"

"Did I know her, too?"

"I don't think so. She was distinctly younger set in those days. Used to curl up on the beach, in a boy's bathing suit, and brown her legs. You may remember her legs. They were very nice. I dare say they still are."

"Those days," said Wallace, "are still pretty much of a blur in my mind."

"Yes—poor dear! I really was awfully bad for you, wasn't I? However did we happen to make such a mistake? Well, it's over and done with now. And I'm thirty-two. Isn't it ghastly? Why does one grow old? And how, in heaven's name, is one to keep one's nicest men from falling in love with girls named Mary?"

Wallace looked at her, pitied her, felt uncomfortable about it, and wished he never had come to Lord's Harbor.

Dinner alone with her was a severe trial. Her interminable chatter, her brittle impertinences, neither interested nor amused him. And after dinner it was worse. For Lydia, sensing his desire to escape, perversely decided to keep him, to make him squirm a little before he left her. She dragged out, as a suitable instrument of torture, a well filled photograph album, and made him look at snapshots dating back to the time of their marriage.

But he turned those pages so rapidly that she thought it funny, and laughed outright.

"You're not sentimental, are you, darling? Well, so much the better. Chuck that silly album into the wastebasket and go, if you like. I know you're dying to."

"Who's that girl?" interrupted Wallace sharply.

"What? Oh, that—why, that's Mary! Mary Durand. The girl I told you about, you know."

"You mean the one who——"

"Who bewitched my nice Tom Fernly? Yes, that's the siren. I didn't know I'd a picture of her. Isn't she lovely? Really, I don't blame Tom, in a way."

"Mary Durand — Mary Durand——"

"What's the matter, Wallace? You look as if you'd seen a ghost!"

He turned and stared at her. A curious smile twisted his lips.

"Maybe I have," he said. "Maybe I have."

And, with a queer dreamlike quality in his movements, he walked down the length of the room and out of the house.

LYING awake that night in his hotel room, Wallace said to himself: "What a fool I was to have bolted like that! Why didn't I go on talking to Lydia? She might have helped me. At least, she could have told me where Mary Durand lives. But I'll find that out—if this night ever ends."

Mary Durand—Mary Durand!

Then suddenly he was seized by a torturing, an exquisitely tantalizing hunger. It was so subtle, so irresistible, and yet so ludicrous—this hunger — that, as he came lunging out of bed, he began to laugh.

He was still laughing as he walked out of the hotel. Here was a man, a respectable stockbroker, pulled out of bed before dawn by some mysterious, unknown hunger, now lifting his face to the pale, high stars, now laughing at the ridiculous pain that nagged at his vitals.

There was a path, a public way, along the shore of the sea. He found himself in this path, stumbling along, half remembering, now, the curve of the shore line, the feel of the gravel under his feet. Half remembering, half guided by the sixth sense that comes to men walking in darkness, hearing the sea on his left hand, seeing dimly the luminous white ribbon of surf edging the blackness below him.

Then something was happening in the east. He stood on a shelving ledge of rock and watched the approach of dawn—the incredible shyness of light reluctant to caress the world. The smile, the blush of the summer dawn. The sun still hidden below the horizon, as if fearful of the forces, the living tumult, the impulses, hungers, passions, desires, and despairs, that it would release the moment its burning rim showed above the level of the sea. The sea itself was a gray carpet brightened by figures of flame.

"I know this place," said Wallace, aloud.

DIRECTLY below him was a sheltered cove, a spread of shingle between two thrusting points of rock. Yes, he knew this place. He had often picnicked here with Lydia and her crew.

He went on, climbing a short, steep ascent masked by a growth of scrub pines; came out upon a high plateau; and saw, on a knoll slightly above him and to his right, perhaps a hundred yards inland from the path, the house he had sketched on the back of the menu card, that night he'd taken the little blonde waitress to the roadhouse up the Hudson!

"Well!" said Wallace. "This is either madness or a miracle. In either case, it's a nice day for it!"

Then he saw the path, marked by two great stones, that led to the house on the knoll. He turned into this path, walking slowly, deliberately, even stopping among the rock gardens to look at some columbine in bloom.

There were stone steps leading up to a gabled doorway, the front entrance to the house. Above this doorway was a single window, and in the window stood a girl in pajamas, watching him.

She had blonde hair and a charming mouth that seemed to smile. Her short upper lip revealed a gleam of white teeth—but she wasn't smiling.

She stood there, straight and slender and somehow triumphant in her utter lack of self-consciousness. She might have been wearing the state robes of a princess,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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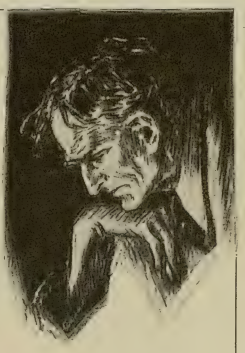

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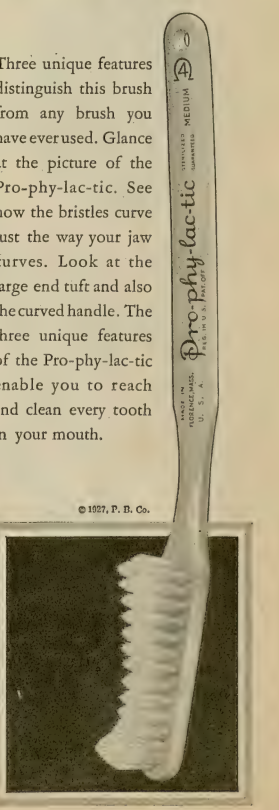

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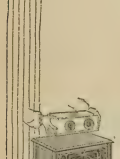

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Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada. Canadian Pooley Radio Cabinets are manufactured by Malcolm and Hill, Ltd., Kitchener, Canada.

[THE MAN WHO GOT HUNGRY
Continued from Page Fifty-three]

or she might have been naked—it would not have mattered so long as she held that pose, that proud, fixed gesture of youth facing the challenge of the east, the rising sun.

The light poured in at her window, revealing the outlines of her lovely young body, molding her breasts with golden shadows.

Wallace Graydon cried the name of this girl into the light wind that blew against his face. He shouted "Mary!" into the sunrise.

She made a gesture, gave a quick wave of her hand, then disappeared from the window.

HE sat down on the stone steps to wait. And after a while—a timeless interval—she came out and sat down on the steps beside him.

"It's a nice dream," she said, in a voice that was an echo of all the beauty he ever had known—and forgotten. "I don't want to spoil it by asking too many questions. But there's one question I *must* ask."

She paused briefly.

"Why, if you were coming, didn't you come long ago?"

He didn't speak at once; then: "Because I didn't know where you were," he said, "or who you were, or anything about you. I don't know now. All I know is that this is somehow right, and true, and perfect."

"You don't know *now?* What do you mean?"

"Wait," he said. "Before I tell you all the things that have happened to me, you must tell me this: Is it right and perfect for you too? My coming here, my sitting here with you on these steps, at this particular moment, in all this—glory?"

He was surprised and profoundly pleased to hear that word "glory" fall from his lips. He was greatly troubled to hear her say:

"I don't know—yet. How can I tell? If it could go on being just a nice dream— But in a moment I'll begin to look at you curiously; I'll touch you—like this—to find out whether you're real."

She touched his arm. He turned and looked at her.

"NOW you've done it!" he said, with a rueful smile. "Now I'll have to tell you everything, and after that you'll have to tell me where and how I met you, and what came of it, and why you're living in a house I recognize and can draw from memory, when I *know* that I've never seen it before."

"Of course you've never seen it! But you drew the *plans* for it, that day on the cliff down there!"

"That day?"

"The day of the picnic," she said. And then, with a startled look: "Oh!" she cried, "I knew—that day!—that you'd been drinking. But I didn't know—I never dreamed that you'd forget! And you have forgotten, haven't you? You've *forgotten!*"

"Tell me what happened," he pleaded, in a kind of agony.

"You climbed up the rocks to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]

get away from them—from Lydia and her crowd. They were having a picnic down there, in the cove. I was walking along the Marginal Way. I stopped to watch them. They were drinking and laughing and making a lot of noise. Then I saw you climbing up the rocks. I'd seen you lots of times on the beach, and once or twice you'd spoken to me. Of course you don't remember that."

Her voice had grown murmurous, reminiscent. "You don't remember that one day on the beach I held up my cape for you to light a cigarette, and that once at a masquerade at the Casino you danced with me.

"Why should you remember what you didn't even suspect—that a seventeen-year-old girl romantically and guiltily adored you?"

"Did you," asked Wallace, staring straight before him, "kiss me?"

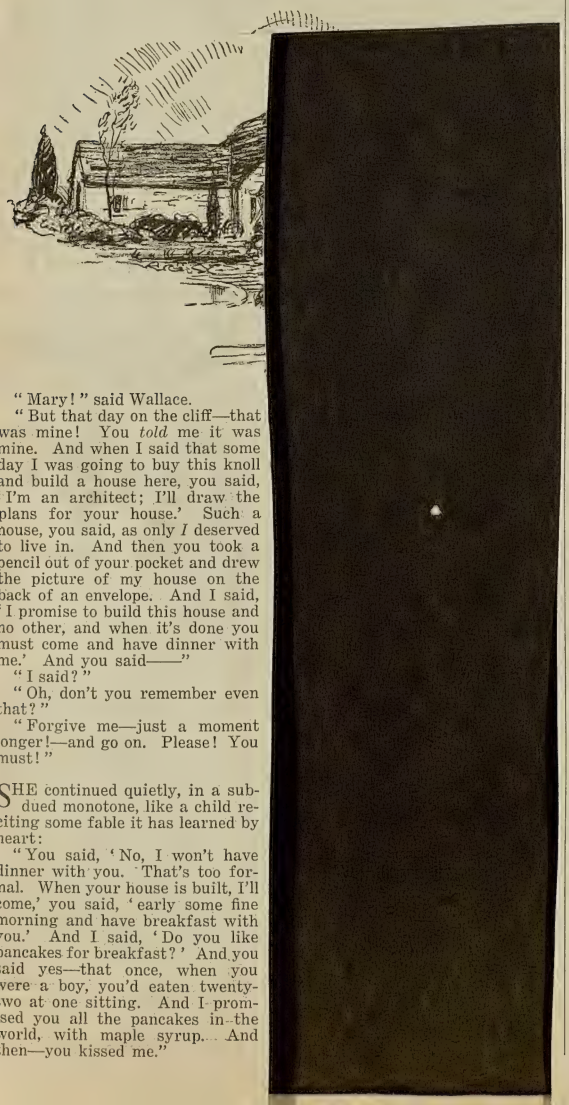
"Yes—of course. Wasn't it my day? At least, that's what you said. You told me so many things. And now you don't remember any of them! You were just—it was just because you were drunk."

And she added with a kind of reluctance, as if her mind struggled against the acceptance of this devastating irony: "*That's* why you never came!"

"BUT here I am," said Wallace, so simply that she turned again to look at him; and somehow, almost against her will, she felt the triumph of this fact.

"Pancakes!" he exclaimed suddenly; and gave a laugh that was like a shout.

His laugh was a relief, even to



"Mary!" said Wallace.

"But that day on the cliff—that was mine! You *told* me it was mine. And when I said that some day I was going to buy this knoll and build a house here, you said, 'I'm an architect; I'll draw the plans for your house.' Such a house, you said, as only *I* deserved to live in. And then you took a pencil out of your pocket and drew the picture of my house on the back of an envelope. And I said, 'I promise to build this house and no other, and when it's done you must come and have dinner with me.' And you said——"

"I said?"

"Oh, don't you remember even that?"

"Forgive me—just a moment longer!—and go on. Please! You must!"

SHE continued quietly, in a subdued monotone, like a child reciting some fable it has learned by heart:

"You said, 'No, I won't have dinner with you. That's too formal. When your house is built, I'll come,' you said, 'early some fine morning and have breakfast with you.' And I said, 'Do you like pancakes for breakfast?' And you said yes—that once, when you were a boy, you'd eaten twenty-two at one sitting. And I promised you all the pancakes in the world, with maple syrup. And then—you kissed me."

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This is the story of a man who almost threw $10,000 into the waste basket because he did not have curiosity enough to open the pages of a little book. (How much curiosity have you? Have you read one single book in the past month that increased your business knowledge or gave you a broader business outlook?)

The scene took place in a bank in one of the southern cities of California. The Vice-president who had sent for a representative of the Alexander Hamilton Institute said to him:

"I want your help in making a little private experiment among the junior officers of this bank. We have got to appoint a new cashier. I hate to bring a man in from the outside, and yet I am not at all sure that any one of our younger men is ready for the position. Here are the names of five of them. I want you to send a copy of "Forging Ahead in Business" to each one, but without letting them suspect that I have had a hand in it. Then call and tell the story of the Institute's training to each one separately and let me know how he receives it.

"I enrolled for your Course in New York years ago," he explained. "It gave me my first real knowledge of the fundamental principles of business. It meant everything to me, and I have an idea that there is no better way to test a man's business judgment than to see how he reacts to the opportunity it offers."

The five copies of "Forging Ahead in Business" were mailed, and a few days later the representative of the Institute called. One of the five men was on a vacation; three had tossed the book into the waste basket. They "knew all about it already"; they were "not interested." The fifth had his copy on his desk unopened. To that fifth man the Institute representative said:

"You may not suspect it, but there is a check for $10,000 in that little book."

"Don't kid me," the other answered.

"I'm serious," was the reply. "I'll see you to-morrow."

The following morning the Institute man was called on the 'phone. "I think I found that $10,000 check last night," said the man at the bank. "If you're down this way to-day, drop in. I'd like to enrol."

A few months later the directors of the bank appointed him cashier; his upward progress had begun. One of the first friends whom he notified of his promotion was the Institute representative.

"It gives me a cold shudder," he said, "to remember that I was just on the point of throwing that little book into the waste basket—$10,000 and all."

Few men realize how eagerly business leaders are looking for the heads that stick up above the mass—for the men who by any sort of special training or ability have marked themselves for larger things.

For business nowadays develops the specialist—the man who knows his own department well, but who is so close to his job that he hasn't had time to learn the broad fundamental principles upon which *all* business is built.

Do you want more money? Ask yourself this: "Why should anyone pay me more next year than this year? Just for living? Just for avoiding costly blunders? I am devoting most of my waking time to business—what am I doing to make myself more expert at business?"

Here is the Institute's function in a nutshell: It first of all awakens your interest in business, stimulates your desire to know, makes business a fascinating game. And second, it puts you into personal contact with leaders, thrills you by their example, makes you powerful with their methods. Is it any wonder, then, that Institute men stand out above the crowd?

Thousands of men will read this page. Hundreds will turn aside, or cast it into the waste basket, as those three men in the California bank threw their copies of "Forging Ahead in Business" into the waste basket. But a few hundred will be stirred by that divine emotion — curiosity — which is the beginning of wisdom. They will send for "Forging Ahead"; they will read it, and like the fifth man, will find a fortune in it pages.

"I said to him, 'There is a check for $10,000 hidden in that book.'"

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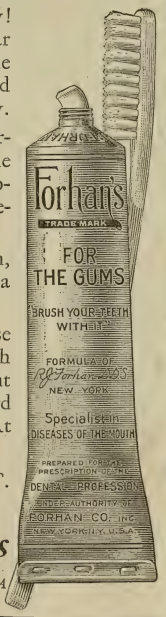

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[THE MAN WHO GOT HUNGRY]
Continued from Page Fifty-five

Do you know there are people asleep in that house behind us—my house?"

"Our house," he said.

"Not yet, my dear. You've got to make love to me a little—oh, a lot! But my mother sleeps late, and I can send the cook back to bed, and the cook's husband, who makes the fires, can go off and sit on a rock and fish. He adores to fish. And then I'll make pancakes—as many as you can eat! And we'll have breakfast together, you and I!"

"Sit still," begged Wallace. "Don't move."

He put his arm around her. Her young body yielded to his touch with the grace of a flower yielding to the wind.

"I'm not hungry," he said; and again, quite simply: "I'm not hungry now."

THE END

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The Importance of ORAL HYGIENE

An Article by EILEEN BOURNE

IN the last decade or so we have imbibed a pretty thorough education on toothbrush usage for combating dental disease. We have learned that while decay may persist in spite of the well brushed tooth, susceptibility to cavities and gum infection is appreciably reduced where the brush is vigorously employed on teeth and gums.

People once brushed only the surface of the teeth exposed to public view. A great deal of water has flowed under and around the bridges since that unenlightened day.

We have learned that, although the brush remains the most effective weapon for teeth preservation, the work of mouth hygiene does not end with the employment of the toothbrush, even though it be used religiously three times a day. An antiseptic mouth wash also should be used to combat the micro-organisms that are recognized as contributing to tooth decay.

Every mouth harbors a certain amount of bacteria, harmless enough until poisons are produced by their growth and multiplication. By keeping the mouth absolutely free from food particles, or debris left after brushing, this proliferation may be minimized.

It was Nature's original intent to make the saliva do this cleansing work, but in the evolution of mankind the jawbone has decreased in size and the space between the teeth has become so limited that it often is impossible for the brush to penetrate every little crevice.

There are natural crevices in the mouth between the teeth, and between the teeth and the gums, which secrete foreign particles that must be washed away. Dental floss, of course, is advocated for this far-reaching work, and its use should be followed by a mouth wash to remove any food particles the floss may leave in its wake.

Certain dentists hold that warm water swished back and forth between the teeth is all that is needed; but, generally speaking, oral hygienists recommend what they call bacteriostatic agents, known to the layman as antiseptic agents, to be used in conjunction with the water.

There is nothing very high-sounding or mysterious about a number of the ingredients recommended as compounding good mouth washes. Boric acid is often advised. A salt solution is another widely recommended rinse. A teaspoonful of salt to a pint of warm water is the popular formula. And this may be strengthened by the addition of a little sodium bicarbonate. And there are, of course, excellent mouth washes on the market. The mouth also should be rinsed thoroughly before retiring, as salivary secretion is at its lowest ebb during the night.

The use of special astringents is urged for persons suffering from pyorrhea symptoms, such as soft, swollen, or bleeding gums. These are not advised as substitutes for the vigorous use of the brush, being simply supplementary aids to restore the mouth to a healthy condition.

Tender gums especially require brushing, and Dr. Bernard Fantus, associate professor of clinical medicine at Rush Medical College in Chicago, says that a few drops of glycerite of tannic acid added to warm water has a gum-hardening tendency.

The advice of the dentist familiar with the condition of a pyorrhea sufferer's mouth ought to be sought and followed for permanent relief.

If, as sometimes happens, it is inconvenient to brush the teeth after the noonday meal, rinse the mouth out with clear water. This procedure, for æsthetic reasons, will naturally have to be conducted with some privacy. Orange juice or an apple also is cleansing to the mouth and gums.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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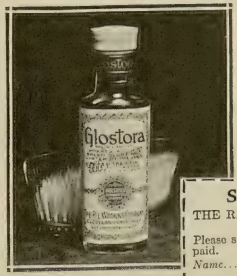
It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as waxy pastes and creams do. Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it! See how easy it is to keep your hair combed any style you like, whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.



A generous sample FREE upon request.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

Send This *Coupon and* Try it FREE

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1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me FREE, a sample of GLOSTORA, all charges paid.

Name.....

Address.....

In Canada address
THE R. L. WATKINS CO., 462 Wellington St., West, Toronto 2-Ont.

Twenty Questions—*How Much Do You Know?*

LIBERTY asks twenty questions every week. *You* send them in, with the answers. For each question and answer *published*, we pay $5. Don't forget to include answers with questions. Address Questions Editor, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

How many of these can you answer?

1—By what nickname is the short session of Congress known, and why? —*C. R. Bohman, Moline, Ill.*

2—Who was the first woman appointed head of a bureau in the United States Government? — *Mrs. W. C. Rudisill, Santa Rosa, Calif.*

3—Which one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world was fought on American soil?—*William Pikney, San Pedro, Calif.*

4—What State requires both parties to submit to a physical examination on applying for a marriage license?—*Hugh Reynolds, Norwood, O.*

5—When was China proclaimed a republic?—*Maynard Harris, Richmond, Va.*

6—What two men defeated each other for the Presidency of the United States?—*R. E. Kane, Galveston, Texas.*

7—What happened to the Monitor after the Civil War?—*Saul Rosenbloom, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

8—Where in the United States were street cars first introduced?—*Mrs. Frances Lindamood, Berkeley, Calif.*

9—What was the first chartered college to confer degrees on women? —*M. B. Pound, Athens, Ga.*

10—How does foolscap paper derive its name?—*Mrs. L. H. Phelan, Fall River, Mass.*

11—Who was the only Catholic priest who was a member of the House of Representatives?—*Edward J. Orr, Highland Park, Mich.*

12—What United States court can pass a sentence of death on an American citizen without a trial by jury? —*Philip W. Morrissey, San Francisco, Calif.*

13—In what State, upon its being admitted to the Union, were all male inhabitants automatically declared naturalized citizens?—*Dorothy M. Rue, Scranton, Pa.*

14—When and where was the first policewoman appointed? — *William Loftus, Syracuse, N. Y.*

15—What monument is made of artillery captured in a famous battle?—*Ruth Stanley, St. Louis, Mo.*

16—What is the hottest open flame known?—*J. F. Eldes, Clearfield, Pa.*

17—Where is the original painting of the "Spirit of 1776"? Who painted it and when?—*Mrs. Albert M. Porter, Marblehead, Mass.*

18—What was the first coin made in the United States?—*Mrs. J. W. Bair, Johnstown, Pa.*

19—What State was the first to establish public schools? — *J. W. Humphrey, Sycamore, Ill.*

20—What State does not observe Labor Day as a legal holiday?—*Harry J. Craft, Newburg, N. Y.*

See Answers in Next Week's LIBERTY

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—What was the name of the S. S. Leviathan before it was transferred to the United States by Germany?—*Dr. Maxwell L. Volk, New York City.*

A.—The Vaterland.

2—What is the present value per annum in United States money of a Rhodes scholarship? —*Ernest R. Lowe, Waltham, Mass.*

A.—$2,000.

3—What male bird changes its color in the fall to that of its mate?—*Patricia L. Tosney, N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa.*

A.—The bobolink.

4—What is the shortest transcontinental distance across the United States?—*Hannah Watson, Kansas City, Mo.*

A.—Between points near Charleston, S. C., and San Diego, Calif.—about 2,200 miles.

5—How many times has war been declared against the United States? — *Halsey Beach Loder, Jr., Brookline, Mass.*

A.—Once, in 1801, by the Dey of Tripoli.

6—What great author, winner of a Nobel prize, was at one time a street-car conductor in Chicago?—*Mrs. N. B. Thvedt, St. Paul, Minn.*

A.—Knute Hamsun, the Norwegian author.

7—What world-famous prize fighter, after his retirement from the prize ring, was elected to the United States Congress?—*W. E. Bagby, Ponca City, Okla.*

A.—John Morrissey. He defeated John C. Heenan in the ring.

8—What metal burns when it is thrown in water?—*L. M. Larson, Oak Terrace, Minn.*

A.—Sodium.

9—Who is the Dominion of Canada's first minister plenipotentiary to the United States? —*Raymond J. Mertz, Greenville, Pa.*

A.—The Hon. Vincent Massey of Toronto.

10—What baseball rule was changed for Babe Ruth's benefit?—*A. B. Levitt, Minneapolis, Minn.*

A.—The rule that a home run in the last half of the ninth or an extra inning counts only for the number of bases necessary to score the winning run was changed to give credit for a home run if the ball is knocked over the fence.

11—What musical instrument did Benjamin Franklin invent, and what two composers wrote music for it?—*W. H. Dreher, Stroudsburg, Pa.*

A.—The "armonica." Composers were Mozart and Beethoven.

12—Upon how many men has the United States conferred the full rank of General?—*George Blair, Excelsior, Minn.*

A.—Five—Washington, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and Pershing.

13—What are the largest guns in our navy and what is their range?—*Albert B. Scoles, Annapolis, Md.*

A.—16 inch—50 caliber. They can hurl a 2,100-pound projectile about 19.9 miles.

14—What nine men in the United States are eligible to vote, but never do?—*Doran A. Hammack, Lima, O.*

A.—There is a tradition which keeps the nine justices of the United States Supreme Court from voting. They are permitted by law to vote in their home States, but they never do.

15—When and where did the term "stateroom" originate?—*Mrs. A. J. Tillery, Monroe, La.*

A.—Prior to the Civil War it became a fad to have the rooms on the Mississippi steamboats named for the various States.

16—Who was the first reigning monarch to visit the United States, and when?—*Mrs. Dorothy B. Woodruff, Mansfield, Ohio.*

A.—Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, in 1876.

17—Who is the president of the American Red Cross Society?—*Margaret Mann Rowland, Dallas, Tex.*

A.—The President of the United States.

18—Who is the author of the Constitution of the World Court?—*Louis Silverstein, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

A.—Elihu Root.

19—What is the world's longest railway from one point to another?—*A. Duchich, Alberta, Canada.*

A.—Trans-Siberian Railway, owned by the Russian Government, running from Tcheliabinck to Vladivostok. Length, 4,771 miles.

20—When was ceremonial marriage instituted?—*T. H. Barnes, Xenia, Ohio.*

A.—The institution of marriage by ceremony is attributed to King Cecrops of Athens, in the year 1556 B. C.

LIBERTY publishes the answers, believing them to be correct. But no one can know everything.

The THREE Most Interesting Books I Ever READ

By the Advertising Department

TWO weeks ago LIBERTY published the three most interesting books of the members of the Editorial Department and followed last week with the selection of members not included in the first list.

When the selections of the Editorial Department were announced, Nelson Perry, Advertising Manager, protested to Harvey Deuell, Executive Editor, that the Editorial Department was notoriously "literary." The views of advertising men on literature are vastly more typical of the average public, he said.

Realizing the truth of this, Mr. Deuell consented to publish their three most interesting books.

J. J. Mitchell, manager of the Circulation Department, then insisted that only among employees of his department could a typical consensus of literary opinion be obtained.

Their selections will be published next week.

J. P. Ahrens
Salesman
HUCKLEBERRY FINN
Mark Twain
THE HARBOR
Ernest Poole
MEN LIKE GODS
H. G. Wells

Max Annenberg
General Manager
OUTLINE OF HISTORY
H. G. Wells
STRANGER THAN FICTION
Lewis Browne
MARTYRDOM OF MAN
W. W. Reade

Fred Barton
Production Department
LONE STAR RANGER
Zane Grey
THE SON OF TARZAN
Edgar Rice Burroughs
DON JUAN
Lord Byron

Mildred Barton
Department of Research
ANNA KARENINA
Count Lyof N. Tolstoy
JUDE THE OBSCURE
Thomas Hardy
SORRELL AND SON
Warwick Deeping

Helen Bergstrom
File Clerk
LITTLE WOMEN
Louisa M. Alcott
STELLA DALLAS
Olive Higgins Prouty
THE SNOB
Helen R. Martin

Mildred Bochner
Secretary
SKEETERS KIRBY
Edgar Lee Masters
THE WAY OF ALL FLESH
Samuel Butler
TOLD BY AN IDIOT
Rose Macauley

Marion F. Braun
Secretary
PRIDE AND PREJUDICE
Jane Austen
DANCE OF LIFE
Havelock Ellis
VANITY FAIR
William Makepeace Thackeray

T. W. Brewer
Salesman
THE VIRGINIAN
Owen Wister
ABRAHAM LINCOLN
Carl Sandburg
THE MAN NOBODY KNOWS
Bruce Barton

Kilburn R. Brown
Salesman
NOSTROMO
Joseph Conrad
THE REVOLT OF THE ANGELS
Anatole France
THE THREE MUSKETEERS
Alexandre Dumas

R. A. Burton, Jr.
Salesman
THE HONORABLE PETER STIRLING
Paul Leicester Ford
THE STORY TELLER'S HOLIDAY
George Moore
FOOTLIGHTS AND SPOTLIGHTS
Otis Skinner

Eleanor Cannon
Chief Telephone Operator
SHOW BOAT
Edna Ferber
AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY
Theodore Dreiser
THE LIFE OF CHRIST
Rafael Papini

Helen W. Church
Research File Clerk
LES MISERABLES
Victor Hugo
CHRISTMAS CAROL
Charles Dickens
THE VARMINT
Owen Johnston

R. W. Clark
West'n Adv. Manager
THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES
Sir A. Conan Doyle
THE GO GETTER
Peter B. Kyne
OUTLINE OF HISTORY
H. G. Wells

Frank H. Comtois
Research Clerk
LES MISERABLES
Victor Hugo
ESSAYS OF STEPHEN LEACOCK
IVANHOE
Sir Walter Scott

H. R. Cowan
Manager Advertising Records
A TALE OF TWO CITIES
Charles Dickens
TOM JONES
Henry Fielding
BEAU GESTE
P. C. Wren

A. J. Crawford
Production Department
FIX BAYONETS
Capt. John W. Thomason, Jr.
OUTLINE OF HISTORY
H. G. Wells
BEAU GESTE
P. C. Wren

Eleanore Davis
Secretary
THE HILL OF DREAMS
Arthur Machen
THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN
Jefferey Farnol
GLORIOUS APOLLO
E. Barrington

Irving Davis
Manager of Publicity
ETHAN FROME
Edith Wharton
THE WAY OF ALL FLESH
Samuel Butler
THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE
Stephen Crane

George Dawson
Promotion Division
JURGEN
James Branch Cabell
AT THE SIGN OF LA REINE DE PEDAUQUE
Anatole France
THOSE BARREN LEAVES
Aldous Huxley

Helen Day
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SHOW BOAT
Edna Ferber
JAVA HEAD
Joseph Hergesheimer
TIN WEDDING
Margaret Leach

Josephine Day
File Clerk
DAVID COPPERFIELD
Charles Dickens
KINDRED OF THE WEST
Peter B. Kyne
SEATS OF THE MIGHTY
Sir Gilbert Parker

H. R. Denton
Salesman
THE HONORABLE PETER STIRLING
Paul Leicester Ford
THE CRISIS
Winston Churchill
THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS
James Fenimore Cooper

Cecile Doehler
Secretary
SHOW BOAT
Edna Ferber
HILDEGARDE
Kathleen Norris
THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE
Willa Cather

Mary Duby
Clerk
THE GRAY PHANTOM
H. Langdon
AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY
Theodore Dreiser
YOUTH TRIUMPHANT
George F. Gibbs

Geraldine Durnin
Clerk
AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY
Theodore Dreiser
THE BLACK FLEMINGS
Kathleen Norris
RAMONA
Helen Hunt Jackson

Mac Vincent Edds
Division Salesmanager
MOBY DICK
Herman Melville
THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE
John Fox, Jr.
THE KISS OF SALOME JANE
Bret Harte

Florence Egan
Typist
A TALE OF TWO CITIES
Charles Dickens
THELMA
Marie Corelli
LAVENDER AND OLD LACE
Myrtle Reed

Helen Eisen
Secretary
PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY
John Erskine
AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY
Theodore Dreiser
NIGGER HEAVEN
Carl van Vechten

W. I. Englehart
Division Manager
FREE AIR
Sinclair Lewis
WAR BIRDS
Anonymous
THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES
Sir A. Conan Doyle

F. A. Ewald
Salesman
GALAHAD
John Erskine
THE WORLD'S ILLUSION
Jacob Wassermann
AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY
Theodore Dreiser

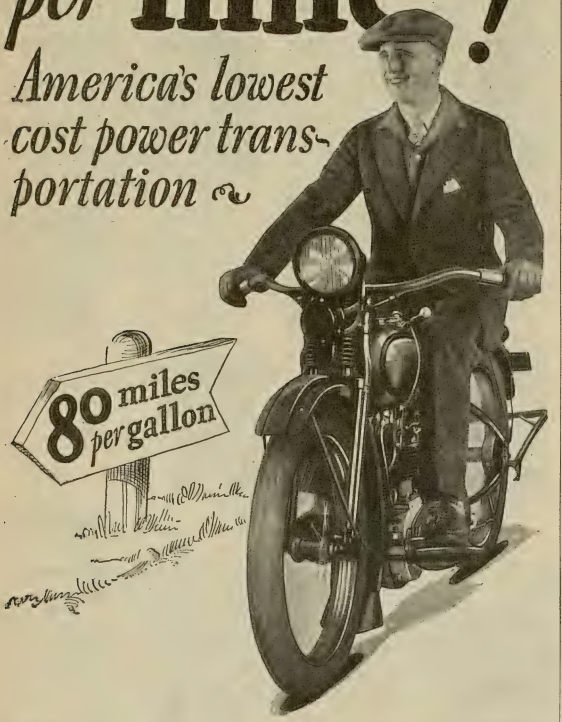
D. H. Fay
Division Salesmanager
NOSTROMO
Joseph Conrad
HARMER JOHN
Hugh Walpole
QUEEN VICTORIA
Lytton Strachey

Margaret Fealey
Secretary
REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM
Kate Douglas Wiggin
SO BIG
Edna Ferber
BLACK OXEN
Gertrude Atherton

[Cont'd on Next Page]

One Cent per mile!

America's lowest cost power transportation



THE Harley-Davidson Single—new-type motorcycle—costs barely *one cent per mile to operate!* No wonder thousands upon thousands of people are adopting this amazingly low cost and dependable means of transportation. The cost is actually lower than street car or bus fare! Only one-seventh the cost of operating a low priced motor car!

The Single is easier to ride and control than a bicycle—*safe.* Parks in any 2x8 foot space—*convenient.* Travels 80 miles on a gallon—*economical.* Powerful, dependable, Ricardo-head motor.

Easy to buy, too. Your Harley-Davidson dealer offers a convenient Pay-As-You-Ride plan. Price, complete with 3-speed transmission and full electric equipment, f.o.b. Milwaukee, only $235

See your dealer for a demonstration and send us the coupon for literature.

Com-fort-able

Safe

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
Department LM Milwaukee, Wis.

The HARLEY-DAVIDSON [New-Type Motorcycle] Single

Harley-Davidsons will be on display at the National Motorcycle Show, Madison Square Garden, New York City, Jan. 31 to Feb. 5

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR COMPANY
Dept. LM, Milwaukee, Wis.

☐ Interested in your Single; send catalog and my dealer's name.

☐ Interested in your dealer proposition; is my territory open?

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

[THE THREE MOST INTERESTING BOOKS I EVER READ]

Continued from Page Fifty-nine

Rose Feit
Typist

BEAU GESTE
P. C. Wren

BEAU SABREUR
P. C. Wren

SUMMER BACHELORS
Warner Fabian

J. L. Ferguson
Salesman

KIDNAPED
R. L. Stevenson

MARE NOSTRUM
V. Blasco Ibanez

SOLDIERS THREE
Rudyard Kipling

J. J. Finn
Research Clerk

THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO
William M. Prescott

MONSIEUR LECOQ
Emile Gaboriau

LA SALLE AND THE NEW FRANCE
Francis Parkman

Maria Moore Fix
File Clerk

SHOW BOAT
Edna Ferber

THE GENIUS
Theodore Dreiser

THE WOMAN THOU GAVEST ME
Hall Caine

Jean Fogle
Order Clerk

SCARAMOUCHE
Rafael Sabatini

GALLANT LADY
Margaret Widdemer

WILD GEESE
Martha Ostenso

Hugh Fullerton, Jr.
Promotion Division

TOM JONES
Henry Fielding

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENVENUTO CELLINI

MY ANTONIA
Willa Cather

Le Grand A. Gaines, Jr.
Director of Research and Promotion

TOM SAWYER
Mark Twain

DAVID COPPERFIELD
Charles Dickens

THE EDUCATION OF HENRY ADAMS

Charles Garlisch
Clerk

THE BAT
Mary Roberts Rinehart

FORLORN RIVER
Zane Grey

WAR BIRDS
Anonymous

Anna del Gaudio
Secretary

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY
Theodore Dreiser

THE BLIND GODDESS
Arthur Train

BLACK FLEMINGS
Kathleen Norris

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Keep a bottle of Kemp's Balsam on hand, to soothe an irritated throat and stop a cough.

Sold by druggists everywhere.

KEMP & LANE, Inc., Le Roy, N. Y. L. L. 15-7

I enclose 4 cents in stamps to pay cost of mailing trial packages of Kemp's Balsam and Lane's Cold Tablets. 14c. worth FREE for cost of mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

That Fat *Is Unnecessary*

Look about in any circle. Note how slenderness prevails. Countless people who once were fat have lost that handicap.

The easy, pleasant way is with Marmola Prescription Tablets. They correct the cause. No abnormal exercise or diet is required. And the results you get endure.

Marmola has been used for 19 years. Year by year more and more people have learned its benefits and its efficiency. They have told the results to others. Now people are using a million boxes yearly.

You should know this method, based on long scientific research. Diet and exercise often fail, and often do much harm. Learn the results and the benefits of this easy, pleasant way. The way which has been tested for nearly two decades.

You simply take four tablets daily, then watch results. Reduction is never too rapid. Cease Marmola when you reach the weight desired, and note how much better you feel. Then, in kindness to your friends, tell others the effects.

Start now.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. Send this coupon for our latest book, and 25c. sample free, and our guarantee. Clip it now.

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

MARMOLA
2-234 General Motors Bldg.
DETROIT, MICH.

Mail for 25c Sample Free

1913

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY]

Margaret Golden
Telegraph Operator

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY
Theodore Dreiser

GALAHAD
John Erskine

PLUMES
Laurence Stallings

Margaret Gurnea
Switchboard Operator

AFTERNOON
Susan Ertz

WILD GEESE
Martha Ostenso

OUTLINE OF HISTORY
H. G. Wells

Paul J. Haaren
Salesman

THE TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO
Marco Polo

THE ROMANY STAIN
Christopher Morley

THE DIVINE LADY
E. Barrington

W. P. Hamann
Salesman

THUNDER ON THE LEFT
Christopher Morley

BEAU GESTE
P. C. Wren

SO BIG
Edna Ferber

G. F. Hambright
Production Manager

TALES OF CHICAGO STREETS
Ben Hecht

TALES OF MYSTERY AND HORROR
Edgar Allan Poe

OUTLINE OF HISTORY
H. G. Wells

Joseph Hart
Chief Office Boy

BEAU GESTE
P. C. Wren

LES MISERABLES
Victor Hugo

THE MASTER MUMMER
E. Phillips Oppenheim

Jean Healy
Telephone Operator

LITTLE WOMEN
Louisa Alcott

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THE VIRGINIAN
Owen Wister

THE THUNDERING HERD
Zane Grey

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED
Rudyard Kipling

Norman T. Helfer
Production Department

THE THREE MUSKETEERS
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MADAME BOVARY
Gustave Flaubert

NANA
Emile Zola

C. E. Herbst
Salesman

CHEVRONS
Leonard Nason

HUNTING BIG GAME IN AFRICA
Theodore Roosevelt

EAST OF THE SUN AND WEST OF THE MOON
Theodore and Kermit Roosevelt

Teresa M. Hinz
Saleswoman

LES MISERABLES
Victor Hugo

DAVID COPPERFIELD
Charles Dickens

MAIN STREET
Sinclair Lewis

Lillian Hirschman
Typist

SONS AND LOVERS
D. H. Lawrence

OF HUMAN BONDAGE
Somerset Maugham

JURGEN
James Branch Cabell

Arthur N. Hosking, Jr.
Salesman

MEDITATIONS OF MARCUS AURELIUS

IN THE FOG
Richard Harding Davis

WAR BIRDS
Anonymous

Muriel Howard
Reception Clerk

VANITY FAIR
William Makepeace Thackeray

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY
Theodore Dreiser

NIGGER HEAVEN
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Secretary

THE FINANCIER
Theodore Dreiser

THE CASTAWAY
Amelie Rives

STEEL
Garet Garrett

Mary Alice Jung
Secretary

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY
Theodore Dreiser

NIGGER HEAVEN
Carl van Vechten

BEAU SABREUR
P. C. Wren

Hubert Kain
Office Boy

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY
Edward Everett Hale

DAVID COPPERFIELD
Charles Dickens

THE CALL OF THE WILD
Jack London

Joseph Karle
Artist

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENVENUTO CELLINI

A TALE OF TWO CITIES
Charles Dickens

MIND IN THE MAKING
James H. Robinson

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Do You Need MONEY?

If you want to make $100 a week and get a Hudson Coach this is Your chance

IF YOU want to make $100 a week, *write to me at once*. You won't have to invest a cent of capital. You don't need experience. Your earnings will start immediately. You can clear from $10 to $20 a day your very first days. You can enjoy an income of $5000 a year for the easiest work you ever did. And in addition to this big money, you can get a Hudson Super-Six Coach absolutely FREE.

Look At These Earnings

L. C. Van Allen, of Ill., says he averages more than $100 a week. Edgar Morris, of Ohio, made $210 the very first two weeks. Mrs G. H. Michelson, of Nebr., cleared $16 in a single afternoon. And right now I am offering you a chance to make this big money for yourself.

I want men and women to represent us who know a real proposition when they see it, who are ambitious to make big money, who would like to become the most successful person in their community. If you act quick, this wonderful opportunity is yours. Then, if you will simply follow a few instructions, you will find it easy to make $100 a week, or even more.

Amazing Profits Waiting For You

We are the largest and most successful company of our kind in the world. We have been in business for nineteen years. We have hundreds of thousands of customers in every part of the country. But ZANOL Products are never sold in stores. Instead, we appoint an authorized representative in every community to represent us and handle all of our business with our customers. For doing this easy, pleasant, dignified work, our representatives made over a million and a half dollars last year. This year they will make two million dollars. And if you will accept my offer now, you can get your share of these tremendous profits.

$50 Profit Her First Week

Mrs. K. R. Roof of South Carolina is the ZANOL Representative in her spare hours. She finds this work pleasant and profitable. Her first week she cleared over $50.

$30 to $35 a Day

Not long ago I made $35 clear profit in less than eight hours and in a district which I have considered very poor. But this is far from being my record day as I have often made from $30 to $35.—John T. Tyler, Pennsylvania

Your Income Starts Immediately

You can begin to enjoy a big income immediately. I furnish you with a complete equipment for doing business, absolutely FREE. I tell you exactly what to do. I tell you where to go and what to say, and how to make money. John Scotti, of New York, made $97 his second week. Mrs. K. R. Roof, of S. C., earned $50 the first week in spare time. Henry Albers, of Ohio, has made as much as $125 a week, and even $47 in a single day. Christopher Vaughn netted $125 in one week. And there isn't a reason in the world why you can't do as well, or better, than any of these representatives.

Get The Facts Today

Just send me your name and I will tell you how to get started in this wonderful money-making business. I will give you all the details. I will show you how you can make $100 a week, and even in your spare time $8 to $10 a day for a few hours' work. And besides all that, I will show you how you can get your Hudson Coach absolutely free. I don't want you to send me a cent. You risk nothing. Let me tell you about this marvelous opportunity. Let me prove to you that you can make $100 a week without working half as hard as you do right now. Mail the coupon today.

THE AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO.
Albert Mills
President and General Manager
7064 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Hudson Coach FREE!

We want you to realize that this is a high-grade proposition. We want to help you in every way to make large profits and we offer to provide a new Hudson Super-Six Coach without any expense to you whatever. Just write for our proposition. Mail the coupon for details of the plan that will give you this handsome closed car without expense and an income of $100 a week, or more.

Mail This NOW

Albert Mills, Pres.,
American Product Co.,
7064 Monmouth Ave.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

I want to know how I can earn $100 a week as a ZANOL Representative. Send me all the facts about your money-making proposition, without cost or obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

(c) A. P. Co. (Write Plainly)

How to Put Pounds of Good Flesh on Your Puny, Thin Child

In the Midst of Plenty, Thousands of Children Are Starving

NOT starving for food — mind you —for of that they get plenty — but simply starving for the want of vitamines that their entire being is eagerly craving for.

Let us all be thankful that these vitamines can now be supplied and that right now this vast army of weak, thin, undernourished and underweight boys and girls can grow strong, robust and happy.

Nature's greatest health builder and strength giver is Cod Liver Oil—It's full of vitamines of the first class—everyone knows that.

There is now no need for the youngsters to take disagreeable Cod Liver Oil, for the modern way and the pleasant way to build them up, give them more strength and put the color of health in their cheeks is now known to Pharmacists all over America.

For now the real benefit of Cod Liver Oil comes in tasteless sugar coated tablets, that are as easy for the kids to take as candy, and they surely do build up the youngsters in double-quick time.

So Mothers, if any of your loved ones are not feeling right, just ask any druggist for a box of McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Compound Tablets—60 tablets—60 cents.

One sickly, thin child gained 12 pounds in seven months and now plays daily with other children.

Splendid for any run-down, weak, skinny, nervous man or woman—thousands of boxes are sold daily—but be sure and demand McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Compound Tablets—the original and genuine. Try them for thirty days and if you are not delighted with the improvement your druggist is authorized to return the money you paid for them.

boys ~ make money every week!

BOYS! Here's your chance to be independent! Earn your own spending money every week and buy the things you want. Start a savings account. It's easy. Thousands of boys now have a steady weekly income without leaving their own neighborhood. You can too! Work a few hours after school, one day a week—just as you please. No interference with school or play. No money, no experience needed! In addition you can get such wonderful FREE prizes as radios, bicycles, all kinds of sporting equipment, etc. Send the coupon for our Big Catalog of Free Prizes and full information about how you can make money at once.

just mail this

Liberty Magazine, 247 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Boy Sales Division,

Please tell me how to join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

Name.....

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City.....State.....

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Willa Cather

THE ABLE McLAUGHLINS
Margaret Wilson

YOUNG FELIX
Frank Swinnerton

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Theodore Dreiser

IVANHOE
Sir Walter Scott

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Charles Norris

J. C. Lange
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NARCISSUS
Joseph Conrad

CHITRA
Rabindranath Tagore

TOM SAWYER
Mark Twain

James LeBaron
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Charles Dickens

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Rudyard Kipling

BABBITT
Sinclair Lewis

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John Bunyan

WHY WE BEHAVE LIKE HUMAN BEINGS
George Dorsey

THE MAN NOBODY KNOWS
Bruce Barton

Imelda Lennon
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Laurence Stern

MADAME BOVARY
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Victor Hugo

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Robert Rauls Updegraff

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Secretary

THE GENIUS
Theodore Dreiser

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY
John Erskine

NIGGER HEAVEN
Carl van Vechten

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

I End Gray Hair or Don't Accept a Penny

GRAY hair is proved unnecessary. A new **safe** way has been found to bring back original shade — to remove the faded streaks and restore graying parts — to make the hair live looking and lustrous.

Over 10,000,000 women have used it as the sure way to avoid detection . . . and because it's **safe.** They warn you not to use the crude, messy old-time dyes. This is clean and colorless. You simply comb it through the hair. It will not wash nor rub off. It's called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer.

Gray hair lacks color pigment. This way takes its place, and gives the natural effect. If auburn, will revert to auburn. If black, black it will be.

Test it free if you wish. Simply write for special outfit. Or go to nearest druggist. A few cents' worth restores color perfectly. Money returned if not amazed and delighted.

Test Free

Mary T. Goldman, 1336-A Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black... dark brown ... medium brown ... auburn (dark red) ... light brown ... light auburn (light red) ... blonde ...

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Street.....

City.....

Please print your name and address

For Bad Complexion

Never again need you be ashamed of your complexion. The admiration lavished upon the vivacious, beautiful woman can be yours to enjoy. The cause of your trouble is probably constipation. It ravages the system, destroys beauty. Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, better than calomel, is a vegetable compound mixed with olive oil, known by their olive color. Will eliminate constipation, cleanse your system, give you health that makes beauty. A famous, sure but harmless corrective used for 20 years. Non-habit-forming. No bad after-effects. Take nightly. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

Dr. Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BEAUTY AIDES

Unconditionally Guaranteed as is my

PARISIAN FLESH FOOD

Here's a marvelous *home treatment* for regaining the charm of a clear, wholesome complexion—the wonder-way of restoring youthful freshness and beauty marred by time, illness or neglect. Wrinkles, crowsfeet, frown lines removed.

CORRECTS ALMOST OVERNIGHT

Restores girlish elasticity to skin, and firmness to underlying tissues. AMAZING RESULTS!

USE COUPON NOW

FREE TRIAL SAMPLE

Mme Fontaire, 702 Parisian Bldg., Cleveland, O.

Send Free samples (10c each for packing, etc.) with Free "Beauty Secrets" Check articles:
( ) Parisian Flesh Food ( ) Bust Developer
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Name.....

Address.....

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

Every Deaf Person Knows That

I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They stop head noises and ringing ears. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear.

Medicated Ear Drum

Address, GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.) 250 Hoffman Bldg., 2539 Woodward, Detroit, Mich.

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Large List New Vaudeville, Acts, Stage Monologs. New Minstrel Choruses and Novelty Songs. Blackface After-pieces and Crossfire, Musical Comedies and Revues, Musical Readings, Novelty Entertainments, Wigs, Beards, Grease Paints and other Make-up Goods. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE, WRITE NOW.

T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 173 Chicago

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Charles Dickens

CONQUEST OF THE NEW WORLD
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THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO
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Krasnoff

PENGUIN ISLAND
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SOUNDINGS
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Theodore Dreiser

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES
Anita Loos

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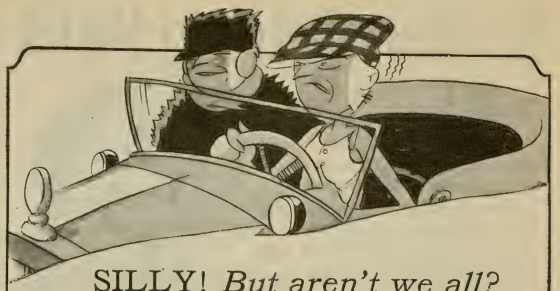


SILLY! *But aren't we all?*

Put on your big fur coat, big goloshes, big mitts! And yet, with all your swaddling, you too will still be unprotected at a vital place — *the inner throat.*

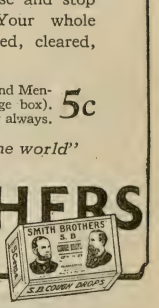
Most coughs and colds get started in the delicate throat membrane's. It's just plain silly not to protect them—they are so easy to safeguard.

Smith Brothers' Cough Drops safely protect and gently medicate the throat tissues. They quickly soothe irritation, relieve hoarseness, ease and stop the cough. Your whole throat is cooled, cleared, refreshed.

Two kinds: S-Bs and Menthol (in the orange box). Keep a box handy always. 5c

"The cheapest health insurance in the world"

SMITH BROTHERS
COUGH DROPS



I Offer You $15 a Day

Make $15 a day selling this wonderful new household article that has taken the country by storm. It is CED-O-BAG—a moth-proof, damp-proof, dust-proof, germ-proof storage bag for clothes, blankets and furs. It is the greatest, fastest selling household article that has come on the market for years. Every housewife wants one, buys on sight.

CED-O-BAGS are made from rubberized fabric which has been chemically treated. They are patented. Nothing else like them. Instead of a small easily torn paper bag or a clumsy, expensive cedar chest, a CED-O-BAG provides adequate space for two to four garments. And yet, with all these distinctive advantages CED-O-BAGS are priced for quick sale.

Ced-O-Bags Offer Big Profits

There is a chance for you to clean up a lot of money in your town at once just by taking orders for CED-O-BAGS. L. H. Green went out and made a clear profit of $12 in one afternoon. J. V. Davis took five orders in one evening and was $5 richer. Edith Phillips made $53 in one week's spare time (evenings). You can do as well, or better.

No Experience Needed

You don't need experience or training. Every home in your town is a live prospect. All you have to do is show the housewife a CED-O-BAG and take her order. We deliver and collect. You get your profits at once, and move on to the next house and take another order. Everyone buys. Geo. Jones took 22 orders in two days' spare time and had a clear profit of $22. Twenty-one agents report an average profit of $3 an hour.

How Much Money Do You Want?

Would you like to make an extra $100 or $200 a month, in your spare time? Would you like to gather a lump sum of $500 or $600 in a couple of months? If you would, here is your chance. Mail me the coupon and I will tell you all about this money-making proposition. I will show you how you can make $15 a day or more in this easy, pleasant, engaging work. I will show you the way to quick profits—big profits. Mail the coupon now.

C. E. Comer, Pres., The Comer Mfg. Co.
Dept. 1097-F Dayton, Ohio

Mail This Now

C. E. Comer, Pres., The Comer Mfg. Co.
Dept. 1097-F, Dayton, Ohio
Dear Sir: Please send me full details of your money-making proposition by which I can make $15 a day in cash. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name .....

Address .....

To Men Getting Bald I Say!

No matter how fast your hair is falling out—no matter how much of it is already gone—I make this amazing guarantee! I'll end dandruff—stop falling hair—grow new hair in 30 days—or you don't pay me a cent! No strings attached! No "Ifs," "Ands" or "Maybes"! New hair or no pay! And you are the sole judge!

By ALOIS MERKE
Founder of the Merke Institute: 5th Avenue, New York

SAVE yourself from baldness! Stop falling hair! Grasp this "no risk" offer to grow new healthy hair in 30 days!

Here's My Contract!

If your hair is rapidly falling out—if your appearance is spoiled by approaching baldness—if you have tried countless expensive hair treatments unsuccessfully—it makes no difference. My contract stands! I'll grow new hair in thirty days—or the trial costs you NOTHING.

Here's My Secret

Years of training and research and day after day experience in treating thousands of cases of loss of hair at the famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, N. Y., have taught me many valuable facts about the hair—and this, the most amazing of all—that in most cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead, but merely *dormant*—asleep!

You're wasting your time—you're throwing away money—when you try to reach these dormant roots with ordinary hair tonics, oils, massages and salves. For such measures treat only the *surface skin* and *never even get* to the roots, the *real* source of trouble. How could they ever *possibly* grow new hair?

My Method Reaches the Roots

It's no use trying to make a tree grow by rubbing "growing fluid" on the bark. You *must* get to the roots!

And that's just why my scientific treatment is so tremendously beneficial! It penetrates *below* the surface of the scalp. It quickly reaches the *cause* of the trouble—the dormant, starving hair roots. It awakens them. Hair begins to sprout again. It takes on new life and color. It becomes stronger and thicker. And in a surprisingly short time—sooner than you ever imagined possible—you have a new healthy growth of hair—OR I PAY ALL COSTS OF THE TREATMENT MYSELF.

And best of all, my system is so simple that it can be used in any home where there is electricity without the slightest discomfort—*and for just a few cents a day!*

New Hair or No Cost!

Thousands claim seeming miracles for my treatment. I don't. I admit some cases of loss of hair are hopeless. Only remember this—these cases are so very rare and so many hundreds of others have regained luxuriant hair through my method, that I am willing to let you try it for 30 days—AT MY RISK!

Then if you are not absolutely delighted—say so. And I'll mail you a check *immediately*—refunding every cent of your money—and the treatment will have cost you NOTHING!

Free Booklet Tells All

The very fact that you have read this announcement shows that you are anxious about the condition of your hair. So why not investigate? Find out for yourself. If you will merely fill in and mail the coupon I will gladly send you without cost or obligation a wonderfully interesting booklet which describes in detail my successful system, which is growing new hair for thousands all over the country. In addition it tells all about my iron-clad guarantee which enables you to take my treatment without a penny's risk. Clip and mail the coupon today. **Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 1291, 512 Fifth Ave., N. Y.**

EVIDENCE!
Hair Coming Back

"Having used your Thermocap Treatment for 30 days, I find a new growth of hair coming back on bald spot. It is growing in very fine. The thermocap is a treatment that every one who is losing his hair should buy."
G. H. P., Portland, Me.

Dandruff Leaves Entirely

"I want to tell you how wonderful your treatment is. The first week my dandruff left entirely, and by the third week a new growth of hair could be seen all over my head."
Mrs. H. S., Port Angeles, Wash.

Allied Merke Institutes, Inc.,
Dept. 1291, 512 Fifth Avenue,
New York City.

Please send me without cost or obligation a copy of your book, "The New Way to Grow Hair," describing the Merke System.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Is at His Best In:
The Adventure of the Veiled Lodger
By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

Here is another smashing Sherlock Holmes story—one of the best of the series now running exclusively in LIBERTY. You'll thrill to this tale of a murder which the celebrated detective preferred to leave alone. Watch for it:

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE OF LIBERTY

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Continued from Page Sixty-three]

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George Dorsey

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Louis Bromfield

THE GREEN BAY TREE
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Secretary

SO BIG
Edna Ferber

HER FATHER'S DAUGHTER
Gene Stratton Porter

THE KEEPER OF THE BEES
Gene Stratton Porter

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Prevent—Remove—Lines and Wrinkles With
Lines-out
A Vivani Product

WHEN you looked in the mirror this morning did you notice those fine lines around your eyes and mouth, on your neck and forehead . . . caused perhaps by sun glare or lack of sleep, but taken by the world as a sign of aging? Why be a prey to them, why let them tell the world your youth is slipping by, when Lines-Out, new, miraculous discovery, will surely prevent them.
Young girls—stay young, with smooth, attractive faces. Women of middle age—regain the unlined lure of youth. Lines-Out will build up your tissues and banish the lines. Ask your druggist or

SEND FOR SAMPLE

Other VIVANI Beauty Aids

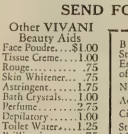
Face Poudre	$1.00
Tissue Creme	1.00
Rouge	.75
Skin Whitener	.75
Astringent	1.75
Bath Crystals	1.00
Perfume	2.75
Depilatory	1.00
Toilet Water	1.25
Brilliantine	.75

At Dealers or Direct by Mail

Benjamin Leland & Co.
St. Louis, U. S. A.
Enclosed find 25c for sample of Lines-Out.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....
State.....
Many women save time by ordering the full size tube at once —$1.00.

In Vivani's the value is in, not on, the package.

No Joke to be Bald



Grow New Hair Quick

Let Me PROVE It To You FREE
What I accomplished on my own head, pictured above, I believe I can do for you, provided you are under 45 years of age and loss of hair was not caused by burns or scars. Anyhow, *I must succeed or you pay nothing.* No quack remedy—my home treatment is simple, quick and inexpensive.
Send No Money Just your name and address and I will mail you full information with PHOTOGRAPHS, NAMES and ADDRESSES of men and women who have successfully used my treatment for dandruff, falling hair and particularly for baldness.
Write Now. A postal will do.
VREELANDS, 1761 Euclid-Windsor Bldg. CLEVELAND, OHIO

$30 a day for District Salesmen

Responsible man, 30 years old or over, and permanent resident in community, can make $30.00 a day and up as District Salesman, taking orders for our finest, tailored-to-order clothes at sensational new low price. No investment necessary. We supply everything, give exclusive territory to producers, pay highest cash commission daily and big monthly bonus besides. Write at once to Dept. 774.

GOODWEAR *Chicago, Inc.*
844 West Adams Street CHICAGO

$5,000 a Year
and up is made by our men selling SURETY (the ORIGINAL and GENUINE powdered soap. So can you!
Best Seller in Twenty Years
A repeat necessity—We furnish FREE samples, advertising matter and selling plans. Write for FREE sample and proposition.
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AT THE FEET OF THE MASTER
The Most Talked of Book in America
by
J. KRISHNAMURTI
$125 BEECHWOOD DR. HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. POST PAID 10¢

Your Coat and Vest Can Be Matched With New Trousers
Save the price of a new suit. We match hundreds of coats and vests satisfactorily every day. Each pair tailored to your measure. 80,000 patterns. We submit sample of cloth for your approval. Just mail your vest or a sample of the suit. We employ no agents.
Kindly inclose return postage of 10 cents.
ACME PANTS MATCHERS Dept. AC12
20 W. Jackson, Chicago

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Margaret Leach

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H. C. Witwer

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Florence Warren
Artist

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY
Theodore Dreiser

CHEVRONS
Leonard Nason

IMPERIAL PURPLE
Edgar E. Saltus

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A Sure Way To End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

LIQUID ARVON

Two RUGS for PRICE of ONE!

SENT FREE! Write today for our beautiful new book in colors on *Rugs and Home Decorating* which tells how the materials in your—

Old Carpets
Rugs and Clothing

—are ***reclaimed*** *like new* by our *Patented Process* of sterilizing, bleaching, shredding, pickering and carding—and then ***dyed*** in up-to-date colors—and ***woven*** into lovely new ***seamless*** and ***reversible*** rugs with the same smooth, velvety nap on *both sides* to give double wear. Rugs woven in one week, any size.

FREE TRIAL—We guarantee to satisfy you or pay for your materials. *52 years in business.* ***We Pay Freight,*** Express or Parcel Post from all states as explained in the catalog. ***New Low Prices!*** *Write today.*

OLSON RUG CO. Dept. H-48. CHICAGO, Ill.

Women Simply Can't Resist This Fast-Selling Line

Just show women this exquisite display of dress goods, silks, wash fabrics and you can't keep them from buying. Men and women agents needed to devote full or spare time. Good commissions. Average $40 to $85 a week. 1,000 samples furnished. *Write quickly.*

The National Importing Co.
Dept. N-58 560-573 Broadway, N.Y.C. 1000 Beautiful Samples

ASK YOUR BARBER

FOR LUCKY TIGER
Stops dandruff and falling hair; or Whyte-Fox for pimples and skin disorders. Money-Back Guarantee. At barbers and druggists. Write for Free booklet.
LUCKY TIGER REMEDY CO.
Kansas City, Missouri

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

FOR COUGHS AND THROAT TROUBLES

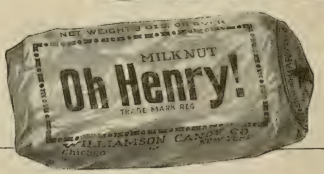
BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous **DENTIFRICE**
A SUPERIOR TOOTH POWDER
JOHN I. BROWN & SON, Boston, Mass.

REMEMBER that candy is a food . . . wouldn't you rather know that your candy is made with rich, *full cream* milk instead of skim milk? . . . . with plump, crisp nut meats . . . . with chocolate that belongs in dollar-a-pound boxes? The trifle more Oh Henry! costs is your assurance of such quality.

Taste the difference yourself!

Know Your Candy

A *convenient* portion of dollar candy!



Try the new 5c candy made by the Oh Henry! people . . . "Copy of Oh Henry!" . . . the finest candy ever made for 5c.

Safer Driving in Winter

WINTER driving calls for safe brakes and good brake lining that holds in wet weather. Raybestos stops your car smoothly and safely in all kinds of weather.

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By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE OF LIBERTY

"THEY USED TO CALL ME 'WEARY WINIFRED'"

The personal story of a woman who never was really sick, yet always ailing—how she made herself into a virile being of super-health and strength.

IN New York City there lives a woman who has such amazing vitality that she is the envy of all her friends. Yet not so long ago they used to call her "Weary Winifred."

"The strangest thing," she says, "is that I never realized there was anything really the matter with me. My life, I thought, was that of the ordinary wife and mother. I never seemed to catch up with myself. If I stayed up late one night, I could hardly drag myself out of bed the next morning. I had to cancel engagements frequently, not because I was really sick, but simply because I was too weary. I **looked** tired, **acted** tired, and **was** tired.

"My looks began to show the effect too. My neck began to look stringy and hollow. My cheek muscles sagged, my complexion was 'pasty' and colorless. My figure began to look dumpy. My age—which was only thirty-five—began to feel like fifty.

"Of course I took headache powders, tried in various ways to gain strength, and yet reduce my weight, changing from one thing to another. Still I did not improve.

"But one day I read an article, telling the story of Annette Kellermann's life—of how she, who is called the world's most perfectly formed woman, was once a puny, ailing girl, always in ill health. How she dragged herself out of her misery and actually made of herself the lovely creature of glorious health and beauty that she is today, was a revelation to me. Indeed, I was so lost in admiration for that wonderful woman that I wrote her. In response, I received not only a charming personal letter from Miss Kellermann, but, far more important, a copy of her book called 'The Body Beautiful'—a book which I can truthfully say led me to my present health and happiness.

"That little book opened my eyes. Today I am practically **never** tired. I am never nervous or irritable. I never have any of the petty ailments from which so many women suffer. I look fifteen years younger than most other women of my age. My step is springy, my eyes are bright, my skin is firm and clear, and my body is slender and has the free, lithe grace of a young girl.

"And because I **know** that there are thousands of women who are now living as I did, miserable imitations of real women, I cannot too strongly recommend that they take this simple way out of their troubles. **It is so easy!**"

FREE—The Body Beautiful

Annette Kellermann, in this book—which she will send absolutely free, upon request, to any woman—tells exactly how she transformed herself from a cripple and an invalid into a woman world-famous for her health and beauty. Any woman by devoting only fifteen minutes a day to her methods can obtain a greatly improved figure **neither too stout nor too thin**, mould each part of her body to mere graceful, youthful lines; can acquire a clearer, healthier complexion; and can overcome many weaknesses and physical troubles that so many women suffer from.

If you would like to have a copy of Annette Kellermann's new book, write for it. There is no charge or obligation.

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[THE THREE MOST INTERESTING BOOKS I EVER READ]

Continued from Page Sixty-five

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For the Love o' Lil

Fair and Warmer

A New Chapter in LIBERTY'S Famous Cover Continuity

By LESLIE THRASHER

WHEN Sandy had slightly calmed down after thrilling to the magic of Lil's "Dearest Sandford, Yes!" he took a shoot-the-chutes trip via the banister to the telephone.

"1-3-7 Ring 4," he shouted.

A pause. "Line's busy!"

But Sandy got Frank Wilson's garage on the wire. "How come on that little coupe for tonight?" he asked. Then he called 1-3-7 Ring 4 again.

"Yes?" Lil's voice!

"Lil, I've just read your letter. I'm coming right around——"

"I'm sorry; not tonight." Her tone was cold, haughty, and final.

Crestfallen, Sandy sawed. "Listen here, Lil," he began.

But another party broke in: "I want you to go to the Pine Hill Country Club with me." It was Mr. Hammerschlosser's deep voice.

"HAM!" Sandy yelled. "You get off!"

Click! Silence. Sandy got a chill.

"Sandy dear." Lil's voice again! "Come around—quickly!"

Sandy dashed to the garage.

"There's your lady," Frank Wilson grinned, pointing to the little coupe Sandy had hired.

Sandy sped along.

"Oh, Sandford!" It was Lil at the door.

"Oh, Lil!" And Sandy enfolded her in his arms. "See what's at the curb." She kissed him impulsively. "Oh, you've hired the car!"

They drove miles down the glistening State road. They were in love and were going to live happily forever after.

On the way home Sandy detoured around the Old Mill Pond.

"Always?" Sandy asked for the —th time.

Lil vigorously nodded her head.

"Yes, Sandy dear. Forever"—Bump! BUMP!—"and ever!"

(*To be continued next week*)

New! A Shampoo for Blondes Only

Blonde hair always darkens with age. But Blondex, the new blonde hair shampoo, keeps light hair from darkening—and brings back true golden beauty to even the dullest or most faded hair! Fine for hair and scalp. Makes hair soft, silky, fluffy. Over half a million users. No dyes or harmful chemicals. Highly recommended for children's hair. On sale at all good drug and department stores.

BLONDEX
The Blonde Hair Shampoo

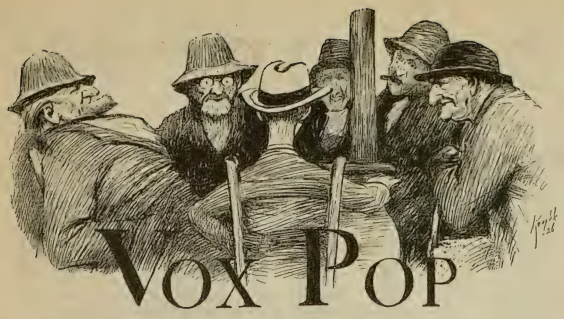
IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY:

Harvard *Versus* Princeton

By ALAN TABOR

JOHN is Tiger hunting! The Tiger's stalking John! What's the *real* reason for the bad blood between them? You'll find it revealed in Alan Tabor's article

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE



Vox Pop

More about Prostitutes

WASHINGTON, D. C.—A number of our friends have called our attention to an editorial in LIBERTY for December 4, entitled These Be Harsh Words, in which you credit to us the statement that "smoking among women is confined to prostitutes, 'high society' women, and flappers with holes in their stockings."

We inclose you the original article, by reading which you will find that this is a misquotation. The statement actually says that smoking by women in America is "largely" confined to the classes named, which is a very different thing from making a comprehensive statement, which would be obviously untrue and slanderous of many women who, to our mind, are indulging in a habit which is and should be alien to American customs, but who certainly are of unimpeachable virtue.

It is undoubtedly true that smoking is almost universal among prostitutes, a fact which accounts to a considerable extent, perhaps, for the strong prejudice against it among men, concerning which prejudice we were speaking.

It is also common, perhaps, among so-called "high society" women in certain communities, and it is, sad to say, becoming common among flappers whose lives are impoverished and who have a tendency to imitate the so-called "high society" women who should set them a better example.

May I call your attention to the fact that this original article perhaps erred on the side of conservatism when it said that the "use of tobacco in any form (even by women) is not a vice"? We may add, however, that in our opinion the tobacco industry, if it is found to encourage the growth of the cigarette habit among women, will run squarely into a very healthy prejudice which may perhaps have unpleasant results.

You will oblige us very much by correcting the misquotation in your editorial of December 4.—*Clarence True Wilson, General Secretary of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals, of the Methodist Episcopal Church.*

A Correction in the Summerall Story

NEW YORK, N. Y.—If Norman S. Hall is going to write any more articles such as Per Schedule Summerall Takes a Chance, he should get out the old war maps and orient himself.

The Forty-second Division never was any nearer to the town of Landreset St. George than one mile. It was taken by the Second Division on November 1, 1918.—*C. B. Jones, Ex-Sergeant 23d Inf., 2d Div.*

[EDITOR'S NOTE—The statement by Sergeant Jones is substantially correct. After General Reilly assumed command of the Eighty-third Infantry Brigade this unit rectified and consolidated its position.

The artillery of that and other divisions was brought well forward, and what was perhaps the greatest concentration of fire in the war was delivered on the morning of November 1, 1918.

The Second Division passed through the Forty-second, occupying Landreset St. George and advancing more than ten kilometers on that day. Two or three days later the Second Division, in its turn, halted, and the Forty-second passed through, to continue the famous race to Sedan with the First Division and a French division.]

Thinks Sid Unfair

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—I wish to protest that Sidney Sutherland's articles entitled The Machete versus the Cross, are all in favor of Catholics. He certainly is not giving the true situation in Mexico, and in many instances has grossly exaggerated.

There is nothing fair in any of his articles.—*A. L. Kirby.*

Says Sid Writes Truth

MEXICO CITY, MEXICO.—I have been reading with a great deal of interest the series of articles appearing in LIBERTY on the subject of Mexico, by Mr. Sutherland. Not only are the articles true in substance and detail, but the prevailing conditions in Mexico at the present writing are a great deal *worse* than they are represented in your articles.—*Ures Junius.*

A Letter from the Author

CHICAGO, ILL.—I am sure you will be interested in knowing the reaction to my cancer article in LIBERTY, entitled The Doctor's Greatest Riddle.

By December 4 I had sent out 197 of the leaflets to that number of requests. A moderate number have been handed out to persons who called for them at my office in the Chicago Tribune Tower.

On December 4 the State Health Department tells me they had received more than a thousand requests by mail asking for the pamphlet. These requests were coming in at the rate of a hundred a day.—*W. A. Evans, M. D.*

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Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

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The Ruination of BEN

More Adventures of Emmy, Nicky, and Greg

A STORY *for* CHILDREN

By ALINE KILMER

Pictures by ROBERT A. GRAEF

BEN'S round pink cheeks were as firm as apples and his blue eyes were bright and merry. He did not look as if he had suffered much from loneliness, but he was clearly very, very glad to see us all.

"But didn't you hate leaving your muzzer, Ben?" asked Greg.

"Course I did," said Ben. "But I nearly forgot to tell you that she will be here herself next week. So it isn't leaving her for long."

The first thing to be done was to start Ben in school with the others. He went with enthusiasm. Ben is a very earnest child. But after the first day in this new school he came home simply disgusted.

"They put me in the Third Grade," he growled. "If I'd stayed where I was I'd have gone into the Fourth this month."

"You see," Nicky explained, patting Ben's shoulder consolingly, "he doesn't know his multiplication well yet."

"I know it well enough for my old school," Ben grumbled.

"But zis," Greg groaned sympathetically, "is such a *hard* school!" Greg himself was only in the Second Grade, and it looked as if he would never get out of it. But though he sympathized with Ben's disappointed ambition he took his own misfortunes cheerfully enough. In fact, I am afraid that Greg did not care at all. But it distressed Emmy terribly.

But to get Ben over the dumps they now decided to give a play. I could hear them from my room as they talked it over. A Greek play they had acted in last year furnished the foundation for this amateur performance. But Greg was giving trouble. He wouldn't be in it. After fifteen minutes' struggle it was decided that he should be the audience. He was at once shut out in the hall and there I could hear him saying to himself the few scattered lines that he remembered from the play.

I crept to my door and peeped round the corner at him.

He was sitting on the floor, perfectly content, watching the nursery door. As I looked he quoted in a high treble:

"'Have we prevailed? We *have* prevailed!'" Then, dropping his voice to the depths of his chest, he added in tones of great satisfaction: "Or, at least, *I* have!"

"SEE what you've done!" cried Ben furiously. "You've ruined me!"

Preparations for the play were going on furiously. I could hear them practising their lines—what they could remember of them. Nicky, through the space where his front tooth was missing, announced with great difficulty:

"'The sthranger from the Thouth sthands at the gate;

"'He axes to thee King Aegith fathe to fathe.'"

Ben was roaring: "'Under the stone!'" in sepulchral tones.

Emmy, in a thrilling whisper, proclaimed:

"'He comes! King Aegis comes!' Then:

"Have you any safety pins?" she asked in her natural voice through the crack of my door. I passed a paper of them to her. More whispering. Emmy's voice intoning:

"'Thesus will come, a young adventurer'—and suddenly pandemonium broke loose. Exclamations of dismay from Emmy, shrieks of rage from Ben.

"*Now*, Nicky, see what you've done!" cried Ben furiously. "You've *ruined* me!"

"You *told* me to," cried Nicky. "You know you did!"

"But not so *much!*" howled Ben. "I'm going to tell your mother!"

"You won't need to tell her," said Emmy. "She'll *see*. Oh, Nicky, you *bad* boy!"

"I'm *not* bad. He told me to, and I did it to myself, too."

"But it doesn't make so much difference about you," sobbed Ben, really in tears by this time.

JUST at this moment Greg and I, driven by curiosity and anxiety, entered.

Emmy, Nicky, and Ben had taken off most of their clothes and were clad in tunics made of bath towels fastened at the shoulders by safety pins. Nicky's long bare legs were a scandalous sight. Ben's towels were as much too long as Nicky's were too short. Emmy carried her costume well. But, heavens! What had happened to Nicky and Ben?

I didn't wonder that Ben complained that he was ruined. He was. His front hair was cut short. Right up to the roots. And it wasn't even cut straight. Sharp zigzags of hair came down in four or five uneven little points on his forehead.

"Well, you wouldn't hold your head still!" grumbled Nicky as he dove head first into the closet to hide his own forehead.

"Oh, my goodness, Ben," I wailed. "And your mother coming this week. What *will* she say?"

Ben was red with fury. He was proud of his good looks. He sputtered helplessly in his anger and tears ran down his firm cheeks.

"Well, you know you *did* tell him to do it, Ben," Emmy said soothingly.

But that thought was no comfort to Ben. Nobody, we knew, would be able to make him feel any better until Nicky consented to come out of the closet. Nicky was a terrible tease, and sometimes a very bad boy. But in the times when he wasn't doing anything else he surely had the art of making you forget your sorrows.

You'll enjoy reading about the excitement that the Twins and Haddock and Braddock stir up, in next week's installment.

"From Contented Cows"

— comes the pure, rich milk which Carnation evaporates to *double* richness and "homogenizes" so that every single drop is *double-creamy*.

This smooth rich milk, in all cookery, outdoes milk in any other form—notably in cream sauces, as the recipe below will persuade you. In coffee, Carnation is mellowly pleasing and agreeably economical.

You should always keep Carnation Milk on hand.

Carnation White Sauce for Croquettes—6 tbsp. flour, 6 tbsp. butter, 1 tsp. salt, 1 cup Carnation Milk diluted with 1 cup water or meat stock, few grains pepper. Melt butter in top of double boiler. Add salt and flour and mix thoroughly. Do not let flour brown. Add diluted milk; stir constantly till smooth and thick. Place over pan of hot water; continue cooking for 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. This makes 1¾ cups.

Write for Carnation Cook Book

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS CO.
138 Carnation Bldg., Oconomowoc, Wis.
238 Stuart Bldg., Seattle; New York; Aylmer, Ont.

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The tall can, diluted, makes an overflowing quart of pure rich milk

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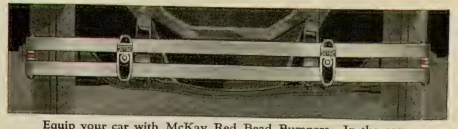
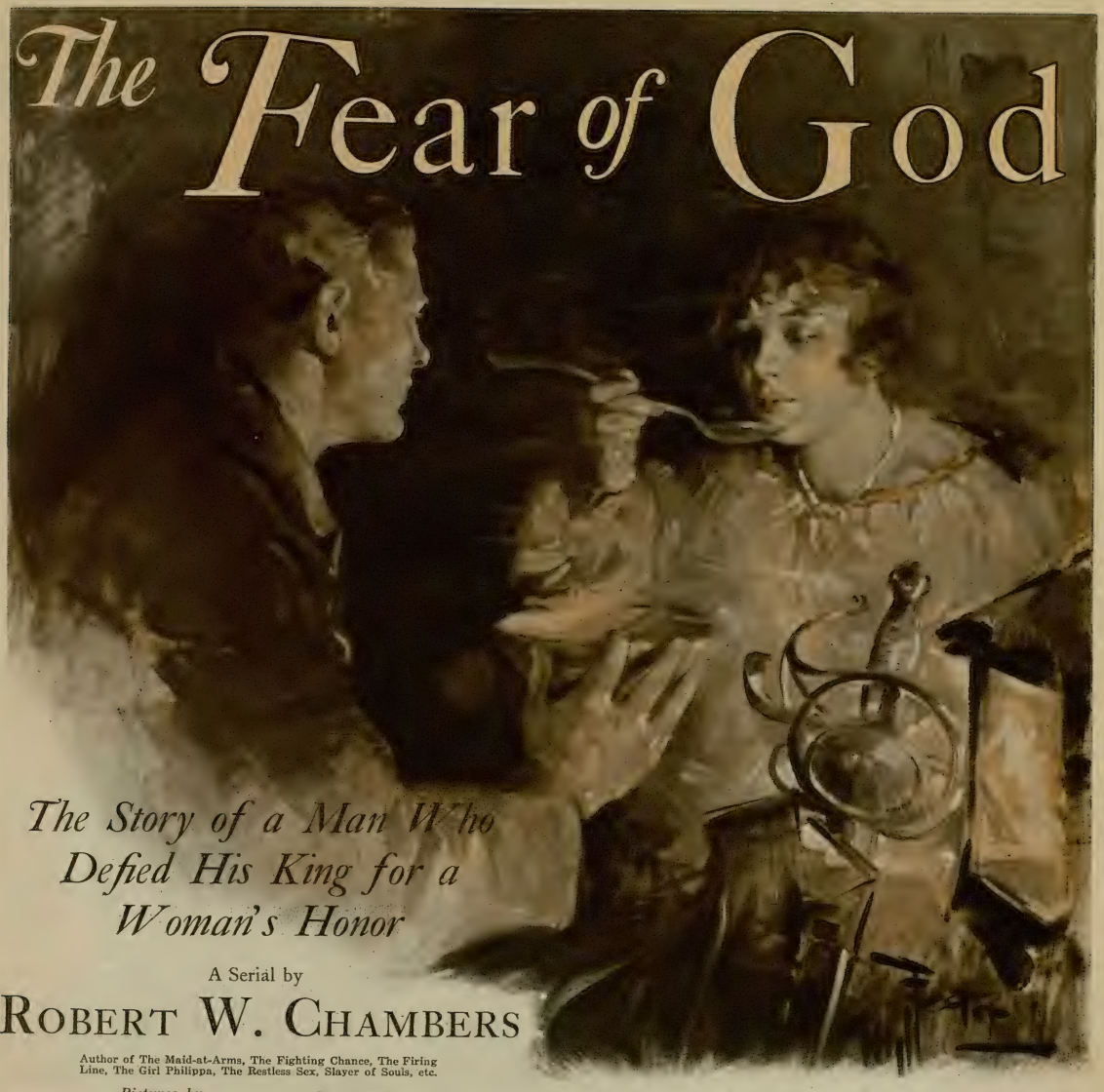


Equip your car with McKay Red Bead Bumpers. In the complete McKay line you'll find a bumper that's exactly suited to your car—one that will "add good looks and protect good looks."

The Fear of God



The Story of a Man Who Defied His King for a Woman's Honor

A Serial by

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of The Maid-at-Arms, The Fighting Chance, The Firing Line, The Girl Philippa, The Restless Sex, Slayer of Souls, etc.

Pictures by WILL FOSTER

Decorations by W. Fletcher-White

LOUIS XIV was killing Huguenots. My dear dead mother had been a Huguenot, so my carefree colonel father and I were suspect. He was forced to flee for his life—whither I knew not. And I, a girl of twenty, fled too. It was not merely that I feared to lose my liberty, or my life even, but that which was far more precious to me. For Armand de Gribouri, a royal spy, had pursued me with the cunning and the lust of a beast.

Under the protection of my charming widowed cousin, the Baroness d'Elven, I escaped from France to England. She dressed me from her own beautiful wardrobe and took me with her to the court of King James. That monarch, so slack in the business of kingship, was diligent in the search for beauty.

He did not overlook the charms of my cousin, and required of us a rendezvous in the Spring Gardens, where one went discreetly masked.

We arrived in the dress of orange girls and awaited the King in a bower. There we were joined by an unmasked man. I knew him. It was Sir Harry Quarles, a young naval officer I had noted at the palace as being much to my taste. Believing us gypsies he gave us food, gold, and to me—kisses!

Over his shoulder I saw three roistering masked men. My cousin saw them also, and ran, but I was not so quick. One of them brutally tore the mask from my face, laughing in triumph. Milord set upon him. Mary Mother! What a fury of swords! Soon one man lay dead. It was Louis de Frontenac, worthless son of the lusty Governor of Quebec. A second lay fainting. This was Gribouri, the spy!

Then, ominously, the third unmasked. The King! The King demanding my captain's sword! But he did not give it up. No. He led me outside where two horses were waiting, and together we rode for our lives.

Milord had broken his fast, but he held the earthen pot steady for me whilst I endeavored to eat with a great pewter spoon.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE FEAR OF GOD Cont'd from Page 71]

PART SIX

FOR a long while, now, we had been riding through driving mist that, at times, became rain. There was a watery light in the east and a wet wind blowing when we arrived on the heights above the shore and urged our weary horses along a wall toward an iron gateway beyond.

I was nearly dead of my journey. My legs and thighs seemed paralyzed, and I could not stir to descend from my saddle. But milord got off his horse and seized a rope that dangled outside the wall, and I heard a bell begin to tinkle inside the gate-lodge I could not see.

Very soon a powerful shaggy fellow came out, in his shift and bare feet, carrying a lighted lantern. When he saw milord he cried out in surprise and set his lantern on the grass and hastened to unlock the great gates.

"Lord, sir," says he; "to see you home again! We thought you had sailed, Sir Harry——"

But milord cut him short. "What craft, if any, are lying off the new wharf?" he demanded.

"A scow, out of Wales, with salt; a Breton ketch from le Pouldu, with sardines; a Sheerness pilot——"

"Pressed for the fleet?"

"No, sir; he sails presently for——"

"Hasten to the wharf and hold the pilot for fleet orders."

The man ran out of the gateway, crossed the road, and clambered down through the yellow gorse and thorn-set rocks toward the water, which I could both see and hear dashing against the shore below us.

Milord took my weary horse and his own by the heads, and walked swiftly toward a house built of blackish weatherworn stone—a dark, wet, heavy mass, its chimneys lost in the flying mist above.

"Are you spent?" he asked, looking up at me over his shoulder.

I forced a smile. "No, sir; but I think my legs dropped off some few miles back."

"Better legs than head," he said, as we came to a kind of terrace.

He left the horses standing, went to the portal, and set another bell a-ringing.

I inquired why there were so many troops in the town. The landlord seemed astonished and darted an odd look at us out of his little eyes.

Then he returned and lifted me out of my wet saddle.

I could scarce stand at all, so he took me up into his arms and stood waiting, his somber eyes wandering over the great dark house. I looked up into his grim young face, and knew that he was bidding this house farewell.

Lights began to glimmer behind darkened windows; an inner door creaked open; there was a confusion of voices; a scurrying; rattle and clank of bolt and lock.

Into a dim hall strode milord, carrying me cradled in his arms; up a low stone stairway, where the arras stirred along the windy walls; and entered a chamber where stood an ancient bed hung in blue and constructed in the fourth Henry's times.

To the half-dressed servants huddled around the door he gave his orders in a calm, unhurried voice. Then he laid me upon the bed, and an old dame bent over me and began to draw from me my wet clothing.

TWO red-cheeked, disheveled maids came with a great copper in which water steamed.

"Holy Mary!" said I. "Would you bathe me naked while milord stands yonder?"

But he had laid a telescope upon the window's edge and was standing motionless, gazing seaward, and noticed me not at all.

Presently he carried his telescope into the chamber beyond; and I heard servants' voices and his own, always calm and gentle, giving his commands.

The sting of the heated water aroused me to quick pain; but when they had dried me and were oiling my body with lily lotion, nard, and balm of bergamot, I became drowsy.

A maid fetched mortar and pestle and a lump of chalk from the cliffs and made a fine flour of it. With this I was powdered to my toes and left lying under the sheets.

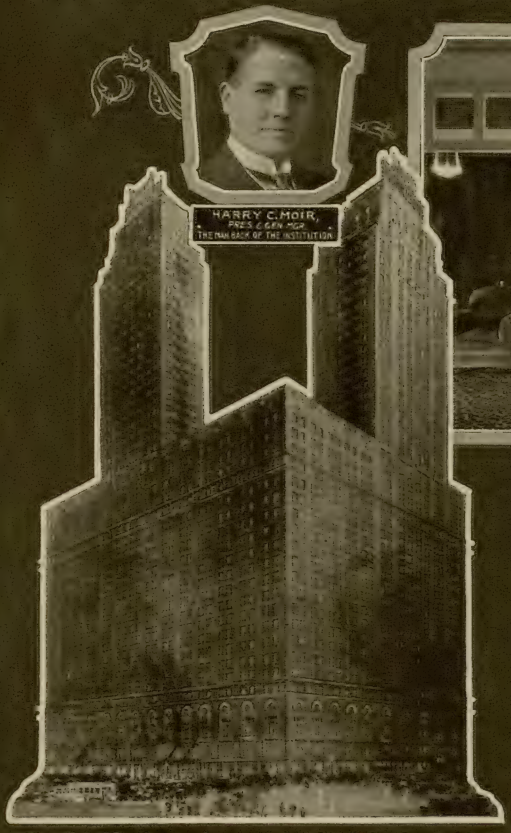
I slept; but it could not have been for long —time enough to dry my clothing, which the old dame showed to me all piping hot.

When I was dressed again in my wrinkled russet, they helped me out of bed and I made out to stand and, presently, to move about.

Milord sent a page to me saying that I should hasten. So, on the old dame's arm, I hobbled down to the terrace, where bearers, in faded blue livery, waited with a tarnished chair lacquered in blue and gold.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-FIVE]

Why Convention Managers Prefer Chicago's 46-Story MORRISON HOTEL



The New Morrison, when completed, will be the world's largest and tallest hotel, 46 stories high, with 3,400 rooms

Foyer of the Cameo Room, Morrison Hotel

IN the new Morrison Hotel, the scientific layout of reception parlors, meeting halls, committee rooms, etc., reflects the experience of many years in providing for gatherings of fraternal orders and business associations, ever since the first Morrison was built.

Chicago's Most Central Hotel
The Cameo Room and Terrace Garden

The beautiful Cameo Room seats 2,000, without a single pillar to obstruct the view. The Morrison cuisine is famous, and the entertainments in the "dance-and-dine" Terrace Garden offer ideal relaxation. A pronounced advantage is the location—closer than that of any other hotel to offices, theatres, stores and railroad stations.

1944 Rooms, 1944 Baths, $2.50 Up

Every room is outside, with bath, running ice water, Servidor, and bed-head reading lamp. A special housekeeper is assigned to each floor, and all guests enjoy garage privileges. Yet the revenues from subleases at this central location afford such a saving to the guests that rooms rent here for $2.50 to $5 that would cost $5 to $8 in any other hotel of high recognition.

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CLARK AND MADISON STREETS
"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-THREE]

Across the shorn lawn they bore me through the rain; out between high gateway posts, where two dripping stone leopards crouched; thence along a crumbling viaduct and down an ancient fortified way bordered by broom and gorse and blackthorn, to the water.

Here ran a sea wall of gray stone with a breakwater and two wharves of timber. Beyond, the gray river widened into a vast estuary, over which a high mist was flying like smoke.

They carried me to a wharf of timber, and across two planks, which rose and fell with the tossing deck of a sloop warped alongside.

Here milord lifted me out, and without ceremony carried me across the wet and rocking deck and down into a little cabin, where he set me down upon an armchair.

"Is all well, sir?" I whispered.

"I know not if Tilbury Fort and the dockyards have been warned to stop us; but we should pass out Sheerness unnoticed through this mist and rain, I think. Have you ever been to sea?"

"The Channel."

The cabin floor tilted, dipped violently, and my chair slid to the wall.

"We are cast off and moving, are we not?"

A faint smile touched his features. "We are at sea," said he, "and if it means no more than that to you, why, I do not think you need dread any sickness bred of the sea."

I noticed that he had changed his handsome attire to the rustic russet of some sober country squire, but wore a shoulder belt and sword.

A sailor lad came from the galley with an earthen pot full of steaming broth. Milord had broken his fast, but he held it steady for me whilst I endeavored to eat with a great pewter spoon. Bread, also, I had, and a cup of claret wine; and we pretended to be merry when the rolling of our craft threatened to upset all.

But milord's young face was gray with care and lack of sleep; and, when I had eaten, he left me to go on deck.

I HEARD the hollow thunder of the wind in our sails; I heard the whipping and swishing of rain squalls sweeping the deck above; the ripple and clash of waves; the wind-blown shouting of the master; the echoing pad of naked feet running to obey.

I lay deep in the leather chair and slept at times until some lurch awoke me. But always the deep, sweet sense of utter rest possessed me, and I dozed and slept or lay dreaming awake as snug as a child in its gently rocking cradle.

I was awake when milord came down the ladder-stairs and threw off his great shepherd's cloak.

"Foul weather," said he; "but God's own gift in our necessity."

"Is all well, sir?"

"So far."

He went to the bunk which was but a built-in bed, and laid him down upon it.

Flat on his back he slept there all that afternoon.

I watched him, and he never stirred where he lay, with his worn young face as still as death and his two hands clasped together upon his breast.

It was dark when I heard him stir and sit up.

"Gypsy?" he said sharply.

"Yes, milord."

"Ah—I think I was dreaming."

"Of me, sir?"

I heard him get to his feet, yawning.

"Yes," he said with another yawn, "I dreamed of that damned garden——"

He was feeling his way toward the little stairs, and as his sleeve brushed by me I took hold of it and drew his hand against my lips.

"Well, then," said he, with a kind of laugh in his voice, "is that a ceremony you think fitting?"

"Does one cut one's gratitude to fit the fashion, sir?"

"You have a pretty way with you, little gypsy——"

"Sir, my name is Michelle."

"Michelle. . . . I say you have a way with you. Well, I have done nothing to deserve those reverent lips of yours——"

"Holy Mother," said I, "you have risked your head to save me from a cart's tail and the prisons!"

"Well," said he, laughing, "that's what a man's head is for, is it not? And I know not what I am to do with you in Holland," he added.

"Are we for Holland, milord?"

"Surely. What else remains to us?" He felt for my face in the darkness; passed his arm around my neck, cupping my cheek in his hand. For a little while his fingers stroked my face idly, gently. Then: "Michelle, are you burnt?"

"Burnt?" I repeated.

"With the fleur-de-lis," he said gravely.

My face flamed against his hand.

"Holy Mother!" said I, "do you think such shame of me?"

"I did not know why else you fear France, who are French."

"Milord," said I, "I am well born; only a terrible misfortune hath overwhelmed me and made of me a vagabond."

He was silent. Somehow I seemed to realize that he had heard such tales before from other girls who had drifted as lightly across his path as I had.

"Well," said I, "I am not branded with the fleur-de-lis, and you may see my naked shoulders if you think I lie to you. But I suppose that is nothing to you. Think only that a poor young girl is grateful, and prays very willingly in your behalf."

He thanked me, stood absently caressing my cheek for another moment; then he moved away, groped for his cloak, and went out into the darkness.

It seemed as dark as the pit of hell in the cabin. The seas had become heavier, and it was becoming difficult for me to keep my seat.

About an hour later milord came with a lantern, and a sailor lad followed him, carrying a dish of bread and meat and a measure of wine upon a pierced and fitted tray of wood.

We were running, milord told me, without lights; and were off the Nore and driving before a gale that carried us toward the French coast, despite our efforts to stand for Flushing.

AS for the fleet, he said that it lay between Tilbury and the Lower Hope and Northfleet; and he said that the Admiral would not proceed to the Nore, but lie inside until this gale abated. Which seemed to ease milord's mind, because, he said, one of the yachts might chase and overhaul us; and he admitted that this had weighed upon his spirits in the estuary off Gravesend, and all the way as we passed out the North Foreland.

"But, Lord!" said he in his boyish way, and laughing, "here am I, a fugitive and a beggar, who yesterday commanded a King's frigate; and yonder in Whitehall sits a King who awaits news of my taking and hath chosen where my head shall sit and sun-dry upon the Traitor's Gate.

"And with all this to plague and confound me as we passed, but now, the Windmill Hill—where no beacon blazed, thank God!—I thought that this foolish King had once lived there, and had been a good and brave admiral when he was Duke of York. And I was sorry that he had fallen from such fine estate to a green mask and mantle and a night's brawl at the Spring Gardens."

"Milord," said I, "you are generous—with men."

He was eating. He looked up at me: "Well, am I niggardly with women?"

"Not with your gold."

"Hah! In what, then?"

"In your thoughts, sir—sometimes."

He frowned. "I am sorry for the fleur-de-lis. I meant it not unkindly—only to know why you dreaded France."

"Sir, you dread England, yet none would ask you if you carry a broad arrow branded upon your person."

He reddened and gave me a haughty look as though to rebuke the comparison between a Quarles and a singing girl of London streets. It were bootless to touch on that in this hour. I knew it. He never would believe me.

Which both angered and saddened me, and there came over me a great loneliness, thinking of my father and the shelter of his name and home.

Bitter on my lips was my first taste of the world where a single day had ruined me at Versailles, and another at Whitehall.

My God, I knew not what to do, or what was left for me to do if this young man abandoned me!

BUT how long would his patience drag me with him by the wrist?—a clog, a care, a burden—a girl of London streets, in his mind, or, at best, a Queen's maid of tarnished honor caught in a deadly scrape.

What could I ask of him more than he had done for me when we arrived in Holland? What could my cousin, the Baroness d'Elven, do for me, who herself must stand upon her own defense and fight the suspicion that my presence in her entourage was certain to arouse at Versailles!

That she would be sent into exile upon her own estate, there to await the pleasure of the King of France, seemed certain. Further than that there could be no danger to her.

But my father and I were done for in France, and I, now, in England. And I knew not how ever I was to discover my father or what on earth was to become of me.

I did not know I was weeping where I sat with head a little bowed; but a hot drop fell upon my folded hands and I hastily averted my face from the lantern light.

Milord, who was drinking his claret, set it aside and placed his firm hands over mine.

"Courage," he said pleasantly.

"Oh, yes, sir, with all the w-will in the world!"

He said frankly: "What is your purpose, Michelle? A friendly hand to help you to a living—or something easier——"

"A f-friendly hand; no more."

"I do not please you?"

"Yes, sir, you do. It were vain for me to tell you I am honest——"

"Well, then," said he, smiling, "you shall tell me nothing and it matters nothing. I shall not abandon you until you are secure. Or"—he laughed—"until you abandon me."

"My God, sir, even were I what you think, I could not be so infamous!"

He smiled very kindly. He was young, but I could see he knew the world and men, and counted very little upon the goodness of either.

He gave me his hand and led me to the bunk-bed, and made me lie down upon it.

"You have no fear, have you, Michelle?"

"Neither of you, sir, nor of the sea. We have a motto—but I will not weary you——"

"Say it," he said, with grave curiosity but with utter unbelief.

"Did you ever hear of the Counts of Aulone, sir?"

"No, Michelle."

"Nor had I, who am an Aulone, heard of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE FEAR OF GOD
Continued from Page Seventy-five]

Sir Harry Quarles. Well, then, this is our motto: Fearing God Alone."

"A fine one, and rings of the first Richard's days!"

"It is older, milord."

He bowed pleasantly. No doubt he thought me some dependent who had served the Aulone family.

A kind of despair seized me where I lay upon my bed, looking up into this young man's coolly pleasant eyes. So courteous was he, and yet so little he considered me, even as a slightest plaything for an idle hour's amours——

I closed my eyes and felt the tears soaking my closed lashes. All the woe of a friendless soul was welling in my heart to overwhelm it.

"Good night, Michelle!"

Suddenly I felt his lips on mine—gentle, cool, in light embrace; and — God knows why—I flung both arms around his head and clung sobbing to his lips like some frightened, hunted thing at bay, driven to the world's edge.

Presently exhausted, my arms fell from him and I lay with my face against the blanket, breathing like something done to death.

He sat by me in silence until I slept.

A GOLDEN gray light filtered through the ports, and I was not asleep when milord came down into the cabin in his wet shepherd's cloak.

"Michelle," he said, "I have bad news."

At that I sat up on my bed and he made his way to me and sat down on the bunk's edge.

He said: "The storm has blown us into Dieppe. We have neither provisions nor water; and we must land and attempt Holland by any route convenient."

"Could you not send ashore for water and food?" I asked. "Or, at worst, continue toward the Dutch coast?"

"No. We have no ship's papers. Moreover, the forts hold us. Also, inside lie two English vessels—a frigate and a yacht; and already the frigate has signaled our master to go aboard."

"Do they mean to take us?" I asked, frightened.

"They can know nothing of us, yet. But our master is a Sheerness pilot, pressed by our fleet below Tilbury Fort, and held by me at my house of Quarleswood to take out the Red Squadron. The captain of yonder frigate knows that much, and calls our pilot aboard him for explanation."

"Milord," said I, "it matters less for me, but it is a question of your head. So, in God's name, let us go ashore as soon as may be——"

"Our longboat has gone to the frigate," he said; "but a fisherman lies alongside us, and will land us at the stairs if he can."

He gave me his hand and threw a cloak about me. Stiff, sore, stumbling at every step, I contrived with milord's aid to gain our deck.

All around us through a mist the sun spun a golden glory.

There, almost under our rail, were houses huddled along a quay, and folk walking in a stony street so near that I could hear the distant click and clatter of sabots and the cries of fish venders in the misty glory of the sun.

"I have no trade, monsieur." He wrote on. I knew what he was writing and it frightened me.

"Do as I do," said milord calmly; "but I shall go first, to catch you if you miss your footing——"

He threw a leg over the rail; I looked down and saw a boat rising and falling on the waves just under us. Down went milord, holding to a rope; and, standing up in the rocking boat, held out his arms for me.

OVER the rail and down I scrambled stiffly and let go as his arms embraced my knees.

There were two pairs of oars. The fisher lad plied one, milord the other. I crouched in the stern, and the boat shot away over misty, sparkling, tossing waters that dashed against the quay beyond and flooded wharf and stairs with glittering foam.

I know not how we contrived to land. I should have fallen had he not caught me and carried me to the street above.

One thought alone possessed me—that now milord's head was not to blacken upon a pointed stake; and I clasped his hand very tightly as he paused to ask a passer-by where was a decent tavern to be found in town, and how we might come there.

Clinging to his hand, I turned with him up a wet and sunny street which ascended from the harbor and which was thronged with people. And it made me anxious to notice how many soldiers there were in the town, for I saw Red Gendarmes and Blue Dragoons and soldiers of the Bourbonnais Regiment. But what really alarmed me were Gray Musketeers walking or riding through the streets, and I dreaded lest some officer from Versailles notice us and recognize me.

The tavern we sought was the Poule d'Argent; but when we came to it there were many officers' horses standing at the door, and servants, lackeys, piqueurs, and soldiers moving between mews and kitchen, and a great bustle everywhere.

MILORD thought it safer to enter where were crowds than to be conspicuous in a quieter tavern; so we went in among the soldiery, and milord asked for a room where we might breakfast in privacy.

It was given us, though the landlord trimmed his manners to our humble dress and bearing, and a careless servant showed us into a small, shabby parlor to which a bedchamber was connected.

Here milord commanded a breakfast; and, when the servant had gone away, he looked at me, and I saw care fall from his features like a wrinkled mask, and his smile break out in sudden sunlight.

"I never thought," said he, "to find my head upon its proper neck at this hour; or that my legs would ever carry it as far as France. Lord, what a pickle we were in last night! And when the King unmasked I was like to die of shock!"

His smile became bleak and his mouth grim. He began to pace the room and his gaze became somber and remote. Presently he halted in front of me, where I sat upon a settle.

"They knew me. I was not masked. They offered me the insult, stripping your mask from your face who were under my protection. Could I have done other than I did when I took this Frontenac by the throat? . . . And they drew first! . . . Who was that man I gave a wound to—the handsome youth I stretched by the tree?"

"Armand Gribouri."

"And who is he?"

"A confidant of the King of France."

"I hope," said milord savagely, "that I have ruined that alliance with my sword."

He strode about the room for a while.

"Well," said he coolly, "I am ruined and am a beggar at this hour who had thought to hear the Dutch cannon thunder within a week. Gone—everything: house, lands, honors, command, ambition, hope!"

My eyes filled, and I clasped my hands as I realized all the mischief I had wrought and all the ruin I had brought upon this young man.

He cast a sharp look at me and said: "Have I reproached you who are nowise in fault? Well, then; if it had not been you it might well have been another. What does it matter? The King's bullies, under the King's eyes, laid filthy hands upon my honor. They are paid, I think."

"Yes, sir; but your ruin overwhelms me."

"Yours is a gallant heart and tender," said he in his kindly way, "and need not be distressed regarding me. For I shall not sit idle. No. There should be employment somewhere for a man who can sail a ship as well as take a King by the throat and shake him!"

THEY fetched our breakfast and laid a clean cloth at a pine table for us, and the waiter had become abject and servile toward milord, who had commanded the very best bottle the cellar afforded; the tenderest capon, to be garnished with larks; and—holy Mother!—a *dorade!* Which fish is so savory and so scarce that when it comes to the net the fisherman gains a year's profit in an hour; and the golden dorade is sent post to Versailles by swiftest relay.

There was, needless to say, no dorade to be had. We ate whiting. But the mere command had so impressed our host that presently he came a-waddling and puffing himself, all bows and deference, and begged us to overlook any lack of attention. Because, he said, the town was crammed with soldiery, and his inn so crowded that he had no quarters to offer our quality, save only these mean ones so unworthy of our exalted rank.

Milord merely laughed; and I inquired why there were so many troops in the town. And there, God help me, I made so terrible a mistake that we both had been like to perish of it.

The landlord seemed astonished, and darted an odd look at us out of his little eyes. Then he sucked in his mouth of a fat carp, seeming to remember his manners; and he bowed and bowed—to gain a little time to think, I suppose, for when he faced us again he was sleek and humble enough and his small reddish eyes were suffused with benevolence.

"Madame doubtless knows," he said, "that the town is in a state of siege since the dragonnade, and that there has been fighting outside the walls."

"Oh, yes, we know that," said milord carelessly, "but there seem to be more soldiers than usual in the town."

The landlord bowed and bowed and milord dismissed him.

"What have I done," said I, when he had gone, "that this fellow should pull so false a face?"

"Why, the damned town is in a state of siege," said milord, "and we should have known it had we come here lawfully."

"I do not understand."

"The fort set signals against us," said he, "and our pilot will be held in the harbor unless the English frigate contrive to take him out. But any English deck meant death to me, so I paid the fisher lad to smuggle us ashore.

"We have no papers," he added quietly, "and our landlord knows it now."

He rose from table and went and looked out of the window.

When I could find and command my voice: "Sir," said I, "if you can escape on any pretense out of this inn, they can do me no harm when they come here and discover me——"

"No," he said coolly, "I would not abandon a mouse that trusted me. I liked not that fellow's mouth of a sucking fish. No—no. Nor do I trust any man who prospers after a dragonnade. I should not have let him leave this room——"

He stopped and we both listened. There came ominous sounds from the court below. Then he went to the iron hook and took from it his shoulder belt, and put it on.

"Never await an enemy," said he, "but go to meet him." He took me by the hand. "Come, Michelle," said he, "and we shall very soon see if anybody means to stop us."

He strode out to the wooden gallery, drawing me along beside him.

In the courtyard there seemed to be nobody. At the back door, however, I caught a glimpse of our landlord peeping up at us.

We descended to the courtyard and looked about for some rear exit. But the place was a trap. The way out lay through the tavern.

Milord said in a quiet voice to me: "If they detain me I shall say you are some little gypsy light-o'-love I found in England, but do not know you. And you shall swear it, and win free o' them if you can."

"And you?"

"Does it concern you?" he said impatiently, loosening his sword hilt under his shepherd's cloak.

"My God, sir! if you think me without honor you shall learn I have a grateful heart, at least."

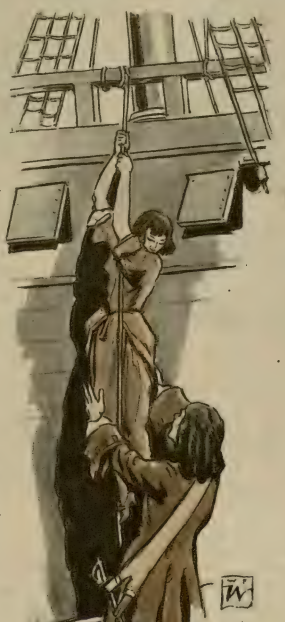
"Yes, and valiant, too," said he gently. "But, little gypsy, it avails me nothing, for I shall not live to be set aboard an English deck. Come, then, we part—with the best will in the world!—and God go with you through the world!"

I saw the reckless smile flash in his eyes as he put his left arm around my neck and, holding me, thrust a purse of gold into my bodice between my breasts.

"That we part stainless," said he, "advances us a step toward Paradise, I hope. Well, then, God be with you, little gypsy——" He took my face between both hands and kissed my mouth.

"And with you, milord—" and, in that instant, I knew I loved him.

I took hold of his left hand. I could scarce see or think with the frightened tumult in my heart and brain; only a blind purpose held that I must share with him whatever fate awaited him.



WHEN we came to the rear of the tavern he freed his hand of mine and opened the door. And there—oh, God!—were waiting Gray Musketeers—the corridor swarming with them—who instantly barred our way and demanded of milord our papers.

Milord began to answer quietly that lack of papers could not concern me—but I interrupted passionately, saying that I belonged to him and was his property, and if he had no papers to show them, neither had I.

At that a Gray Musketeer drew his sword and took hold of my arm, and milord caught him by the neck and flung him headlong among his fellows, knocking them right and left.

The next instant he had dragged me to the outer door and had given me a hearty push into the street.

"Run, little fool!" he whispered, and turned on the Musketeers like a wildcat, holding them back at his sword's point.

I saw that he meant to die there. In an instant, around us a yelling rabble gathered, shouting, "Kill the Huguenots!"

Into the wild mob rode Red Gendarmes, trampling everybody and striking right and left with the butts of their long pistols. A horse crowded close to me and almost crushed me against a wall. My ears were deafened by shrieks and curses. I saw the Gray Musketeers fighting with naked swords. I saw milord facing them with reddened blade, which they beat upon, but could not beat aside or overcome, so like a very snake it darted in their faces, striking them like lightning and biting through the swift confusion of the swords.

Then I saw a Red horseman spur toward milord, and lean wide from his saddle behind him; and I screamed a warning; but the Gendarme's heavy pistol crashed against his head and he went down under the frantic horse.

I STROVE to force my way toward the spot where milord had fallen. But Gray Musketeers seized me by my arms and pushed a path through the throng, kicking the rabble aside and cursing all who were in their way.

Down a narrow unpaved street they carried me, then through dirty lanes and mews and across a paved square where, at a great gateway, stood more Gendarmes on guard.

Here the yelling rabble which had followed us halted. The guards looked at me curiously as I was led under the stone arch and directly through a doorway into a great bare room where were some men sitting at a long table.

I did not hear what the Gendarmes said to these men. One of them looked up at me presently and asked me my name.

"Michelle," I answered.

"Is that all?"

"Yes—monsieur."

He wrote it down.

"Only the lucky know their fathers' names," he remarked. "How old are you—if you know?"

"Twenty and five months."

"As good a guess as any. Well, I need not ask you what may be your trade," writing all the while.

"I have no trade, monsieur."

He smiled and wrote on. I knew what he was writing and it frightened me.

"You are writing down a lie!" I said. "I tell you I have no need to——"

"Silence, *you!* No impertinence, do you understand? Well, then, where were you born?"

"Whatever I say you will write that I was born in the gutter——"

"The gutter," he nodded, writing it down. "How does it happen you have no papers of identification? You women were numbered and licensed before the dragonnade."

"I came into Dieppe today."

"How?"

But I would not answer.

"It makes no difference," said he, and, turning to a clerk, bade him make out a commitment to the women's prison for one Michelle, a prostitute without papers.

The stone walls which confined Michelle's body were powerless to crush her gay spirit. Even in prison she made things happen. Then Fate brought her life to a strange climax. You'll find this crisis in next week's installment.

Building HEALTH in the KITCHEN

By ETHEL SOMERS

THE oft-repeated meat-bread-potato diet results in depleted health and inefficiency for the whole family.

NO dessert course is more attractive and none so healthful as the bowl of fruit.

FOR a well balanced menu add fruits and vegetables, also milk, to meat, bread, and potatoes.

THE business of home-making is in many ways the most important business in the world. The Food Department is no small part of this business. It literally builds and rebuilds the bodies of your family from day to day.

The proper feeding of any family is not a menial task, though the constant recurrence of mealtime often makes it seem so. The health and well-being of a family, barring factors of heredity, are in the mother's hands.

Healthful menu-building is amply repaid, because well fed families are quite generally productive and truly successful. Nothing contributes more markedly to the building of definite body health reserves than good food, well chosen and prepared.

It is very easy to overeat and be undernourished. Unsatisfactory menus are all too common. If you would avoid the certain pitfalls of unsatisfactory daily menus you must master healthful menu-building and cookery.

Most municipal and national surveys show that a daily meat-bread-potato diet is common in many households. Such a menu oft repeated breeds ill health and inefficiency. Daily care in adding properly prepared fresh fruits and vegetables, together with milk, revises the meat-bread-potato menu to one that promotes good health and efficiency. Particularly is the addition valuable if one or more of the fruit or vegetable servings are in the raw state.

Meat needs no special consideration. Its appetizing qualities are sufficient to insure a regular place in adequate quantities wherever it can be afforded. Fortunately, the cheaper cuts—such as chuck, plate, and leg—are more nutritious than the expensive cuts. Unfortunately, they necessitate greater skill in cooking. Sea foods of all kinds are especially important and justify more general usage. Eggs, too, are an important body-builder or protein food and it is wise to serve them occasionally.

Bread-eating is sanctioned as a cheap source of energy. Menus planned for children require it in quantities proportionate to their activity. Whole cereal breads should be selected unless the diet is *unusually* rich in fruits and vegetables, and then white bread is also healthful. To the sedentary worker much bread means collecting fat, and therefore it should be used sparingly.

Potatoes are more reasonably included as a sedentary worker's food than is bread. They furnish ready energy in less concentrated quantities than bread, and, besides, they have important bulk and possess some mineral elements. Potatoes are particularly valuable when baked and served with the skins. Active, growing children need them, therefore family menus wisely plan for potatoes daily.

Built of ample meat-bread-potato calories, our diet is still grossly incomplete. It lacks growth-promoting vitamin A, health-promoting vitamins B, C, and D, important life-sustaining minerals, bulk, and essential sunshine elements. The more a man works indoors, and the more inactive he is, the greater his need for these particular dietary elements.

Eat more fruits and vegetables for healthful, enjoyable family menus, particularly the leafy, fresh-growing vegetables, because the sunshine is largely incorporated in them.

What are *you* doing to help your family enjoy healthful menus and to promote national health and happiness?

*Unsatisfactory Dinner Menus**

I	II
Consomme	Tomato Bouillon
Roast Browned Gravy	Meat-Potato Stew
Buttered Peas	Bread Butter
Browned Potatoes	Lima Beans
Bread Butter	Tea
Apple Dumpling Sauce	Fruit Pie
Coffee	

* Unsatisfactory because they do not include milk, are inadequate in raw fruits and vegetables, and lacking in leafy growing vegetables.

Satisfactory, Healthful Dinner Menus

(Items in *italics* show corrections)

I (Corrected)	II (Corrected)
Cream or Milk Soup *	*Cream* Tomato Soup *
Roast Potatoes	Meat-Assorted-*Vegetable* Stew
Bread, if needed Butter	*Crisp Fresh Salad* † ‡
Buttered Peas and *Carrots*	Beverage, if desired
Cabbage Salad † ‡	*Raw Fruit* † ‡
Raw Fruit Cocktail † ‡	
(This latter is not essential to corrected menu)	

* Supplies milk. † Supplies raw fruit or vegetable. ‡ Supplies leafy growing vegetable.

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Midwinter Brings Intriguing New Modes

By Mary Brush Williams

LAST summer, in Paris—for all movements begin that long before they are really launched and out of that city of fashion—when we were looking at some six or eight dresses without a sign of a sleeve in them, I remarked that it seemed as if we were coming upon an era of sleevelessness once more.

The fashion expert standing beside me said, "Oh, no."

But that same lady got off the Paris the other day, made a bee line with her fourteen trunks to her suite at the Ritz, and scattered tissue paper in all directions in her haste to show me one particular dress from all the others.

Holding it up, she demonstrated it, as it were. "The most amusing of them all," she commented, "because it's sleeveless!"

We had its picture drawn at once, and offer it for your inspection herewith.

As a matter of fact, with everything conceivable that the couturiers can do to make sleeves the feature of the costume, they are going a step further and leaving them out altogether. An age of sleevelessness is probably upon us—after all we endured with long, tight sleeves in the hot summer months!

A frock with a collar that turns back easily in a V, with small, unpressed revers on a blouse that either buttons on to a skirt or is a definite part of it, thus making a one-piece costume, constitutes a smart French conception of the moment. And some of the newest of these have short sleeves.

In sports costumes nothing will give you the dash and the zip of informality to the same degree as the omission of the sleeves; in costuming for other occasions nothing will so "dress" you as this simple device of omission.

If it's really adopted, the style will probably be good for a long run; for Frenchwomen as a rule have pretty arms, and have been serving a sentence—a sentence of the fashion—while wearing long sleeves.

We Americans seem to adapt ourselves to short sleeves very easily. Perhaps they are another symbol of our youth, like the excessive shortness of skirts. Both lines are rather becoming to us—short skirts and short sleeves. The French designers say it is because we are so young. Kind of gawky they think we are, although they are too polite to say so.

THE present dress, fresh from Paris and sleeveless, is of red and white crepe de Chine, although another version is of blue crepella.

Have we talked much before about crepella? Chanel has used it for years, but without its ever taking. People would order the original crepella model to be done in some other fabric. But now everybody is using crepella. It is taking the place of soft kasha. It is as soft as wool and as light as down. The whole dress weighs less than the same model in silk.

Sports dresses are, for the most part, in one piece, with only an indication of where the two-piece line once banded the hips.

5431
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GRAY rubberized crepe de Chine was used for this chic raincoat.

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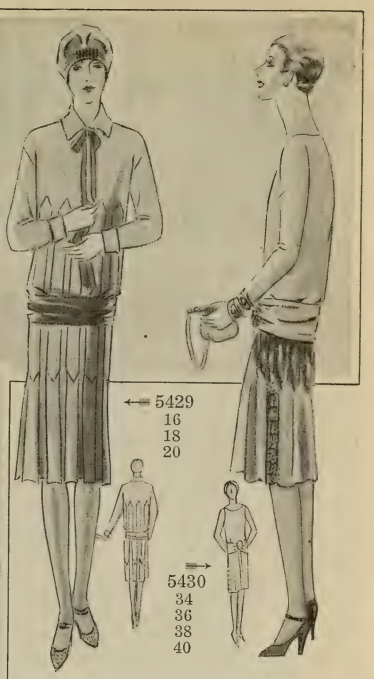
WHITE and red crepe de Chine make this dress, with a red seam to mark the waistline.

One of our models carries a wide crushed velveteen girdle (which we have not seen for a long time), but is in one piece, and further indicates the extent to which sports things are getting jazzed up a bit. It makes a little move toward elaborateness, in other words, and this is done with plaitings and bands of the same material. There are straight bands up and down the middle section of the dress, both front and back. Plaits come out from the lower end of them.

The dress itself is of old blue—not dark and yet not sky blue. The girdle is of a darker shade than the dress, as is the long, narrow tie.

The little afternoon frock of pale beige crepe satin also has a wide crushed girdle, with a thin fringe of feathers dripping from under it. These may seem a little unusual, but they are charming.

This dress is slit up each side of the skirt, and little pantalettes of some soft color in chiffon show beneath it. A ruffled slip, if one is conservative, will do. But the pantalettes are really quite chic for a tea dance. You feel completely covered, but—or and—present a dainty appearance. Yellowish chiffon is pretty.



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→ 5430
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THIS old-blue crepella dress is trimmed and girdled with velveteen of a darker tone.

ADRESS of pale beige crepe satin with a leather girdle having a fringe of feathers.

ALL of these things are good for the South, as you may have figured out for yourself, and for much longer.

The raincoat is of rubberized crepe de Chine, if you please, and has a high feather collar.

The line of the whole thing is very good, I think, and could be made in whatever material you chose. But why not that, as the most chic, and withal practical? The French, with a rare demonstration of practicability, have lined it for warmth with kasha, and the feather collar is not at all impractical, since you will never get anywhere near the water—what with your limousine waiting for you and canvas-covered paths from door to curb.

It is practical because it is good looking. Anything that helps along the cause of chic is practical!

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Want to Look like a Million Dollars?

By Bettina Bedwell

Paris, December 19, 1926.

EVERY woman wants to look like a million dollars. There is no sweeter praise than the spontaneous comment, "You certainly look like a million dollars." But just how does that stupendous, gleaming stack look, anyhow? That is the question.

First of all, I think it means that you look appropriate to the time, the place, and the commentor. It means that you look adequate to any occasion, too—that much money usually is. And it means that you give happiness without stint.

Every girl or woman ought to try to look like this at least once a week, for the benefit of herself and of her public. Everybody has a public. The secret lies in looking that way to your own public, and not in trying to appear so to some other audience that will never notice you enough to give you a hand, anyway. If it is to be effective, chic must be of the kind that belongs to its wearer's place in the world. Mediocrity may also belong, but it can never hope to look like a million dollars, as the simplest chic can.

Paris is about the hardest place in the world in which to win out as an expert of chic. And yet Paris isn't the least bit snobbish, because the title of "well dressed" is given freely to women costumed charmingly in any walk of life. I know a Paris stenographer who has a veritable salon of chic, and who has never been in the Ritz. I know a Countess who has a million dollars and looks like it. And the two are not dissimilar. In fact, I have selected our models today from the kind of clothes these two women affect, in such differing environments. It happens that their publics like the same thing.

The Countess begins her day at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and the stenographer begins hers at the hour of 6 in the morning. The Countess lunches at the Ritz, in a frock from Cheruit such as that shown in the upper right-hand corner. The stenographer takes her *déjeuner* at the Deviniere—named by Rabelais in the sixteenth century—and she wears a "twin sister"—just a simple frock of black fulgurante, with a soft sash collar of rose crepe de Chine.

But what a frock! With the skirt made flaring by wide panels caught harem fashion under the hem, a slim sheath of a bodice, and a hip-and-normal waistline, it has the air of being beyond the reach and the tribute of anything less than a thousand thousand.

The coat that goes over this frock isn't a bit more pretentious or a hundredth part less smart. It is a tribute to Vionnet's way with ordinary mixed woolen. This coat is distinguished because the pattern of the material has been used in an unusual manner, with a deep triangular yoke, sleeves, and skirt all showing the stripes going in different directions. The regal collar and the circular cuffs are of phoque—or, in United States, sea lion—a gray-and-black-striped fur with silver and white speckles scattered over it.

This stunning coat may be worn over many frocks—at different times, of course—and by women in varied walks of life, because it has the knack of pleasing and of appearing appropriate. It is one of the few coats of the winter that have sufficient individuality sufficiently subdued to pass through an entire season without becoming the least bit stale.

CHERUIT is responsible for the skirt with four flaring haremed panels on an otherwise simple afternoon frock in black and rose.

AN evening gown of the "sweet" type is shown at the extreme left. Its petaled and lace-trimmed skirt is very attractive on green-and-gold lamé.

CHIC reaches high tide in the Vionnet street coat of mixed woolen (shown in center at left). It is collared and cuffed with phoque.

THE Callot evening coat (right-hand model) of red lamé trimmed with red fur, makes every entrance a triumph and each exit effective.

THE Callot evening coat is a perfect example of smart simplicity. The wrap is made of red lamé with a gold, white, and blue pattern, exquisitely simple. It hangs straight from a shirred yoke, and it has sleeves that are gathered by means of red velvet ribbons. The collar and cuffs are of red-brown skunk—only a semiprecious fur, but immeasurably effective.

If under this coat you wear the Callot frock shown at the extreme lower left of this page, you have every right to expect superlative enthusiasm from your public. It is the kind of evening dress that is "sweet" and also chic, with no decolletage at all in back and very little in front. The bodice is draped under a pearl-and-ruby buckle at the waistline and its V of cream lace covers a slip of pink satin.

The frock itself is of pale green-and-gold brocade. No prettier skirt for dancing could be imagined. It is made of four very broad petals, edged with cream lace, so they form cascades at the sides, front, and the back.

These four models are typical of the chic that comes very near to being universal, and this is the supreme achievement.

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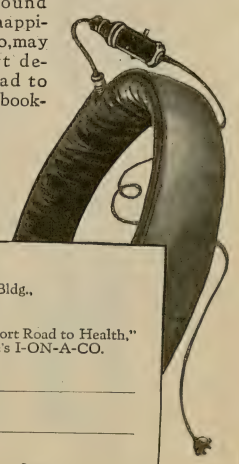

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Three ACES Back to Back

Why "Old Pete" Was Dropped from the Chicago Cubs, and How the Three Musketeers of Baseball Made St. Louis Champion

An Article by

HUGH FULLERTON

P. & A. photos

Wide World photo

THE fighting Cardinal trio—(above, left to right) Bob O'Farrell, catcher; Grover Alexander, pitcher; and Bill Killefer, coach—who led the team (below) that gave St. Louis its first World's Championship in thirty-three years.

ONE of the great "mysteries" of baseball happened last summer when the Chicago Cubs, under a new manager, suddenly asked waivers on Grover Cleveland Alexander, and let him go to St. Louis just when the Cubs, a young team with a new manager, seemed to need him most.

There was no mystery about it. Alexander was accused of drinking and of having a bad effect on the youngsters of the club. Joe McCarthy, the Cubs' manager, chosen from the minor leagues, did not rightly understand Alexander, nor appreciate how valuable he might be to a team if properly handled; nor did he know the best way to handle old Alex the Great. Alexander also probably was lonely without his old chum Killefer, who had been manager of the Cubs, but who had been released and had gone to St. Louis as coach of the Cardinals.

"Maybe Joe had the right idea," said Alex to me. "He wanted to make good, and to run the club his own way. But he hurt me."

The weathered face of the veteran pitcher grew a little sad as he spoke. He held no resentment, but his fine eyes seemed sad.

"That hurt me, Hughie," he repeated simply. "I've always worked for the team and never just for myself, and I've always tried to help every kid that came to a team I was with.

"Maybe I was a bad boy, but I've been a long time in baseball, and no manager ever asked me to work that I wasn't there to work, and they didn't have to ask me—I was ready to give them my best at any time, without being asked.

"Joe seemed to have an idea I was a bad influence with the kids. We had a couple of pitchers with the Cubs that might be good pitchers if they are coached right. One day at practice I had those two kids out in left field, showing them what to do and how to pitch, trying to help them and the team, and McCarthy ordered them to keep away from me and to go over into right field to practice.

"That hurt too, Hughie. He hadn't any call to do that.

"Maybe I was a bad boy after that. I kind of lost heart. Drink? Sure. I always have drank. When a ball player drinks, people usually think he drinks twice as much as he does. I've been used to taking drinks after a game ever since I started in baseball. But no manager can say he ever called on me and found me not ready to work. I don't know that it ever has done me any harm, but I don't think I'd have done any more in baseball if I never had taken a drink.

"A baseball season is long, and it is hard to keep in strict training all the time. I don't recommend my system to anyone else, and especially not to the kids. Fact is, I've had to advise the youngsters to lay off it many times.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THREE ACES BACK TO BACK Continued from Page Eighty-three]

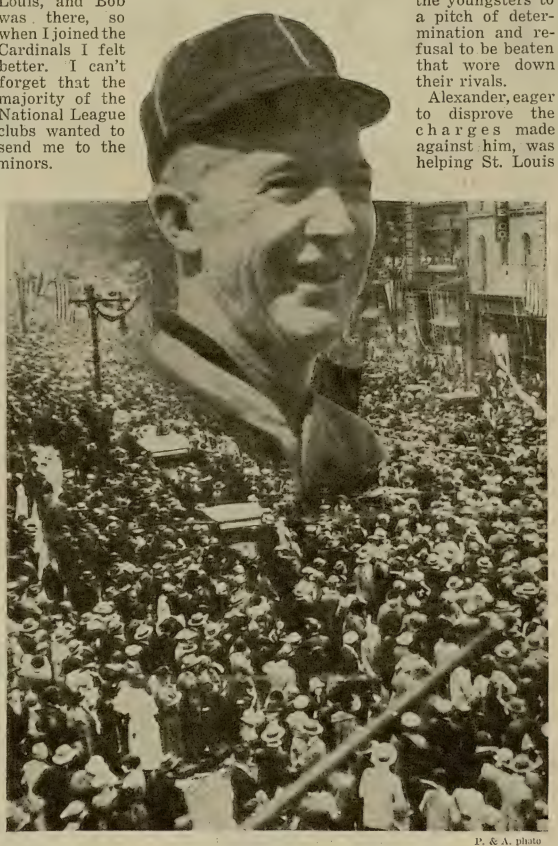
"I had come to like Chicago; had many friends there—probably too many—and they were good friends.

"Maybe the owners thought I was through, and that it was better to build the team up all the way. Old Kil was down at St. Louis, and Bob was there, so when I joined the Cardinals I felt better. I can't forget that the majority of the National League clubs wanted to send me to the minors.

He had financial troubles that added to his burden, and it is probable that the Cardinals would not have lasted through the finish with the Cubs, Pirates, and Reds, had he not had able assistants.

O'Farrell, thrown off the Cub team, became the tower of strength of the Cardinals, and it was the Three Musketeers who worked up the youngsters to a pitch of determination and refusal to be beaten that wore down their rivals.

Alexander, eager to disprove the charges made against him, was helping St. Louis



P. & A. photo

How St. Louis welcomed the Cardinals for the "home games" of the World's Series and, inset, Old Alex the Great, who finally clinched the victory.

"Take a drink since? Sure. If I think I need one. Hornsby understands, and so do the other fellows. And no one kicks if I try to teach the kids something I have learned about pitching. If I think a drink will help win a game, I'll take it—even on the bench."

There were fans in Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, and Chicago that could not understand, during those desperate closing weeks of the National League championship race, the determination and the fighting spirit of the Cardinals, nor why Alexander, Killefer, and O'Farrell were working, driving, hustling, and spurring along every-one else on the team. The young manager, Rogers Hornsby, was sick. His health had not been good during the entire season, and he knew his mother was at the point of death.

pitchers at every opportunity with advice.

He had come around into shape after his experience of being a bad boy in Chicago, and, with a poor start, won nine and lost seven games for the Cardinals, tackling the hardest assignments against the teams of the league. It was his magnificent pitching that finally won the game that clinched the championship.

There was a sort of grim determination about Alexander that stirred the others on the team. It seemed to me that the Cardinal players were fighting harder for Alexander than for themselves. In the darkest hours of the World's Series, after errors and luck had thrown away that extra-inning game and seemingly had given the Yankees the honors, the St. Louis

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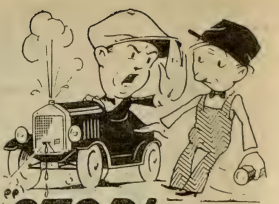

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTY-FOUR]

players said to me again and again: "It wouldn't be so bad—but it was sure tough luck for Alex."

The great throngs that watched the World's Series struggles failed to feel this undertone of personal feeling that spurred the Cardinals on. The Three Musketeers—Alex and Kil and Bob—were fighting to vindicate themselves. They were not exactly out for revenge against the Cub management for letting them go; but each, no matter what he said, felt that he had not received quite a square deal in Chicago, and wanted to prove his case.

Alexander was hurt by the treatment. The fact that he, for fifteen years the greatest pitcher of the league (excepting perhaps Mathewson), should be waived out of the majors—as he would have been had not Killefer and O'Farrell, his friends, urged the Cardinal management to buy him—hurt his pride.

The Three Musketeers of the Cubs followed much the same trail to St. Louis. They are three good fellows—and also good ball hawks. Killefer was a great catcher, a good manager, but above all else a good fellow. O'Farrell was a great catcher with the Cubs, also with the good-fellow complex, and he was banished to the Cardinals, where he settled down to work under proper encouragement and became the leading catcher of the year. So fine was his work that he was voted the most valuable player in the National League, with the highest score ever given in the vote of the experts, his choice coming within one point of being unanimous.

Old Alex stopping Lazzeri on an attempted double steal.

Alexander would have been shuffled back into the minors, even though seven clubs were weeping for lack of pitchers, had not St. Louis paid the $4,000 waiver price for the great veteran. On those grounds, even though he had been a "bad boy," as he freely admits, he seems to have had a just grievance.

Alexander worked himself slowly back to condition after he joined the Cardinals. He was among friends, with a manager who understood him, and with youngsters willing and eager to learn. He was "Old Alex the Great" again—the youngsters called him "Old Pete" and admired him.

He was working with an objective. When, during the fighting finish of the National League race, the Cardinals, crippled and wavering, seemed to be beaten, Alexander steadied and saved them. To him fell the honor of pitching the game that clinched the championship—the first St. Louis had known in thirty-three years—and set the Mound City wild.

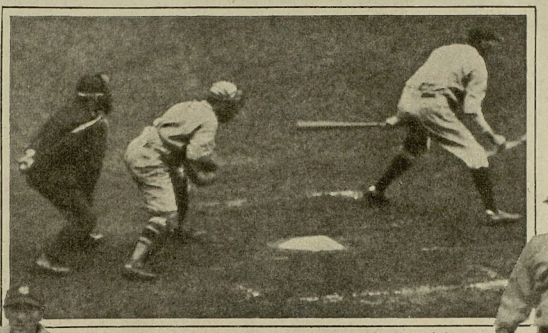
Alexander was to have pitched the opening game of the World's Series, and was ready for it; but it was his second judgment, confirmed by that of Hornsby and his board of strategy—consisting of Killefer, O'Farrell, and Alexander—that Sherdel, the left-handed slow-ball pitcher, should start against Pennock.

"Alex is the best one-game pitcher in the world," said Killefer, prior to the start of the series. "Tell the old boy he is going to pitch any one game, and you can count it won, barring accidents. If Sherdel wins the first game from Pennock, we will come near taking four straight games from the Yankees, for Alex will work the second. That one is in the bag now."

That is the way the Cardinals felt about it. Sherdel was outpitched and outlucked in the first game—and Alexander, in the second, pitched his "one game."

He pitched one of the greatest games of his career, using his "screw ball" with deadly effect, holding the heavy-hitting Yankees to four hits, and forcing Ruth to hit on the ground toward first base.

So confident was Alexander of his control that he pulled the Cardinal infield around until the shortstop played on second base and the second baseman halfway to first, so that Ruth could hardly have made a hit except into the stands.



Int. Newsreel photo

Final inning of the last game of the World's Series: With the bases full, Tony Lazzeri of the Yankees is struck out by Alexander.

Alexander's performance was all the greater in that the Yankees got off with a two-run lead, presented to them by Alexander's own misplays. The old fox, who has been one of the coolest and best fielders in his league, was so anxious to win that he tried to do all the fielding himself, made two ridiculous mistakes, and gave the Yankees two runs in the second inning, then settled, and, pitching better and better, held them helpless while his mates batted out a victory.

When Haines, who had improved under Alexander's tutelage and O'Farrell's catching, shut out the Yankees in the first game at St. Louis, it looked as if the series would end in a hurry. But the next day the Yankees battered five Cardinal pitchers all over the lot.

Alexander wanted to pitch the next game, but again yielded after the board of strategy decided it was better generalship to give him another day's rest and to use Sherdel.

THE luck broke against Sherdel again. The blunders and misjudging of flies by Hafey threw away that game, and when the teams returned to New York, the Yankees seemed to have the world's championship in their grasp. In fact, only Alexander stood between them and the money and honors.

The betting was three to one that New York would win; yet the Cardinals never wavered in their belief.

"Alex'll beat them in the next game," they said. "That one is as good as won now."

They actually felt that way. So great was the confidence he inspired in the team that they counted the sixth game of the series as good as won before it was played.

"I think I'll beat them if the boys get a couple of runs for me," said Alexander, the morning of that game.

I found him in his room, carefully and slowly moving his pitching arm as if throwing.

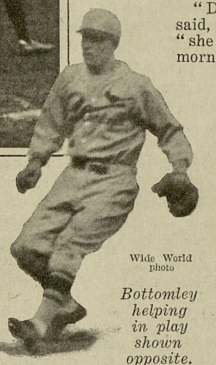
"She don't feel a bit tight," he said. "She's been kind of tightening up on me at times this year, but she feels all right now. If she warms up well we ought to grab this game."

One could see that Alexander had all the confidence in the world in himself if the old pitching arm did not overheat and tighten up. He spoke of that arm as if it were an impersonal thing, one of the tools of the trade, as a good mechanic would speak of a favorite tool.

The arm worked stiffly for a time in the early part of that sixth game. Alex lacked some of the control that marked his first game, and had to work harder to get the ball to go where he wanted it to go. His mates, however, hammered out three runs in the first inning, giving him leeway to save himself, and when they crashed out five more in the seventh inning he eased up, and wristed the ball over, saving his aim and storing up energy for a later test.

I saw Alex the morning of the final game. His weatherworn face, which can set with such determination at times, had the boyish expression that he never has outgrown. He was testing his pitching arm tenderly, feeling it as if astonished and not entirely convinced.

"Do you know," he said, as if surprised, "she feels loose this morning. She feels as if she had another game in her. I don't know that she has felt better in the last two years. I expected her to feel stiff and tight this morning, although the game yesterday wasn't as hard on her as the first one was; but she really feels looser and better than yesterday morning. I think, if she warms up well, I'll be ready to get in there again today if they need me."



Wide World photo

Bottomley helping in play shown opposite.

His face lighted up at the thought. Perhaps he was thinking then of what a climax to his career it would be if he could win another game—what a vindication it would be in the eyes of his friends in Chicago. Then he was serious again.

"I hope they won't need me, though," he added. "I'm pulling for Jess to turn in another shut-out game, and that boy can do it if he is right."

That is Alex—always pulling for the other fellow. But the fates would not have it that way. In the seventh inning, when Haines injured a pitching finger, Old Pete's great chance came. Slouching and shambling from the outfield, while the great throng cheered, he marched to the slab and completed his task, stopping the rampant Yankees in the greatest climax baseball has ever known.

"She was good today," he remarked simply, that evening, as he dodged admirers while preparing to start for St. Louis.

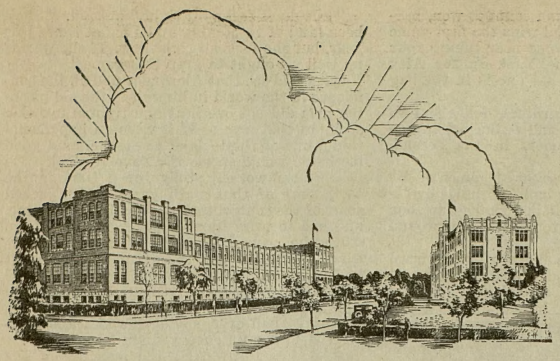
He flexed his arm tentatively, as if expecting it to creak. "She sure is tired, but all right.

"That sure was a tough one for Pennock to lose, but that's baseball. Someone had to lose——"

His face brightened as he added:

"That sure was a duel Babe and I had in the ninth. He's the greatest ball player in the world, that Babe. Say, honest, I dropped those last three balls right where I wanted them to go, and he never even offered at one of them! Most any other batter in the world would have swung at them, but I couldn't fool the old Babe."

THE END



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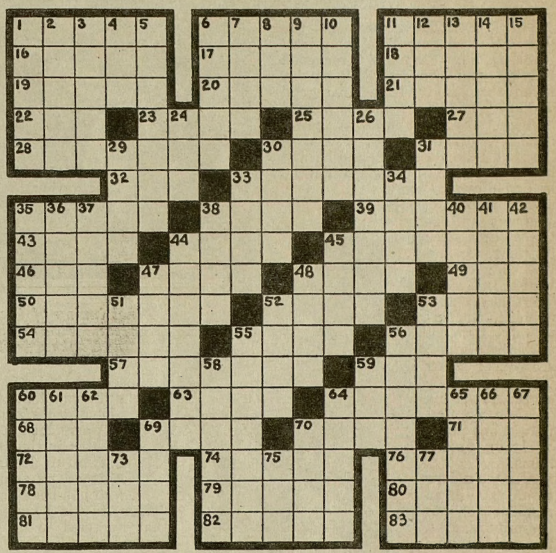


Prize Puzzle No. 19

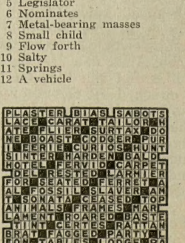
By JULIAN RICE, New York, N. Y.

HORIZONTAL

1 Draws water by dipping
6 Observes
11 Abrasions
16 A saw
17 Odor
18 Oral
19 Adult of subnormal intelligence
20 Inorganic substance
21 The white poplar
22 Rather than
23 Beverages
25 Small fragments or bits
27 Introducing the maiden name of a matron
28 Reclassifies
30 A panel
31 Ninety degrees from south
32 A crucible
33 Tries again
35 Versifier
38 Vexed
39 Doctrines
43 Possessive pronoun
44 Chair
45 Prevalent
46 Has been
47 Asterisk
48 A vehicle
49 To regret
50 Inspires with love
52 Chief or acme (plural)
53 Body of water
54 A sale at second hand
55 The skin of a calf's head
56 Separates
57 Recompenses
59 Greek god of flocks and pastures
60 A bundle
63 Periods
64 Crayons
68 Duration of existence
69 An entrance
70 Kind
71 A murine animal
72 Rent asunder
74 A step
76 To abscond
78 To mingle
79 To omit from consideration
80 A passenger
81 Sows
82 Withers
83 Upright sculptured slab

VERTICAL

1 More crippled
2 To worship
3 Defier
4 Self
5 Legislator
6 Nominates
7 Metal-bearing masses
8 Small child
9 Flow forth
10 Salty
11 Springs
12 A vehicle
13 Place of contest
14 Assumed parts
15 Driving icy particles in the air
24 Sanction
26 Besets irritatingly
29 Primates
30 Impudent
31 A slave
33 Bellow
34 A probe
35 A propeller
36 Silly
37 Table-lands
38 Billows
40 Mistake
41 To reproach insultingly
42 Wheelless vehicles
44 Scattered
45 Stare
47 A food fish
48 Spiteful women
51 Female quadruped
52 Scamps
53 To breathe in gasps
55 Babble
56 Slips of paper with gummed backs
58 Springs forth
59 Equivalence
60 Backward standing point in an arrow (plural)
61 Nimble
62 A wharf
64 Minute openings
65 To wear away
66 Part of the front of a garment
67 A cubic meter
69 Augments
70 To take the part of
73 Culmination
75 To broadcast, as an opinion
77 Descended, as from a vehicle



Answer to Puzzle No. 18

APPROVED BY 18 MONTHS OF PUBLIC USE

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The Layerbilt patented construction revealed. Each layer is an electrical cell, making automatic contact with its neighbors, and filling all available space inside the battery case.

Practical tests have shown this to be the most economical of "B" Batteries

IN DAILY use in the home, Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486 has fulfilled the promises made for it in laboratory tests. More than a year's study of the performance of this battery in the hands of the public has shown that it is the most satisfactory and most economical "B" battery ever developed. All loud-speaker sets require Heavy-Duty batteries—and the Layerbilt has proved itself absolutely the best of them all.

If you are now using the smaller, Light-Duty batteries, the Eveready Layerbilts will give you twice the service, though they do not cost anything like twice as much. If you are already using Heavy-Duties, the Layerbilt, the longest lasting Heavy-Duty ever built, will run your set at least 25% longer, and again you will save money. Unless Eveready Layerbilts are connected to your set, you are spending more on "B" batteries than you should, and you can have no idea how good a "B" battery can be. The Layerbilt holds a surprise for you.

Eveready Layerbilt's unequaled service is due to its unique construction. All other dry cell "B" batteries are made of cylindrical cells, with many soldered connections, and a great deal of space is wasted between the cells. The Layerbilt is built up of layers of *flat* current-producing elements, that make connection with each other automatically, and that fill all available space inside the battery case. It is every inch a battery. In it you get more active materials than in any other battery and the Layerbilt construction makes those materials more efficient current producers.

Those are the reasons why the Eveready Layerbilt has proved itself the longest lasting, most economical and reliable "B" battery ever built.

Just remember this about "B" batteries —Heavy-Duty batteries are more economical than the smaller Light-Duty batteries on all loud-speaker sets, and the patented exclusive Eveready Layerbilt No. 486 is the most economical of all.

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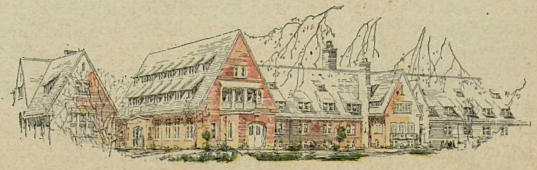

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